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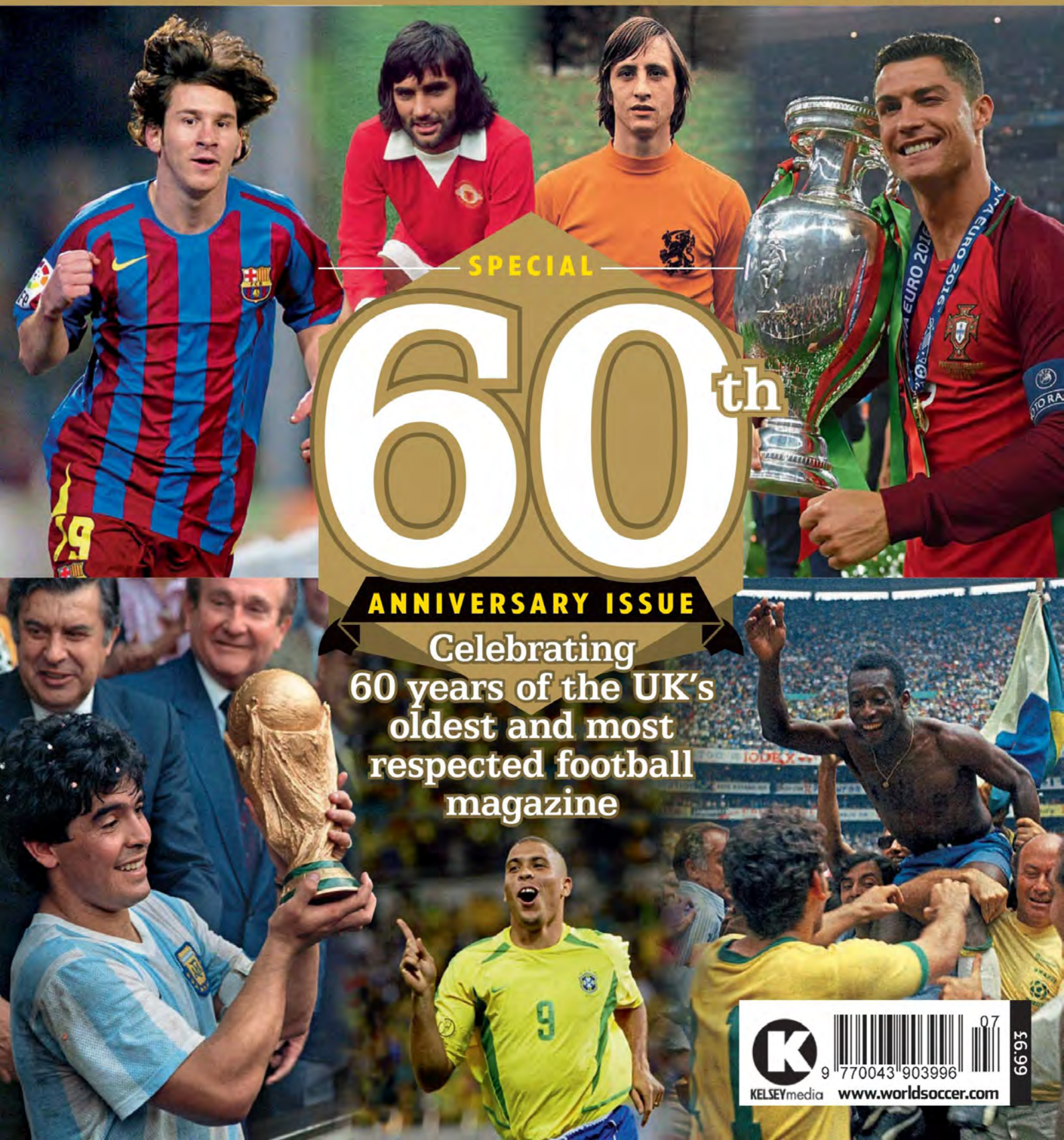

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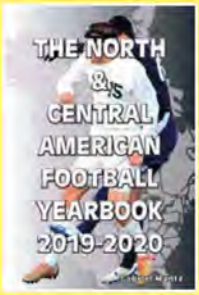

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FROM THE EDITOR

May 18 1960 is a critical date in the history of football. It was the night that Real Madrid beat Eintracht Frankfurt 7-3 to win a record fifth successive European Cup. A crowd of 127,000 was at Hampden Park in Glasgow to witness Alfredo Di Stefano, Ferenc Puskas, Francisco Gento and the rest beat an Eintracht side that had thrashed Rangers 12-4 on aggregate in the semi-final. Many more were watching at home on television, witnessing a European final for the first time.

The thrilling match opened British eyes to the wider European game and prompted, among other things, the launch of World Soccer magazine later that year.

In the first edition, a host of wellwishers offering support to the new magazine included UEFA president Ebbe Schwartz, English FA Secretary Stanley Rous, England manager Walter Winterbottom, Matt Busby, Stan Cullis and Stanley Matthews.

Busby said: "I feel that recent years have proved that this great game of ours is now a world game and the magazine will keep us in touch with the happenings in other countries."

In a column (see pages 6/7) Graham Payne, the Editor of weekly sister title Soccer Star, declared: "The real future of association football lies on the broad international front and not within our own narrow horizons, as some would still have us believe."

A year later, Payne and fellow Associate Editor Jack Rollin wrote an editorial celebrating the magazine's first anniversary. "In our first edition, we made it known that…although produced in London, the world's greatest city and a stronghold of soccer, World Soccer would endeavour to present a well-balanced editorial content that would not be biased or give preferential treatment to any one country.

"Judging by the many letters of congratulations we have received since October, 1960, it would seem that we have succeeded somewhat in this daring ambition."

Through the 1960s and into the 1970s, the magazine featured the leading teams of the time – such as the Benfica of coach Bela Guttmann (pages 8/9/10/11) – and continued to reflect on English football's place in the wider world; the ubiquitous Eric Batty commented on the England v World XI match at Wembley to mark the centenary of the FA's foundation (12/13).

> Over six decades the magazine's principles have remained largely intact

Many themes have recurred during six decades of the magazine. Brian Glanville, in one of his earliest columns, in February 1964, wrote about the possibility of a European league (pages 14/15).

World Soccer correspondents have been there to record the details of all the big matches: Celtic becoming the first British club to win the European Cup in 1967 (pages 22/23) and Manchester United's triumph at Wembley a year later in the same competition (24/25), as well as Brazil's famous 1970 World Cup victory (28/29).

Off the pitch, the magazine has recorded the sea changes in world football, such as the election of Joao Havelange in 1974 (pages 34/35), and has never been afraid to tackle the darker side of the game; the Heysel and Hillsborough tragedies were analysed in forensic detail (48/49/50/51 and 56/57 respectively).

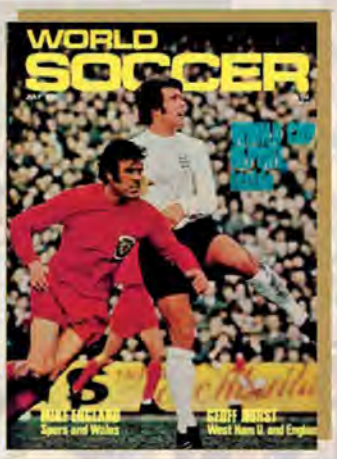
The World Soccer awards, the oldest of their kind, were launched in 1982 (pages 44/45/46/47) and still provide an opportunity to celebrate the best in the game: from Maradona (54/55) to Maldini (74/75), and from Ronaldo (64/65) to Cristiano Ronaldo (90/91).

New developments in the game have been chronicled in detail, from Silvio Berlusconi's prediction of club football's supremacy (pages 62/63) to Glanville's forewarning of the Bosman revolution (67) and the break-up of the great 1995 Ajax side in its wake (70/71).

Glanville has been a constant in the pages of World Soccer but the digital age brought new challenges – and new features. Talent spotting became an important element of the editorial make-up – Lionel Messi was first featured in May 2005 (page 81) – while the women's football column (92/93) became a regular feature from 2016.

Over six decades the magazine's principles have remained largely intact. It is still UK-based but not UK-biased, it has not resorted to sponsor-approved interviews with premiership "superstars", and it still strives to reach parts of the world that other publications fear to touch.

Gavin Hamilton, London, May 2020



1960s

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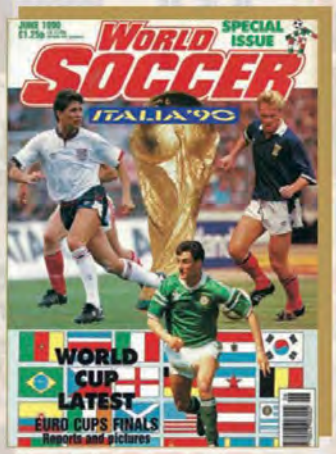
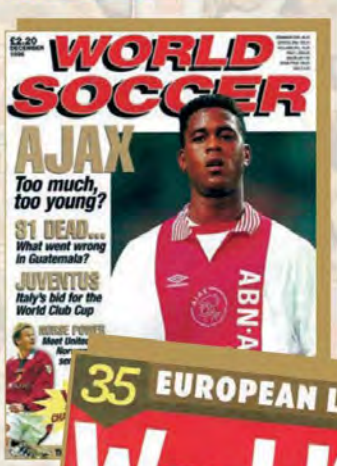




THE GROWTH

A RECENT SURVEY DISCOVERED THAT NO FEWER THAN HALF OF THE EXISTING MAJOR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS CAME INTO BEING OVER THE LAST TEN YEARS SUCH IS THE RAPID GROWTH OF INTERNATIONALISM, FASTER IN THE LAST TEN YEARS THAN THE PREVIOUS EIGHTY . . . .

by GRAHAM PAYNE
Editor of "Weekly Soccer Star" magazine

NEXT season's European Cup Final may be staged by Britain for the second time in succession. If negotiations between F.I.F.A. and the Football Association go the right way, this plum soccer fixture will be at Wembley Stadium sometime in May 1961, soon after the Cup Final.

From the British standpoint, such news is particularly gratifying. In these times of fierce international competition, when prestige matters almost as much as the game itself, Britain has come in for substantial criticism, from both at home and overseas.

Our training methods, styles and general approach to the basic arts are often hammered by foreign coaches and newspapermen. Even the most optimistic Briton would have to admit that whilst the utter depths of despair are still far removed, the level has sunk to its lowest point in history.

It is gratifying, then, to learn that many overseas nations still look to us for a lead in many other vital aspects of the game, not least among them refereeing, the organisation of a vast league programme, and the successful staging of 'glamour' games.

Hampden Park and Wembley Stadium are two show-grounds on which continentals dearly like to appear. They may not be the most contemporary of structures, but they do have a heritage and atmosphere all of their own.

Last season's European Cup final at Hampden between Real Madrid (Spain) and Eintracht Frankfurt (Western Germany) was probably the most discussed since the competition started in 1955. Regarded as a 'classic' in many official sources, a special film of the match is currently being distributed among senior professional, amateur and junior clubs as the ultimate object of attainment. Receipts of this final grossed £53,000.

So impressed were the Union of European Football Associations that they made it unanimously evident they would like next season's final to be staged in Britain again.

And this view was backed to the hilt by teams everywhere.

Real Madrid, European Cup holders since the competition's inception, have not concealed the fact that the one stadium at which they want to appear is Wembley.

kas, who first tasted its charm seven years ago as a of the Hungarian 'whirlwind' which descended un- y upon English football, rates it as the best ground The Germans like it, so do the Italians, the Swedes h.

If this final does go to Wembley—and at this stage there is no reason to suppose it will not—then we may expect the world record receipts of £125,000 to be shattered.

That figure was set up ten years ago in Rio de Janeiro for the World Cup final between Brazil and Uruguay. Wembley's existing record is £58,400 for the 1956 Cup Final.

But with gate charges to be more than doubled, Wembley, next May, could gross £130,000.

Are Burnley strong enough a unit to be able to add the perfect finishing touch by becoming England's first finalists in the world's most expensive match at Wembley? We must wait and see.

The staging of the European finals at Hampden and Wembley is a start in the right direction. As it is in politics, so in football is it desireable that Britain should play a most active part in international affairs.

The real future of association football lies on the broad international front and not within our own narrow horizons, as some would still have us believe.

Sir Stanley Rous, secretary of the English F.A. has said: "The combination of air travel and television has caused the world of sport to shrink. Oceans are not even barriers to transfer fees. During the last ten years, inroads have been made into our own traditional insularity, and names such as Puskas, Di Stefano, Fritz Walter and many others are almost as familiar to the man on the terraces as Matthews and Lawton.

"Some people are asking where will it stop? Is not the international list becoming crazily overloaded? Surely the fickle public will soon find they have a surfeit of international talent?

"It is right that we should examine new developments critically, but, personally, I have never concealed the fact that I welcome this great widening and multiplicity of contact. Yet, whether we like it or not, I have no doubt that a new international football community has come into existence and will continue to flourish whatever the attitude of the British Associations."

I echo this viewpoint absolutely.

International competitions are with us in plenty. A recent survey discovered that no fewer than half of the existing major international tournaments came into being over the last ten years.

Indeed, five new ones have become fact within the last few months. I refer to the Cup of the European Cup winners; the Alpine Cup (between four Swiss clubs and four Italian clubs); the Friendship Cup (between four English, four Scottish and eight French clubs); the World Club championship (the inaugural 1960 title

OCTOBER 1960 Graham Payne's column in the first ever edition of World Soccer

OF INTERNATIONALISM

having been decided between Europe's Real Madrid and South America's Penarol FC), and the United States International Soccer League (open to top ranking clubs from Europe and South America).

Our own role in such international tournaments is already historic. Not only is the English Football Association the father of all associations, but the British Championship is the most senior of all international competitions having been held every season since 1883-84, broken only by two world wars.

England against Scotland is the world's oldest international fixture. It was first played on November 30, 1872, in Glasgow.

During the early days of the century, a number of South American countries were in membership with the English F.A. and, accordingly, Argentine and Uruguay were quick to follow England's lead.

The Lipton tournament (1905) and the Newton Cup (1906) are the next oldest competitions involving national sides: in these cases between Argentine and Uruguay. The Roca Cup (1914) is held between Argentine and Brazil.

In 1916, the South American Championship was founded to celebrate the centenary of Argentina's independence. With a month's duration, it is contested every second year on a league basis.

Prior to this, of course, football was included in the Olympic Games, although, strictly speaking, it was not considered 'official' as a major fixture until the formation of F.I.F.A. in 1904. From a football viewpoint, the 1908 Olympics marked the recognised entrance of the game.

The 1920's saw the formation of at least five top trophies which are still ever popular. Following the example of the Olympic Games organisation, Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden banded together to start the Scandinavian Championship to be held every fourth year. That was in 1924. Later that year, the Argentinians and Paraguayans linked together in friendly battle for the Rosa Chevalier Boutell trophy.

Three years later, we had the International Cup (now known as the Dr. Gerö Cup in recognition of the services of the late President of the Austrian F.A.). This, too, is staged every fourth year between Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland and, since 1955, Yugoslavia.

The oldest club competition in Europe is the Mitropa Cup (more latterly re-named the Central Europe Cup). It is, as its newest title suggests, for the leading clubs of central European countries. Originally for champion sides and staged on a cup knock-out basis, because it clashed directly with the more glamorous European Cup, it is now being run as a league between two clubs from Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Italy. 1960 winners are the Hungarians.

Trophy most countries fervently strive to hold is the solid gold Jules Rimet Cup (after the late Monsieur Jules Rimet, honorary President of F.I.F.A.). Popularly tagged the World Cup, it came into being in 1930. It's *modus operandi* is familiar to us all. Staged every fourth year, the qualifying and final competitions span two years with the final being held in the organising country: an honour desperately sought by all associations in membership with F.I.F.A. We shall shortly be in the throes of the preliminary rounds of the 1962 tournament in Chile.

Not unsurprisingly, few new international competitions were introduced during the 1930's, possibly because of the gathering political storms and perhaps also because the coming of the World Cup represented for many the ultimate goal. The majority of nations were content to prepare and strive to capture the Jules Rimet award in the 'thirties.

Only the South Americans, at this time least affected by the international situation, went ahead and inaugurated their own Central American and Caribbean Games: a purely localised version of the Olympics. It was followed, in 1938, by the Bolivian Games, principally for those countries not associated with the Central American tournament.

The after-war years' resurgence brought in its wake a long line of competitions which are, today, being carefully followed by supporters everywhere, irrespective of colour, race and creed.

Here are some of them:

1947—North American Championship.

1948 — International Youth Tournament (for junior teams of under-18 years. Staged in Europe but now with South American participants).

1949—Latin Cup (champion clubs of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal meet every fourth year on a cup basis).

1950—Oswaldo Cruz Cup (Brazil and Paraguay meet on a home and away basis).

1951—Asian Games; Panamerican Games; Mediterranean Games.

1952—Panamerican Championship.

1953—Mediterranean Cup (between Egypt, France, Greece, Italy, Spain and Turkey); Asian Tournament (between Burma, Ceylon, India, Pakistan); Arabian Games.

1954—South American International Youth Tournament.

1955—Inter Cities Fairs' Cup; European Cup; O'Higgins Cup (between Brazil and Chile).

1956—Asian Cup; Atlantic Cup (between Argentine, Brazil and Uruguay).

1957—African Cup; Benelux Cup.

1960—U.S. International Soccer League; Cup of the European Cup winners; The Alpine Cup (*Coupe des Alpes*); Friendship Cup (between England, Scotland and France); World Club championship (between winners of European Cup and South American Cup); Nations' Cup (Brazil).

Such is the rapid growth of internationalism.

More abundant in the past ten years than in the previous eighty.

Nacka Skoglund (above), Swedish-born international right-winger who plays for Sampdoria in Italy's first division. One of the stars in the last World Cup tournament, who took part with his Club in the inaugural U.S. International Soccer League competition which ended in August.

FRANCISCO SANTOS turns the monthly focus spotlight on to Portugal's most successful team BENFICA

Mario Esteves Coluna, Benfica's fast-moving inside-forward (left) was snapped at worm's eye level as he was about to start an attacking move towards his opponents' goal. Coluna, who is 25-years-old, has been with the club for almost six years. He has 17 international caps. (Santos.)

THE REI

WHENEVER the eleven "Red Devils" (the name given to the volatile red shirted players of Benfica) enter a ground whether it is in Rio de Janeiro, Africa, Scotland or in their own beautful 65,000 capacity "Estadio da Luz" in Lisbon, one can hear the deafening cheers of the Sport Lisboa e Benfica supporters.

The oldest Portuguese first division team belongs to an ever growing community and has some 55,000 members in its supporters club. Moreover the club has some two million additional fans all over the world. I am not overestimating these figures as the matches that Benfica have played abroad have been against world famous clubs such as Vasco da Gama, Flamengo, Penarol, Milan, Real Madrid, Barcelona, Hearts, Ujpesti or Aarhus and these matches gave the club considerable prestige outside of the country.

This Portuguese soccer team has among its records some cherished performances :

1913: Real Madrid defeated in Lisbon 7-0!

1946: Benfica beat the English Cup holders Charlton 2-1.

1949: The day before the terrible Superga air crash (May 4) Benfica won a difficult game against the-nine-international-stars-team that just won the Italian League: Benfica 4 - Torino 3.

1950: The Argentine champions of this year, Racing of Buenos Aires, lost to Benfica 4-2.

1950: Benfica became the first Portuguese team to win the Latin Cup eliminating Lazio of Rome and Girondings, France.

1955: During the International Tournament of Rio de Janeiro, Benfica beat Penarol, the Uruguayan champions, 2-0.

1957: "The Glorious", another name given to this club, reached the Latin Cup final but were beaten in Madrid, in a memorable game, by Real —0-1. It is worth noting that this is the second time they had reached the final, having appeared three times in this now dying competition.

1957: The Red Devils beat the new

POTTED PORTRAITS OF THE MOST RECENT BENFICA LINE-UP

Playing Name	Full Name	Age	Joined Club	Position	Full Caps	'B'
COSTA PEREIRA	Alberto do Costa Pereira	31	1954-55	goal	8	2
SERRA	Manuel Francisco Serra	25	1954-55	back	2	0
ANGELO	Angelo Gaspar Martins	30	1952-53	back	18	1
NETO	Jose Antonio Conceicao Neto	25	1957-58	w/half	1	0
GERMANO	Germano de Figueiredo	28	1960-61	c/half	8	0
CRUZ	Fernando da Conceicao Cruz	20	1956-57	w/half	0	0
TO	Jose Augusto Pinto de Almeida	23	1959-60	r/wing	6	1
	Joaquim Santana da Silva	24	1954-55	i/left	2	0
	Jose Pinto Carvalho Santos Aguas.	30	1950-51	c/forward	20	1
	Mario Esteves Coluna	25	1954-55	i/left	17	2
	Domiciano Barrocal Cavem	20	1955-56	l/wing	11	0

JUNE 1961 Club focus on European champions Benfica, the team that ended Real Madrid's dominance of the European Cup

The eagle emblem of Portugal's Benfica (right) with the Latin: 'E Pluribus Unum' which, translated means: 'One for all and all for one'. The story of the club is on these pages.

DEVILS

champions of Spain, Barcelona, 4-0! As you will recall Portuguese soccer has been brilliantly represented by Benfica in this season's European Cup: Hearts 1 - Benfica 2, Benfica 3 - Hearts 0, Benfica 6 - Ujpesti 2, Ujpesti 2 - Benfica 1, Benfica 3 - Aarhus 1, Aarhus 1 - Benfica 4.

You might imagine that these results were obtained by supreme exhibitions which cost huge sums of money. This is, however, not the case as the club, unlike its old rival, Sporting Club of Portugal, which built up the second best "eleven" by paying fabulous amounts for international stars, like the Peruvian outside-left Seminario, has a team composed entirely of Portuguese players; something for which the supporters are justifiably proud — as they should be . . . !

The majority of the players come from the club's youth teams with which the South American coach Valdivielso has achieved considerable success. These future stars are trained from the age of 14 with the main purpose of becoming highly skilful players — which unfortunately is often a forgotten essential of modern football.

Benfica's youth team have been Champions of Portugal for the last four years. I would say that this, combined with the soccer wisdom and experience of the Hungarian coach Bela Guttman, is the secret behind the latest successes which have raised the prestige of Benfica and Portuguese soccer as a whole.

Inside the club, among directors, coaches and players, there is a cordial and friendly atmosphere of understanding that makes their work enjoyable and successful. This can even be seen in the eagled emblem on which is written in Latin: *E pluribus unum* which means in English "one for all and all for one".

Besides all the successes in international matches Benfica have an impressive record in the domestic fixtures: ten times champions of the League Division I and on 13 occasions holders of the Portuguese Cup.

Last season's League was brilliantly won by the same team which has been playing in this year's European Cup. It was defeated only once in the last match at home, the 26th (the Portuguese League Division I has fourteen clubs), by Belenenses the fourth best Division I team; Benfica were already virtual league champions. Of the 26 games they won 20, drew 5, lost 1, and scored 75 goals against 27.

They led the League all through and finished with 45 points; 3 points clear of Sporting. This performance is likely to be repeated this season as they are 5 points ahead of Sporting — 39 points after 21 matches.

Now let me tell you how Guttman built this team since he joined Benfica in August, 1959, after guiding F.C. Porto to the previous season's League championship for this other Portuguese club.

When he first saw the team in action I think he was greatly disappointed; the players were "saturated" after having been coached for 5 years (quite a performance in Portugal!) by the Brazilian Otto Gloria, who gave the club so many victories.

Guttman was given a team in decline. Its players needed new blood in their system, both of training and of play, and George Orth's former companion in the Hungarian team of the thirties gave them both qualities. Being an experienced coach, Guttman knew that he could not adapt the players to a prethought system. When he was sure of all the characteristics of the players, he decided how he would work with them.

Two months afterwards, Benfica had a new team almost with the same players — they only signed one player in August, 1959, outside-right Jose Augusto. This "new" Benfica eleven shows us how modern soccer must be played. Guttman made good use of all the qualities of his players. As they had been playing for five years with the South American 4-2-4 system, they had positional difficulties in the first matches they played under Guttman's coaching. But now everything is solved and the players are sure of their positions.

All Guttman's teams have their main strength in the attack and this is true in the case of Benfica as with the previous elevens coached by him — Milan, S. Paulo and F.C. Porto.

He is always telling the press: "I don't mind if the team we are playing against scores 2, 3 or 4 goals if my forwards score 3, 4 or 5 times". This, as well as the adage: "The best form of defence is attack," symbolises the spirit of Benfica's eleven.

It is because of this attacking power that the Portuguese champions scored 19 goals in the 6 matches of this season's European Cup. Augusti Pujol, delegate of UEFA to the Benfica v. Ujpesti game, having seen the score at 5-0 to Benfica with only twenty-nine minutes played, said that the "red devils" could beat Real Madrid without any difficulty.

This match against the Hungarian champions is recalled as a sample — the same power is demonstrated in all matches played by Benfica.

Their first thirty minutes are irresistible. Only a team with a skilful and tough defence can sustain the Portuguese attack.

Hearts, Ujpesti and Aarhus could not. Benfica, play in a pliable formation in which the idea of a team is much more important than all the individualisms that its players can perform.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32 ▶

Benfica defeated Aarhus of Denmark in the quarter-finals of the European Cup competition on an aggregate of 7-2. Picture on the right shows Augusto, Benfica's right-winger being chaired by jubilant supporters after the second leg victory at Aarhus Stadion. (Planet.)

BENFICA — PORTUGAL'S ELEVEN "RED DEVILS"

Continued from page twenty nine.

The Benfica team line up prior to the first of their European Cup quarter-final ties against Denmark's Aarhus. Seen in the picture below are Pereira, Serra, Germano, Angelo, Neto, Cruz, Augusto, Santana, Aguas, Coluna and Cavem. The Portuguese club went through to the semi-finals on a 7-2 aggregate.

Although the players are Latin and highly influenced by South American soccer, they know very well that they cannot play alone; they are eleven and to reach the high level of performance they must subordinate their individualities to the team's profit.

Even though they are called the "eleven red devils" they do not play like eleven players; they do play as a team.

Now, let me analyse the different parts of the team: The defence, which is the best in the Portuguese League Division I, is "commanded" by Germano, the centre-half chosen for the European team which was supposed to play Real Madrid last December.

This top player is astonishing for his positional sense, his anticipation, and his skill, which gives the defence considerable security. When he is seen for the first time, people are surprised by noticing that he even dribbles past the centre-forward inside his own area to create a space where he can pass the ball to a companion. This can only be achieved by an outstanding player.

Germano has on both sides two good backs, Serra and Angelo, who fulfil their difficult tasks well. Abandoning the already merican and English system of ce" which nowadays is dan- se of the fast forwards in y mark their respective wingers their athletic power an acute sense of anticipation, essential to full-backs, they are two difficult players to beat. Behind these three men there is Costa Pereira, the international class goalkeeper. In Brazil he is known as the best "goleiro" who ever played at Maracana. His spectacular dives have often saved his team. He was brilliant in Edinburgh against Hearts, in Budapest against Ujpesti, and against Aarhus.

Inside his area he is almost unbeatable in the air. Being something of a strange character he can play brilliantly in a series of matches and in the following game, he can let in two or three simple goals. This season he has been consistent and was one of six Benfica players who played in the Portuguese team which defeated Luxembourg 6-0 in the World Cup qualifier.

The attack is fed by the two young halves, Neto and Cruz, formidable players in the Dave Mackay mould; they represent the strongest compartment of the team.

I said that Benfica use the WM system and I was right. The position of Santana, the inside-right, together with the movements of the wingers, is the main characteristic of Guttmann's attack. Santana plays both as a typical WM inside and a second centre-forward. He is a highly skilful player; his passes to the right-winger and to the centre-forward are a danger for the opposite defence. With his famous right foot he places the ball in the best position for a well placed colleague. The manner in which he plays, his temperament, his rare sense of position add personality to the team. The strong Coluna is the third man who always plays in the centre of the field.

All the attacking movements made by Jose Augusto, Santana, Aguas and Cavem, the remaining forwards, start from this Mocambique born inside-left who, in his position, is the best in Portugal. Being the typical 4-2-4 inside, the man who covers the field, he had some difficulty when Guttmann started coaching the team with his WM. But now he is perfectly adapted to the new system and one can say that he is the engine of the team.

The wingers, although two different players, have one thing in common — they always play close to the touchline so that the attack becomes wide; this provides more space to pass the ball to enable the forwards to move freely.

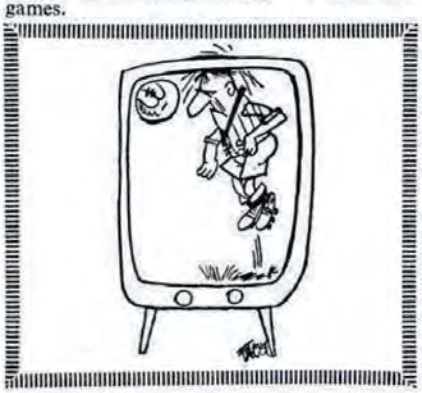
Outside-right Jose Augusto, considered by Gabriel Hanot as the best European in his position, is a fantastic player. Being Portuguese he looks like a South-American with his temperamental movements, prodigious dribbles and sided penalty kicks. He has something of Garrincha and of Stanley Matthews in his make-up. Jose Augusto is one of the three stars of the team, the other two being Germano and Aguas.

After the Aarhus match for the European Cup, during which he gave the public a tremendous show, he was carried to the dressing room on his Danish fans shoulders like the Spaniards do to their *matadores* after a great *faena*. This shows how good Jose Augusto is. He is a useful player to the team — 80% of the goals scored by the other forwards in the European Cup were due to Augusto's passes. He is not only a good winger, he is the team's second best scorer — 7 goals in this season's European Cup and 16 goals in the Portuguese League Division I It is very difficult to describe such a player!

Cavem, the outside-left, although the least accomplished forward is as useful to the team as his colleagues. When he is in his best athletic condition his raids towards the opposite defence are highly dangerous.

Now that leaves Jose Aguas, the skipper. He is the centre-forward and as I said before one of the team's top players. An experienced player, the veteran, he reached his zenith this season. He has everything to be the outstanding player he really is: skill, athletic power, a strong kick with both feet and adept with his head.

Known in Portugal as "Prince of soccer" he is after Di Stefano the best Iberian centre-forward. Aguas has been with the club for 10 years, and scored 434 goals in 439 matches which makes him the top scorer. He has four times won the annual "Silver ball" trophy given by the sports paper *A Bola* to the top scorer of the League. This magnificent player contributed to the club's success in the European Cup — 9 goals in 6 games.



WORLD SOCCER, September, 1961

ELEVEN

His name is Bela

Guttmann — trainer extraordinary

THE COACH WHO NEVER STAYS PUT

Bela Guttmann is seen in this picture with the attractive emblem of Portugal's Benfica team, current holders of the European Cup.

Meet the coach who has some revolutionary ideas about the way a team should be trained. His system demands quick and sure results and he believes in moving on as soon as the job is done. He is one of European football's most intruiging characters.

by
ERIC BATTY

BENFICA'S European Cup victory last season was the first really important international success registered by Portuguese football. For several seasons the Portuguese have promised much but achieved little and though Benfica's new title "Champions of the champions" finally places them in the forefront of the European game, it also draws attention to their trainer, Bela Guttmann.

In the English speaking world Bela Guttmann is barely known for although he has spent the last twenty-five years travelling the world and coaching some of the best known clubs, he has rarely stayed in one place long enough to draw the international spotlight upon himself.

Even now, after guiding Benfica to two championship successes and a European Cup win, he is leaving—apparently seeking a club in central Europe—not because of any disagreement with the club or its directors but because he believes it would be foolish to remain.

In one vital respect Mr. Guttmann disagrees with the views of the majority of trainers who believe that it takes up to five years to build a successful side. He claims that if a trainer cannot mould a team to the shape he requires after one year he never will!

At first, says Mr. Guttmann, "a new trainer can capture the imagination of his players. New training ideas can give a team a renewed enthusiasm and if the ability is there as well this can carry them to the top. Next ill be different. Nothing will be is difficult, often impossible, for to maintain their new found

mann principles can be simply control is the basis of the game without which nothing can be achieved. Given a good standard of technique the emphasis is placed on teamwork, with everyone encouraged to seek the simplest solution to every problem; every situation. Benfica, says Guttmann, do not have the outstanding individuals that other top continental countries possess and if they are to compete with them on equal terms it can only be as a team; as one unit moving and thinking together.

Psychology plays an important part in his formula. Closely studying the players at his disposal, he considers the background, temperament, strengths and weaknesses of each individual before deciding upon the composition of his team. Likening football to music he claims that whereas a great conductor can turn an ordinary orchestra into a great one so a good trainer can make an outstanding team of ordinary players.

His aim very simply is to help each one of his players to reach the limit of his potential and then having achieved this he cannot do more. This perhaps explains his reluctance to stay very long with one team!

Mr. Guttmann's travels read like a world tour.

Born in Budapest he played for MTK after the first world war, representing Hungary many times and taking part in the 1924 Olympic football tournament. After that he had spells in Austria (Hakoah) and the United States (New York Giants) before taking up a player/trainer appointment with Hakoah in 1932.

Soon afterwards he gave up playing to concentrate on training, and then after a spell in Holland, where he took unfashionable SC Enschede to second place in the championship, he returned to Hungary.

Apart from one season with Bucharest club Ciokanal, Mr. Guttmann remained in Hungary from 1938 until 1949. There he took Ujpest to the Cup and League double in the first peace-time season in 1946 and three years later he took command of a small Budapest club, Kispest FC, later to become one of the giants of the game as Honved.

All this time too he was in charge of the Hungarian national team introducing Puskas, Bozsik, Kocsis and Co. to international football when they were all still in their teens.

In Italy Mr. Guttmann had charge of Padova, Triestina, AC Milan and Lanerossi Vicenza during six seasons and then when Honved set off on their world tour in 1956 he joined the FIFA outlaws as manager. Inevitably the side broke up, some returning to Budapest while others chose to join clubs in western Europe, but Bela Guttmann decided to remain in South America where he received many good offers while with Honved.

With Sao Paulo FC he had two rewarding seasons, which convinced him that the South Americans have far greater numbers of natural players than any other region. There he says football is natural, instinctive and far more interesting than the mechanical tactical game developed in Europe.

From Brazil along with quite a few Rio and Sao Paulo stars Bela Guttmann moved to Portugal where he took over Oporto FC in mid-season. At that time they trailed five points behind the leaders Benfica but before the championship was over the Lisboa team had been overtaken and were so impressed that they engaged the Oporto coach themselves!

With Benfica, Bela Guttmann relaxed one of his personal rules. In the past he had signed for only one season at a time, giving himself an escape if he felt unable to find success but with Benfica he resolved to make his first sortie into the European Cup, and not wanting another trainer to reap the fruits of his labours he signed a two-year contract. Half-way through that term the first part of his programme was complete—Benfica were champions of Portugal and qualified for the European Cup.

Mr. Guttmann is under no illusions about his Benfica side, admitting to all that they benefited tremendously from the Real Madrid lapse that led to their elimination, and the decline of CF Barcelona.

Nevertheless he is more than proud of his all-Portuguese team that succeeded Real Madrid as champions of Europe. Everyone was magnificent, he says, yet even I was surprised at the way they played. Each player fitted perfectly with his colleagues and collectively they reached their peak—their supermaximum—but, in all fairness, I do not think they could ever do it again!

Although the Benfica directors would have offered him a huge figure to stay he would not be persuaded. His contract has expired, his aims and wildest dreams have been achieved and now he wants to add another club to the list of fourteen he's served in less than thirty years.

SEPTEMBER 1961 Profile of Benfica's European Cup-winning coach, the "soccer revolutionary" Bela Guttmann

It was only natural that the England—F.I.F.A. match would raise questions about the possibilities of an English World Cup win

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEMBLEY

ERIC BATTY writes

F.I.F.A.'s powers of governing are also under fire after the farce of pre-match player selections

FOR many weeks before the England-F.I.F.A. match at Wembley it was clear that the selectors, headed by Mr. Harry Cavan from Northern Ireland, were going to be hard-pressed to turn out a workmanlike side that coincided with the man-in-the-street's assessment of the World's best players. It would have been difficult enough with the co-operation of the Associations in membership with F.I.F.A. but it became an almost impossible task once it became clear that Santos and AC Milan were not going to release Pelé and Maldini.

In inviting F.I.F.A. to meet England at Wembley, the Football Association originally intended that the game should be an exhibition—the most publicised segment of the comprehensive programme they drew up to celebrate a century of football. F.I.F.A. accepted in the same spirit but when the match came around all England was eager to prove their team could meet and beat the World's best and went into the fray with a "let's get stuck into these big-headed foreigners" attitude; while quite a few clubs on whom F.I.F.A. officials depended for their players had decided that their own interests were of greater importance, and England could keep their Centenary.

Complaint

Santos, facing a vital league match the day following the Wembley game steadfastly refused to release Pelé, who is undoubtedly the World's number one player, while in complete contrast Czechoslovakia's Slovan Bratislava raised no complaint at all when asked for their centre-half Jan Popluhar as replacement for Maldini and enabled him to fly to London on the Friday before the match, in spite of the fact that two days after their stopper had gone they had a European Cup Winners' Cup match with Helsinging Palloseura.

Slovan it seems were delighted to think that one of their players should be honoured by F.I.F.A., were allowed to k at the World's This of course raises , "does F.I.F.A. ithout much doubt m F.I.F.A. doesn't but merely exists in the general belief that a World Association is good for the game.

Apart from the World Cup which F.I.F.A. organises herself, her powers are strictly limited, and just as England appears to be powerless when League clubs refuse to release their best players for training with the national team, so club interests carry greater weight than those of F.I.F.A.

At some time in the future, we may get an F.I.F.A. Executive with the courage to demand, and get, real powers to control the game, but until that far-distant day finally arrives I feel it would be better if we decided never again to try and raise an F.I.F.A. representative squad. This I am sure was the general feeling when Chile's F.A. President Juan Goni proposed during the celebrations in London that Santiago should stage next year a representative match between South America and Europe. It's been a dream for many years and it's doubtful if we'll ever see it staged.

F.I.F.A. has already given her consent to another top-flight representative match, Scandinavia v. the Rest of Europe due to be staged in Copenhagen next May, to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Danish F.A. After that, I hope, and confidently expect, there'll be no more matches of this kind.

Ten years back

The match itself was a major disappointment, nothing like the superb demonstration we had witnessed ten years before when Boniperti, Kubala, Nordahl, Vukas and Zebec engineered four superb goals as a 90th birthday gift for the Football Association, and left with little to enthuse about apart from the result which was completely satisfactory as far as England were concerned. The majority of the critics present had no views beyond "England will reach the semi-final without much difficulty in 1966."

As I saw it the first half was pretty fair, but following the break when F.I.F.A. had to honour their promise that all the players released for the Wembley game would take part, there was little to be seen that lived up to our pre-match anticipation.

Greatest

As individuals, I made Scotland's Denis Law and Russia's Lev Yashin the outstanding players—two who stood out in the company of men who, until age caught up with them, were rated amongst the greatest the game has ever known. Law was positively brilliant—yet I still don't understand why he is so inconsistent, while Yashin, superb in all he did would probably have earned a draw for F.I.F.A. had he not been replaced by Yugoslavia's Soskic, for the second-half.

As the match wore on, I found myself thinking back to other "exhibitions" I'd seen—the many games staged by the Managers' XI who, seven or eight years ago, were regularly taking on English League sides. Men like Carter, Doherty, Lawton, Cockburn and Bartram were regulars in that side, matching their wits against the strength and stamina of the young men who replaced them in the English professional game, and usually being beaten when they ran out of steam in the second-half. It was nice to watch, but at 38, 39 and 40, Carter and his like lacked the speed and stamina that turned their talent into goals. So it was with this F.I.F.A. squad, and in particular the Real Madrid trio, Di Stefano, Puskas and Gento. Five years ago they would have hammered this same England team. Armfield, facing Gento, "the World's fastest winger," was able to match the Spaniard step for step—he may even have the edge in sheer speed now; while the portly Puskas, still a menace

EAST-WEST CLOSER RELATIONS?

Bobby Smith (England) challenges Russia's Lev Yashin during the match with F.I.F.A. at Wembley. On the left is the Czechoslovakian wing-half Pluskal. (Planet.)

DECEMBER 1963 Eric Batty reflects on the FA centenary match at Wembley between England and Rest of the World XI

if given a clear-cut shooting chance, lacks the mobility to engineer his own chances and even when his guile gains him half a yard over his shadowing opponent he loses his hard-earned advantage in three strides and is then forced to stop or part with the ball prematurely.

For the rest, Eusebio was . . . Eusebio, wandering almost aimlessly. Always eager to let go with a thunderbolt, he is a terror with Benfica where he has the wily Coluna to call advice and send him moving in the right direction. Without another Portuguese-speaking player within hailing distance, Eusebio was a little boy lost—while Kopa, still a great performer, spent the afternoon looking for someone to take up an intelligent position, and with Law and Di Stefano both lying deep, he was still waiting when team manager Riera called him off.

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE PLAYER GROUP

Rest of the World team: back row left to right: Puskas, Santos, Pluskal, Yashin, Popluhar, Schnellinger, Soskic, Masopust, Eyzaguirre, Baxter. Front: Kopa, Law, Di Stefano, Eusebio, Gento and Seeler. (P.A.I.)

Disappointment

Uwe Seeler who replaced Kopa, was a first-class flop, Masopust was fair, Baxter poor and Eyzaguirre inexperienced. Soskic could be given the credit for both the England goals and with Schnellinger a big disappointment and Djalma Santos still good in possession but well past his best, F.I.F.A. were little more than a collection of failures and has-beens.

Only one man did better than I expected—centre-half Popluhar, who gave quite the best performance I've ever seen from him. Pluskal alongside him was his usual reliable self, quiet but competent, and these two with Yashin and Law the big successes were quite the best F.I.F.A. had to offer.

Greaves top

From the English point of view, Greaves was the man of the match, certainly putting himself out a great deal more than he usually does, and always threatening to do that which he seems to enjoy — score goals; while Paine on the right-wing gave what I thought to be the best we've seen from an England outside-right since the time the selectors finally discarded Stan Matthews and Tom Finney. This doesn't mean too much of course, recalling the string of flops that have figured on England's right flank in recent years but it's worth emphasising for the benefit of any that may feel a Second Division man has no right to expect a regular place for England.

The rest will do until Mr. Ramsey can find real talent from the host of youngsters now forcing their way to the top, but as I see it, the greatest need is for a new middle line. At present, the half-backs are being asked to do little but defend, and while they do this with reasonable efficiency there's little poise or skill in the manner in which they go about it, and I fear that when they are called upon for something more, they'll be found wanting.

On balance however, England impressed the host of foreigners visiting Wembley.

The general feeling is that England will do well, three years from now, and few teams will fancy their chances if paired with England in the preliminary rounds. For those of us who have the opportunity to get a balanced view of the English game we've always known that an English team, playing on an English ground, before an English crowd is a difficult combination to beat—and a task that would be beyond all but the best sides.

Talented

Comparing the two Wembley sides, I made England, eager, industrious and purposeful, with the F.I.F.A. men talented and intelligent but lacking in penetrative power and unable to raise the speed of the game on the few occasions that the English rearguard creaked.

The F.I.F.A. forwards played too slowly, said many around me, yet still there were many good things to be seen if one knew where to look, and could be persuaded to forget the ball for a few seconds and concentrate on the players.

Kopa for example in the first-half—dropping back with Law in possession. The Scotsman squared the ball to Djalma Santos, and Kopa, with Wilson following moving first inside and then deep to rub shoulders with the coloured Brazilian, created a twenty-yard channel which ran right down the F.I.F.A. right flank. Like the good 'uns they are, Santos and Law both spotted the gap; Law raced into it, and as Moore moved over to cover, the Brazilian eased the ball through the centre to Di Stefano who was left clear in midfield.

Nothing came from this move it is true, but football at its best is made up of thousands of little moves like this from intelligent individuals, and when all eleven players are able to play their full part in the game all the thousands of little things like this dovetail to make a wondrous patchwork that we later refer to as Hungarian vintage '53 or R.M. 1960.

Everyone has their own views on the game but I'm sure that any who were fortunate enough to see these teams I have referred to, in the flesh, will be quick to agree with me. Of course, others will still be in disagreement.

Still waiting

I've been waiting a long time to see England return to this kind of football but being a patient man I've not yet given up all hope. I may live long enough to see it.

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BRIAN GLANVILLE says that this is inevitable . . .

ECONOMIC REALITY WILL FORCE EUROPEAN LEAGUE

GRADUALLY, hastening slowly, we are approaching that mirage, a European League. If we get it, it will be largely because the cold blasts of economic reality force it on us, rather than through any initiative of our own. For who expects intiative from the Football League? The Football League, which frightened Chelsea out of entering for the European Cup, which failed to frighten Manchester United, but took a mean consolation by preventing United from accepting an extra invitation in 1958, after the Munich disaster? The Football Association would lead if they could, but their position here is subordinate and secondary.

In the meantime, we have discussions about that superfluity, that flaccid halfway house, a British Super League; about which, of course, there would be nothing super at all. Scotland have Rangers and Celtic to offer; no more. Rangers, the club which plays year after year in European competition without, apparently, learning a thing, would be worth a place if only for the massive consistency of the support they attract. So would Celtic — who have surprised everyone by their progress in the European Cup-winners' Cup, this season. But the great days of Hibs and Hearts are gone. Now they have neither the support nor the playing strength to justify their preference to a dozen English clubs.

Throwing Rangers and Celtic into the First Division and cutting out a few of the smaller English fry (for that is what it would amount to) is no solution to anything. It is scarcely even a transitional stage of any moment; all it might achieve would be a change of mood, conducive to the organisation of a European League.

No; the European League must be worked out in its own terms, and without these fiddling intermediaries. It must be worked out properly and organically, so that each season relates to the next. Thus, there must be promotion and relegation, yet at the same time, it is essential that national competitions be, in their turn, linked however distantly to the European League. It is no use following Cup practice, and ing in a new team ntry, plus the pre-, season by season. well and good for eath imponderabilities of a Cup tournament, no use at all for a League.

Applause for Benfica players at Old Trafford after the friendly match with Manchester United last season. Such matches would be of a competitive nature in the European League discussed by Brian Glanville. (Green 1.)

But if there is to be a pilot scheme, it might well, just for one season be run as a single division of, say fourteen or fifteen clubs. Choosing them, however, would be a problem. For my own part, I feel that entry to the European Cup has been far too widely granted. It is absurd that Cyprus and Malta should be allowed to enter teams. The fiasco of Apoel Nicosia's 16-1 defeat in Portugal, by Sporting, underlined the fact. Finland, Denmark, Norway, Luxembourg and Eire are other countries scarcely entitled to enter a team in a one division European Championship. Perhaps, to avoid too arbitrary a choice, it might be based on the results achieved by the various countries in the European Cup, since its foundation. Italy, for example, clearly must have at least two entrants, in the shape of Internazionale and Milan, while Juventus, in terms of playing strength and support, have an excellent claim, too. Add to these Anderlecht of Belgium, Glasgow Rangers, Fussball Klub Austria, Cologne, Real Madrid, Barcelona, Reims, Red Star, Tottenham Hotspur, Everton, Dukla, Ferencvaros, Feyenoord, and Moscow Spartak, and you have a league to conjure with; the prospect of matches worth deserting the television screen to see. If the pilot League went well—and why should it not?—then U.E.F.A. could get down to the business of forming other divisions.

How many should there be? Really, there need be no limit, but let us say, in practice, that there should be four. The various countries involved would be free to nominate other teams for the First Division, but in terms of national representation, the complement would stay the same. The second division could then be made up, but not on the over simplified principle of throwing in all those countries so far unpresented, merely because they *were* unrepresented. A system of nominations and play-offs would probably be the fairest system. Thus, while Switzerland, Sweden, Poland, East Germany (save the mark!), Bulgaria and Rumania must clearly have the right to enter teams, it would surely be more desirable for the Tritons to enter a second or third side, rather than to admit too many minnows. That is to say, Celtic, Hibernian, Arsenal, Liverpool, Dortmund Borussia, Partizan Belgrade, Rapid Vienna and Juventus would have rather more to offer than Apoel Nicosia or Jeunesse Esch.

Tempting

In the second season—of two divisions—promotion and relegation would be involved, with four up and four down. It is tempting to suggest that at the end of each season, the various national champions should play off, home and away, against their European League representatives, to see who would represent their country the following season. Tempting, but specious. A League is a League, and a Cup a Cup, and never should the twain be allowed to meet. It is surely

FEBRUARY 1964 One of Brian Glanville's first columns for World Soccer

iniquitous that after team A has fought through the season to finish halfway up the European League, it should then be eliminated from that League by a lucky goal or an injury suffered in a play-off match.

The third season should give birth to a third division, formed on principles similar to those which determined the second. And when, in due course, we had our fourth division—assuming always that the three proved themselves a viable proposition—then it would be time to think about the relationship of the European League with national competitions.

My own, tentative, inclination would be to relegate automatically the four bottom clubs of the fourth division, eliminate the countries they represent from replacing them, for another season, then organise a play-off between national champions aspiring to take their place.

Arbitrary

I realise that this would hoist me with my own petard, expose me—that is—to the charge of injecting Cup principles into a League competition, but any other way would be more arbitrary still.

Inevitably, some of the glamour must be taken out of national Championships, but there would always be the Cup tournament; a tournament given additional edge by the desire of the "non-Europeans" to beat the clubs competing in the European League. Besides, there would be more of a chance for the lesser clubs; the Boltons, the Prestons, the Birmingham Citys, would win more matches, and might easily draw bigger crowds. Spectators, when all is said and done, go to see a winning team, and withdraw from a losing team—however glamorous and alluring the teams which happen to be beating it.

England could still, I think, comfortably enough support a sixteen club First Division. Here, indeed, might be the opportunity to bring in various Scottish clubs, thus adding new interest and variety, to replace those teams which had "gone European." The Second Division—and certainly the Third and Fourth—might well be zoned, to cut down on travel expenses. Alternatively, the principle of part-time football could be much more widely applied. Playing staffs have been drastically reduced by many clubs over the past few years, but they are still far too heavy in many others.

Affluent

What is needed, though, is experiment and discussion, on an inter-European level. I put forward these plans as a basis for that discussion, rather than as a blueprint, aware of their weaknesses, but convinced that, in principle, this is how and what a European League will have to be. That a European League is necessary seems to me beyond dispute. Counter attractions, the age of the supposedly affluent society, means that only the best of sport can hope to survive, professionally. Even in Britain, the situation grows more economically difficult year by year. In countries like Italy and Spain, where a handful of clubs rule the roost and a multitude of others struggle for survival in the most negative manner, the Championship died years ago.

Finally, the advent of the jet plane, the revolution in communications, has dictated the growth of such a competition, as surely as the steam engine paved the way for the Football League. Come to think of it, there could be a worse symbol for that Victorian body.

BOOK REVIEWS by Martin Rogers

TO say that Brian Glanville can write about football and footballers is like asserting that Stanley Matthews can play the game a bit, or that Brigitte Bardot has sex appeal; always there is the breathless, complementary "And how!"

It is rare indeed for one to be able to eulogise a football writer, or, more accurately in the case of Glanville, a writer who has chosen football as one of the many subjects about which he writes with such authority, feeling and authenticity. But for Brian Glanville, whose *The Rise of Gerry Logan* was reviewed in these columns a few months ago and the author of yet another magnificent volume, **GOALKEEPERS ARE CRAZY,** an anthology of 23 short soccer stories, the superlatives are not just merited. They are inevitable. Every follower of the game who has the slightest feeling for football literature should buy, read and re-read this book.

His powers of observation, innate appreciation of the men who make football tick—as individual personalities, not mere hirelings of the whimsical sporting public—and ability to make it all so readable and eminently *worth* reading, are as welcome as a glass of water in the middle of a desert parched with drought. **GOALKEEPERS ARE CRAZY** is published by *Secker and Warburg* and costs 18s.

THE WEMBLEY BOOK OF BALL GAMES and how to play them (A Playcraft Publication, 5s.) outlines in clear, concise form the rules of twelve of the leading ball games, including, of course, soccer. There are copious line illustrations, and an appendix of facts and figures. A neat, workmanlike publication which runs to 266 pages, it can be thoroughly recommended to all sports followers.

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Personality Piece on Eusebio *by JORGE de AGUIAR and PETER HILDRETH*

SPRINTING AND SOCCER MIXED

EUSEBIO. (Metelmann.)

HE was loitering in mid-field when the ball was pushed through to him. Suddenly the tempo of the game leapt from a lull to a tornado. Exploding into action, the lithe inside-left chased the ball past two goggling opponents and high-tailed over the Wembley turf, every second bringing him ten yards nearer the opposing goal.

Vainly the defence gathered wits and lumbered in pursuit. Too late. Like passengers on an express train trying to read the names of wayside stations, their faculties could not cope. From twenty-five yards out, the fleeing forward stabbed his right foot at the ball and sent it scorching over the turf in a knife-like diagonal to the far corner of the goal. The goalie, poised in full sight of the attack, had only time to sag his jaw in amazement as the ball found the net to his right.

Implication

For moments there was a stunned silence from the crowd; then, grasping the full implication of this dazzling feat, they burst into applause.

For those who saw the European Cup final at Wembley last year, this was the moment of rapture. For Eusebio da Silva Ferreira it was the autograph in action of a great modern forward. Here was the footballing finesse that separates the men from the supermen. Though Milan were to win 2-1, Benfica has the consolation of providing, through him, the showpiece of the afternoon.

Eusebio began playing football at the age [illegible] Lourenço Marques, the town [illegible] born and grew up in Mozam[illegible]uese East Africa. "I am sure [illegible] was born with me and flows in [illegible] says. "I began to take an [illegible]otball when I found I could kick a ball; football and life are mixed in me."

Others in the family to produce the same mixture are kid brother Gilberto Ferreira, aged fifteen, who plays centre-forward for the Benfica Youth side, and a cousin, Henrique Augusto (nicknamed Madala), who is centre-forward for the Sporting Club of Lourenço Marques.

At school, Eusebio took part also in swimming, basketball and athletics. He was an outstanding schoolboy sprinter and clocked 11.0 secs. for 100 metres, equivalent to about 10.0 secs. for 100 yards, when aged only sixteen.

"I am quite sure my speed has greatly contributed to my success as a football player," he says. "Sprinting is a very important part of my training."

Here the Benfica star points the way to future improvements in soccer technique and execution. Skills can be perfected only up to a point, but the speed at which they can be performed is always capable of being sharpened.

Sleep-walk

Speed can also be the answer to the retreating defence, the all-smothering tactic that has slowed many a good game to the pace of a sleep-walk.

Hear Eusebio again on this question: "My experience has been that the best way of getting through the retreating defence is to have *two* very fast wingers who can beat the opposition in speed, thus allowing their colleagues to be able to receive the ball in a more favourable position for a shot at goal."

After speed, flexibility is the quality most desirable in the effective modern forward. Eusebio admits to having played in every position in the forward line since he became a professional five years ago.

Eusebio first appeared at Wembley in the World Cup qualifying match against England for Portugal in 1961. The match resulted in a 2-0 victory for the home team but not before Eusebio had given goalie Ron Springett a mild heart attack when, on two occasions, his rocket-like shots rebounded from the woodwork.

In 1962 he had his first major international triumph when Benfica won the European Cup at Amsterdam from those Old Masters of Continental soccer, Real Madrid. After being 2-0 down, Benfica staged an incredible revival to finish 5-3 winners; two of the goals were planted by the magic boot of Eusebio.

Of that historic match he says: "I always remember that game for its emotion and suspense."

Emotion has come into his soccer horizon more than once in recent months. Last year, on a visit to his native Mozambique, he fell foul of the local football enthusiasts for declining to take part in an invitation match. A "punch-up" ensued and a splurge of newspaper publicity followed. But only Eusebio's loyalty to his club Benfica to whom, as he explained to irate fans in Lourenço Marques, he was under contract, had prompted him to shun the local soccer pitch.

EUSEBIO DA SILVA FERREIRA

Personal details — date of birth: 25.1.42.
height: 1m. 78/5 ft. 10 in.
weight: 75 kg./165 lb.

"Speed has contributed to my success"

This same loyalty keeps him hard at work for eleven months of the year, training, practising, and playing. A typical week's training might be as follows: Tuesday: gymnastics; Wednesday: practice for ball control: Thursday: general training with the team in a football match; Friday: very light gymnastics; Saturday: volley-ball, basket-ball, etc. — but very light exercise only; Sunday: match; Monday: rest.

Like every player of world class, Eusebio hopes to figure in a World Championship. Of the prospects for the 1966 World Cup in England he says: "Naturally the uncertain weather conditions which exist in England are bound to affect visiting foreign teams. However, we all remember the Brazilian team which won the World Championship in Sweden in 1958, managed to overcome weather conditions quite different to their own."

Of England's chances in 1966 he comments: "From what I saw of the English team during the match between England and the Rest of the World, I think they stand a very good chance indeed."

Eusebio, it will be recalled, played only in the first half of that memorable game of which he says: "It was a wonderful souvenir which every player will keep in his mind forever, a very special event."

Asked which players in international soccer he found most difficult to get past, Eusebio again paid tribute to those celebrated men of defence, Mackay of Scotland and Masopust of Czechoslovakia.

Today Eusebio earns sixpence a day as a private in the Portuguese Army. But No. 198763 Private da Silva Ferreira will be back playing for Benfica. At twenty-two he should still have a long way to go.

May 1964 Spotlight on Benfica star Eusebio

WORLD SOCCER, May, 1966

The World's Greatest Full-back ?

Player Portrait: GIACINTO FACCHETTI

THE road to Treviglio is straight, but slow. Too much traffic, too many "bambinos" playing on the edges. Some of them wave as Alfa Romeo number 88751.BG flashes by, driven by a tall, hard-faced man crouched uncomfortably over the steering wheel. He smiles, and waves back, sometimes, where the traffic is heaviest, stops and signs his name on grubby scraps of paper. He is Giacinto Facchetti, employee of Internazionale Football Club, and probably the finest left-back in the world.

Giacinto is 24. He was born here in Treviglio, near Bergamo, and some 35 miles from Milan, on July 18, 1942. Everyone knows him, or wants to: he lunches with the mayor, the local editor, the parish priest. Even the church can benefit from calcio, it seems. "The father is as keen a soccer fan as old Don Camillo himself," says Facchetti, with just a trace of irony.

But he doesn't want to move into Milan. "I hate the big cities. They are hard, impersonal places, with cold walls and unfriendly stares. Inter offered to fix me up with a flat, when I got into the first team. But I said no. I preferred to live at home, with the family."

The Facchetti household is big by British standards, average by Italian ones. He has three sisters, Francia, Giovanna and Pinuccia, and an elder brother, Luigi. His mother is dead. His father, a stern but conscientious man, has brought up the family. He watches all Inter's home matches, and is at once his son's harshest critic and warmest fan.

He began, really, as an athlete. His speed off the mark and his long-striding legs made him a more than useful sprinter. "I've done 8.8 secs. for the 80 metres," says Facchetti, proudly. "Not bad, considering I was always falling over my own feet."

Soccer came second, with little local team CS Trevigliese and their wobbly goalposts. Facchetti was always a full-back, clumsy in his teens, but a player who [illegible]er than most at ball [illegible]

[illegible]ed him for their [illegible] in 1960, and his [illegible]d a stir among the club officials. He was too big, too tall, already over 6 ft.; he had gangling limbs, and noticeably large feet. "What?" said President Angelo Moratti, without meaning to be unkind: "are we going to play a beanstalk in the League team?"

by **Roger Macdonald**

"I remember the first days," said Facchetti. "No one took me seriously, though I thought I played quite well in the junior games. Then, one day, Signor Herrera took me to one side ... I was afraid it might be to send me home.

"But he said: 'I'm a good judge of talent, and I think you've got what it takes to become a great full-back. Follow my orders, and you'll soon be laughing at your detractors.' "

And he was, or rather, the detractors stopped detracting, and became his supporters: for there is nothing more glamorous than a full-back who always looks as if he may score a goal.

Facchetti started this in friendlies and junior games, by moving up with the attack. He had the speed and the physique — one notoriously rough "sweeper-up" who tried to knock him off the ball was out for a month with a cracked rib. Above all, he had the control, and the flair for finding a gap in the catenaccio wall —widened dramatically by the sheer momentum of his mighty frame.

Facchetti has none of the twinkling tricks of Mazzola, but an elusive shuffle, coupled with a sudden acceleration which can leave most players pursuing breathlessly. One almost feels sorry for the average Italian defender: faced with Facchetti, he can scarcely put the boot in, or hope to out-run him, or hope he'll go back to his own penalty area. And to be beaten by a full-back is humiliating in the extreme.

In the League the flexible Facchetti plan took time to succeed. Even Inter, put through their tactical paces with painstaking thoroughness by Herrera, took time to master a covering system for a full-back who could be anywhere.

When Facchetti came into the team against Mantua, on February 13, 1961, he was not a success. Neither fish nor fowl, his shooting was erratic and his covering uncertain.

"I was rightly dropped," he recalls. "Herrera decided to make me concentrate on being a defender until I had adjusted my style to first-team soccer. It seemed to work, for I returned to play in over 20 games. But I didn't score a goal."

The goals came later—20 in four seasons of League football, and some vital ones in the European Cup. The most memorable put Liverpool out in the 1965 semi-final, when Inter counter-attacked with close passing, staccato style, leaving Facchetti clear to hit a lethal shot past the helpless Lawrence from 20 yards.

This moment alone may have helped to put Facchetti second to Eusebio in the poll to decide the European Footballer of the Year. But it has also put the pressure on him to keep on scoring—as though it were not a luxury, but an essential duty.

"There is a danger of letting this go too far," admits Helenio Herrera. "Facchetti is a great player, a world class player, because he can improvise. Inter are not a defensive team, they adopt what you call the 'whirl', with players switching roles suddenly to confuse the opposition.

"But Facchetti is not worth, say, £200,000, because he can 'whirl'. First and foremost he must be a formidable defender, stop goals, rather than score them. The pressure on him to attack is rather too much for his own good."

Giacinto Facchetti, a great student of tactical football, realises this danger. "I am taking fewer and fewer risks," he said. "Percentage-wise, the attacks I make are less valuable than those I break up. Football is so tight, defensively, in Italy, that lose a goal and you're finished."

Giacinto Facchetti the Inter-Milan full-back who is the subject of the player portrait this month. (Metelmann 2.)

May 1966 Profile of Internazionale & Italy full-back Giacinto Facchetti

Another Angle on the Tournament

THEIR DAYS OF GLORY?

by

ROGER MACDONALD

RAMSEY'S ACHILLES HEEL

THE pendulum of press criticism has swung violently during Alf Ramsey's reign. He began dismally, when England crumbled to a 5-2 defeat in Paris; inspired a heartening summer tour in 1963; then blundered tactically in matches which brought annihilation from Brazil and confused meanderings against teams bordering on mediocrity.

Ramsey the non-playing captain is almost beyond reproach. He is an ideal manager, loyal, firm but never aloof, essentially practical and confident. He preaches old dogmas of patriotism and endeavour, but they seem to go down well with his players, who will give blood, toil and sweat to win the World Cup.

Ramsey's weakness is not one of disposition and direction, but of ignorance. He has not seen enough of the opposition: what little he has seen has resulted in experiments in half-baked ideas, tepid tactics, which threaten to end in disarray.

England's failure in Chile was accentuated by a basic error of trying to make men fit a method; the 4-2-4 system which flourished in 1960–61 with Robson and Haynes in midfield. After Robson's decline, Haynes was left alone, the sole funnel of attack, shadowed relentlessly by the opposition.

Ramsey has rightly realised that England do not possess link men with the outstanding talent required by 4-2-4. So, logically enough, he has spread the load, as Brazil did in Chile with Zagalo, by bringing a third player back into midfield.

But he is wrong to assume that the six "front" players can combine all the skills of schemer, winger and striker. Versatility, the need to perform the unexpected, the "whirl", is paramount; but a super-versatility, where every man passes, dribbles and shoots with equal facility is to demand a team of Pelés.

Greaves cannot be expected to graft, or Ball to sprint and cross perfectly from the wing; and to contain Charlton in midfield is like caging a lion on a reserve.

With 4-3-3, something has to give—preferably a winger, as the strikers are pitifully outnumbered already. But to do away with both, is to deny oneself the best route to goal, by turning the flanks of a massed defence.

There were signs, against Scotland, of an agonising, reappraisal. Connelly, chosen as an orthodox winger, used his skill on both touchlines to disturb the Scottish defence. Hunt and Hurst stayed and shot near goal; Charlton came through from behind with deadly effect.

So with the defence as good as any, there is still hope for England's latent talent—great hope, if their home record against the other competitors is of any significance. Only Hungary have won on English soil, and then during an era when they strode across Europe as a footballing colossus.

ng at home has always been of l advantage to England, never nywhere else, the spectators nreasoned support for their . It remains to be seen whether Wembley can shake off its cruel apathy that saps the spirit of almost every English team. If so, England will win this World Cup: if not, then the crowd may have proved Ramsey's Achilles heel.

BOBBY CHARLTON. (P.P.I.)

ENGLAND'S WASTED GENIUS

IT was against Yugoslavia, holding an over-anxious England to a scoring header from Greaves, that Bobby Charlton made a chance out of nothing. He held the ball, a long way out and hindered by defenders ... then produced a shot which was too swift, too sudden, too straight even for the athletic Soskic. It was the sort of goal which could win the World Cup.

Charlton is probably England's only world class player, always able to raise his game, never bogged down in the mire of tactical regimentation and lack of imagination.

But nobody can be sure how he will play. His magic for Manchester United so often becomes mediocrity for England.

On the face of it, he has the same role for both teams—since the omission of Eastham, he has become the key midfield organiser in Alf Ramsey's 4-3-3 plan.

But he is only one of several world-class stars with Manchester United. He seems content to be the master-architect of Law's explosive genius and Best's irresistible footwork.

With England, so often painfully deficient in basic skills, he is tempted to be creator and striker all in one—a sort of *deus ex machina* raining thunderbolts from the sky.

Charlton's effort for England is now greater than ever before. But a high work-rate makes genius flag: the more Charlton is in a game, the worse, usually, his contribution to it.

Nor is Charlton by nature a creator of chances. His passing is dangerously predictable, and lacks the accuracy of Haynes, who seemed able to bisect two blades of grass over 20 yards.

Charlton is still, to everyone but Ramsey, the best left-winger in the world. His ball control is exceptional, he has an exquisite swerve from right to left beyond the intended tackle, and a beautiful gliding style.

Nor, unless he is forced to hug the touchline, is his shooting power disengaged on the wing. But in midfield this match-winning gift is wasted.

Charlton has scored three brilliant international goals this season: against Yugoslavia, against Scotland, and against Austria. All were products of positioning, flair, effortless precision and power. There could have been so many more.

Helenio Herrera thinks England expect too much of Charlton. "He needs freedom in midfield, yes, but his colleagues should draw the defence to give *him* space, not the other way around.

"Charlton has one of the strongest shots in Europe, with either foot, and from any distance. How can England, with their feeble attack, make him create chances for others to miss them?"

IN THE SHADOW OF UNCLE SEPP

AGONY has given way to satisfaction for Helmut Schon. His German team,

SIX MEN WITH A KEY TO THE WORLD CUP 1966

in woeful disarray a year ago, now promises to do well in the World Cup. A place in the final, perhaps even victory itself, is the glittering prospect.

Schon, indeed, must take much of the credit. He has combined the ruthless, physical play of past German teams with unfamiliar thought and finesse, blending the Brunnenmeiers with the Beckenbauers.

The German team-manager himself was an inside-right of great poise and elegance — he was capped 16 times between 1937 and 1951, when a knee injury ended his career. He scored goals, too, 17 in internationals, usually by precision rather than sheer velocity.

Certainly, there can be no more popular World Cup chief with players or pressmen. The players respect Schon's past talent, his willingness to join in training at 50, his jovial firmness which inspires comradeship without loss of discipline. The press delight in his readiness to answer questions spontaneously. There is nothing of Ramsey's reluctance or Fabbri's guile. And they have retracted absolutely their earlier accusations: that Schon lacked the dominant personality of his almost legendary predecessor, Sepp Herberger.

Schon's new team has great potential. He seems bent on using his Italian exiles, the tireless, dynamic Schnellinger, and the vastly improved inside-forward Haller. Among the new home talent is Beckenbauer, a slight prodigy of creative football; Emmerich, with the lethal left foot; and the almost cast-iron Sieloff. Revived, too, are the aggressive Syzmaniak and Tilkowski, a goalkeeper with electronic reactions.

But has Schon the experience to blend this wealth of skill and stamina in the cauldron of the World Cup? He has seen only six months' experience of competitive football, with his old club Hertha in 1951. Thereafter he ran a team for the Saar — it had the unreality of a Papal XI for the Vatican City — before becoming Herberger's assistant in 1956. He has known only the fringe benefits of intense football; shouldering a rifle, but never previously in the line of fire.

Schon is unsure of himself — otherwise, he would surely never have permitted, even unenthusiastically, the semi-official presence of Herberger in England. Uncle Sepp, now almost 70, is revered in Germany for his triumph in 1954. He threatens to be a disrupting influence, damning with faint praise, a focal point of discontent.

A major disagreement may be the active participation of Uwe Seeler. Schon has said that he is not certain to play. Herberger, ostensibly in private, has said that he must. Schon bases his reluctance on Seeler's physical difficulties — his injured heel is still suspect — as fitness is so vital to his style. Herberger, acquiring nostalgia in his old age, believes Seeler's presence is essential in a World Cup.

PELE. (Planet.)

He may be right, if one remembers the Germans' almost pathological pleas for Seeler to play, even at half pace, against Sweden; but for Schon, reluctant to step back in the shadows of Uncle Sepp, the issue may be a greater one of authority. Seeler or no, Germany have a great chance: but two captains could steer even their seaworthy ship on to the World Cup rocks.

GERMAN IN A CAGE OF GOLD

TO Karl-Heinz Schnellinger, the World Cup finals will be like a holiday from a concentration camp, away from the stifling atmosphere of Catenaccio.

He has been in Italy for three years, signed by Roma from Cologne for £75,000, loaned to Mantua, then sold to AC Milan for another £70,000 at the beginning of last season.

Even by Italian standards, these are colossal sums for a defender. But few would suggest that the price is too high: certainly not Milan, who have insured him for almost £150,000 — the premium is said to be £20,000 a year.

For Schnellinger is no ordinary defender. He has the build and height — 6 ft. 2 in. and 13 st. — of a powerful plodder, but the mobility and skill of a top inside-forward.

Unlike Facchetti, whose combined full-back-winger role is becoming almost a form of orthodoxy, Schnellinger's tactics can never be predicted. His stamina is so phenomenal that he almost appears to be in both penalty-areas simultaneously, stopping goals and making them.

Schnellinger's defensive play is characterised by the stand-off tackle. He waits or retreats at a distance of two or three yards, too far away to be dribbled or caught by a kick-and-run, but close enough to intercept all but the pass screwed well wide.

He scorns the use of physique to beat a forward. Against Mazzola, an easy victim of shock tackling, he kept a perfect distance, as though he were the opposite pole of a gliding magnet. Twice Mazzola tried to run round him, and lost the race hopelessly; once he tried dribbling, and Schnellinger gently took the ball away; finally he passed, and still the blond German somehow intercepted and ran upfield.

Milan see Schnellinger's talents as ideal for the sweeper-up; or, at least, as an inflexible member of their defensive wall. They have frowned upon his adventurous excursions into enemy territory, once, even threatened him with a fine.

Only in the Fairs Cup, which Milan did not take seriously, was Schnellinger allowed to use his full talents for improvisation. He was seen at his best against Chelsea in London, when Osgood threatened to dominate the game from midfield. Schnellinger contained him from absurdly long-range, frequently came away with the ball, and went off in attack with tireless strides.

But Germany's manager Helmut Schon still had doubts about him for the World Cup. His selection was certain, but his role undecided. Before he went to Italy Schnellinger could play in any defensive position with equal facility: now, he is like a conjurer using only half his tricks, never quite certain to produce a rabbit.

Schnellinger himself has no doubts. This, in a way, is the great danger. He is so cool and confident that his tackling and passing reaches an alarming nonchalance.

His biggest need is for rehabilitation. Many of his colleagues are almost strangers, unused to his style. Schnellinger himself is unfamiliar with Germany's controlled aggression which has so increased their prospects in the World Cup.

But he will be anxious to repeat the sort of *ludus mirabilis* which we saw at Stamford Bridge. Little short of this would tempt a German club to scrape up the immense transfer fee required to bring him home. Schnellinger is determined to escape from the straitjacket of an Italian mercenary, a frustrated German in a cage of gold.

ONLY TO BE BUNGLED?

VICENTE Feola may have bungled this World Cup. The evidence is not in Brazil's record, unbeaten as they are, for years; but in the tension that pervades their play. Whichever way you look at it, the Brazilians reached the summit in 1958; they can either stumble along a plateau, or tumble to the bottom. And keeping the Cup, taking the hat-trick, is a harder task for less glory: they are expected to win every match; they are on a hiding to almost nothing at all.

It has been said of Feola that he respects the past, but lives in the present — unlike, perhaps, Aymore Moreira, who led them to the victory in Chile. Moreira chose the old guard, almost, one thought, because they had already won; it came off, because the opposition was poor and paranoically bent on defence.

● *Continued on page 33*

THEIR DAYS OF GLORY?

● Continued from page 21

Many in Brazil sought the best of both Cups — to combine Feola and Moreira as joint team-coaches. Dr. Paulo de Carvalho, supervisor of the Brazilian tour parties, wanted this badly — and resigned when Feola flatly refused and the Brazilian F.A. backed him up.

But even Feola may not live enough in the present — he, too, has clung to Gilmar, Bellini, Orlando, Djalma Santos and Garrincha, the men of the 'fifties.

It is good to see no complex about age as a barrier to competence — in England, you are almost over the hill at 30, dead and buried internationally at 35. But the scales can be tipped too far. The danger, usually, is that old limbs slow suddenly, that the players who are good enough one day are not good enough the next.

This, one suspects, has happened to Brazil. A year ago, the veterans gave away only one goal in seven games. Then they met Russia at home, who ran rings around them in the second half. And now these men must play six matches in 20 days to win the World Cup.

Before Chile, Brazil toyed with youth and voted for experience; the process cannot logically be reversed when they come to England. The new players have been pampered, really, during the last two years: they have inhaled plenty of atmosphere but little - hard experience against relentless European opposition.

With the sweeper-up present in force, play in midfield will be as vital as it was in 1962. Everything depends on the number of chances provided and taken; cut down on either ratio, and one is halfway out.

Brazil's midfield link is more suspect than ever before. Didi has gone; Zagalo, the withdrawn winger, has gone; Zito has reappeared momentarily, but without the old zest and flair. Gerson, hit by stomach trouble, could be a non-starter. Ademir, Dudu, Dias and Parana have great talent, great promise; but they sadly lack experience of World Cup hostilities.

If Brazil are to finish even third — beaten, perhaps, by England in the semi-finals — much will depend on Garrincha and Pelé. Here, one just doesn't know. Feola has already lost one battle, and Pelé is married, at almost the worst possible time. But Garrincha is back, injuries and scandals behind him, reputedly as a major threat. In their best form, Pelé is worth three men, and Garrincha two: but perhaps it is expecting too much for them once again to be a force of nature.

THE LAST STAR

THE pressure on Pelé has never been so great. This month, in England, he is expected to perform marvels, to ensure that Brazil win the World Cup outright. He is the ultimate footballer, without limitations in skill, quite irresistible: the last star.

But though Pelé may literally be worth his weight in gold, he is still a mortal. And a mortal with problems — a new, young wife, and a series of nagging leg injuries. In four internationals a month before the World Cup he played only 110 minutes' football, much of that lethargically, and at half pace.

Pelé is now suffering the price of prodigious fame. In 1958, he was a 17-year-old unknown, who emerged as a great player towards the end of the competition. But he was so good in the final because Sweden allowed him space: their defenders already had their hands full with the renowned Didi and Garrincha.

In Chile, Pelé scored a brilliant goal against Mexico. But, constantly shadowed by two Czechs in the next match, he had done nothing when he was injured, and limped off for good.

Pelé's injury, paradoxically, helped Brazil. It brought in another unknown player of great skill, Amarildo, who was not marked as closely. More important, it forced Brazil to develop their attacks through a wider channel in midfield — eventually, to withdraw Zagalo from the firing line. And so 4-3-3 was born.

Just as England always wanted to pass to Haynes in Chile, so will Brazil be tempted to look for Pelé when they play here. Pelé, then, becomes the vital link in their chain — admittedly stronger than the rest, but constantly strained close to breaking point.

Argentina exploded the myth that Pelé was unstoppable during the little World Cup. Then, a destroyer called Messiano shadowed him constantly, hit him with nagging tackles, until Pelé lost his temper and broke his nose. It was the violence of frustration, to which Pelé is becoming increasingly prone.

Brazil are trying hard to protect Pelé from naked aggression. It seems certain that he will not be used in the front line, as a striker, but as the deep man in a triangular wedge with perhaps Servilho and Amarildo.

But the opposition will not, surely, be as naïve as England once were in believing that a deep-lying Pelé is no longer a menace. As he does everything, except heading, with the same phenomenal skill, his passing is as great a danger as his shooting and ball control. Nor, as Waiters will testify, is any goal safe from Pelé when he is in the opposition's half.

But even if Pelé is at his supreme best, mentally and physically, which is far from certain, one fears he will be marked out of every game. Not completely, perhaps — he may score one marvellous goal — but sufficiently to make Brazil's attack grind to a halt.

For there will be one, probably two, constant shadows — nagging, obstructing, hurrying him wherever he goes. And it will need only one fair but bone-shattering tackle from a Stiles or a Syzmaniak to put him out of the Cup.

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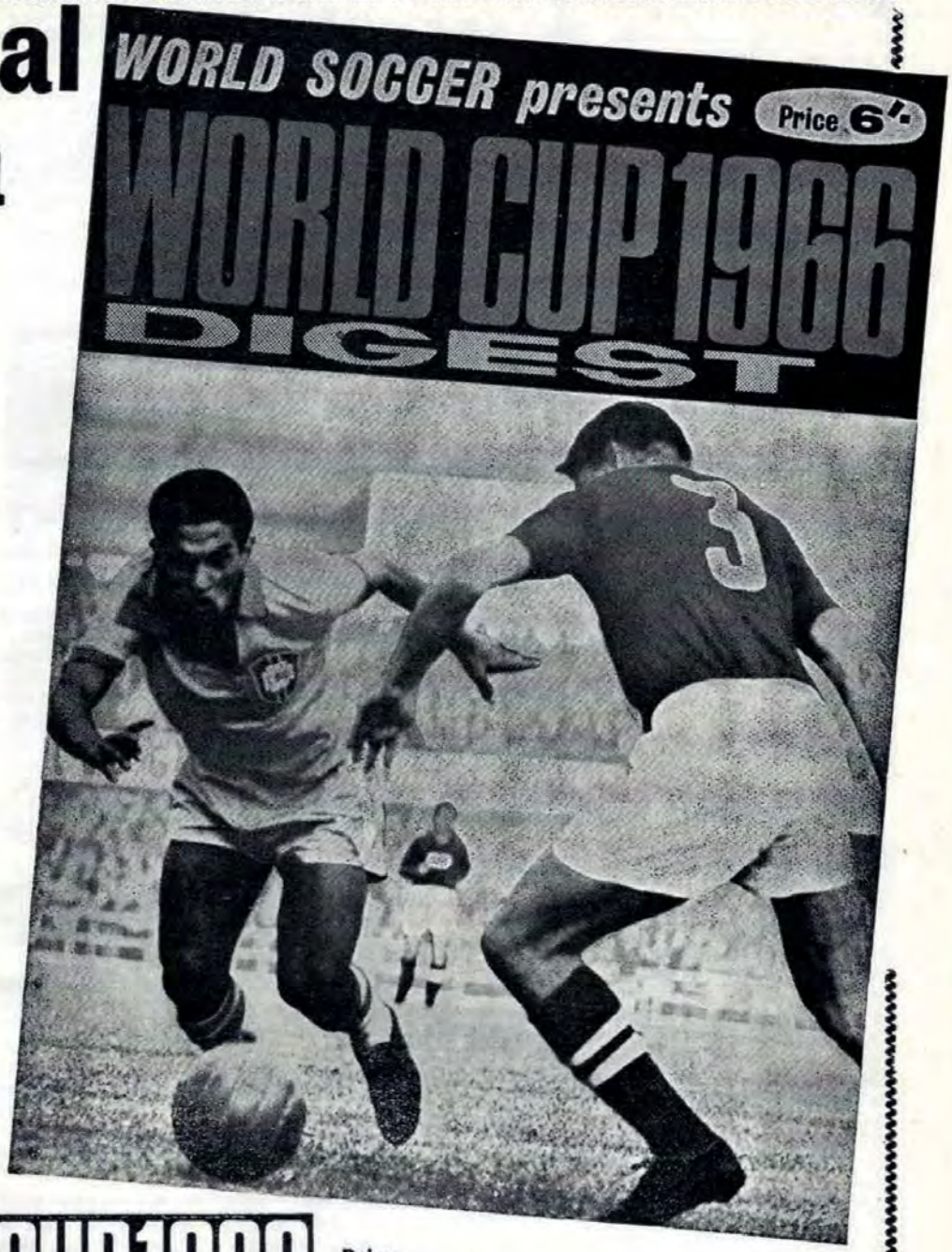

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A house advert for World Soccer's guide to the 1966 World Cup

THE WINNING GOAL
Celtic centre-forward Steve Chalmers neatly nudges the ball past Inter-Milan goalkeeper Giuliano Sarti. (A.)

EUROPEAN CUP FINAL REPORT FROM LISBON by ROGER MACDONALD

STRENGTH IN TE

SANDRINO MAZZOLA was granted his wish, to score on the ground where his father played his last match, 18 years and 22 days ago, before Torino's aircraft crashed, like a thunderbolt from the sky, into the impassive basilica at Superga. But his meticulous penalty, sent to one corner with Ronnie Simpson groping vainly at the other, cut Internazionale's lifeline as surely as if he had put through his own goal.

For Inter, deprived of their master tactician, Luis Suarez, pinned everything on the strength of their defence — an inflexible barrier, lacking even the suspicion of a springboard. Just as a wall defying the pressures of the sea needs constant repair if it is not to leak and decay, so Inter's strength ebbed to nothing, until the erosion engendered by Celtic's skill brought their stagnant obstacle to ruin.

Inter-Milan, for many the Mecca of modern football, were outplayed, outmanœuvred, outwitted by a team with equal skill, superior stamina and, above all, limitless determination. As frustration breeds impatience and impatience is the foster child of error, so some of Europe's finest attacking teams have fallen to the champions of *catenaccio*, stabbed in the back, as it were, while pausing to reload. But after nine nervy minutes Celtic steeled themselves against a formidable, uphill task largely of their own making, rarely exposed their own defence, and won the long war of attrition.

Second Houdini

If the Scots did not quite discover the master key that could undo every infamous Italian padlock, they tugged away at its chain, testing every link. Jimmy Johnstone, attached to Tarcisio Burgnich by invisible handcuffs, slipped his jailer like a second Houdini; a piece of celluloid opening the central mechanism of Inter's defences.

The Italians survived for an hour, because Celtic could create only half a second, half a gap; there was no hair trigger whenever Steve Chalmers and Willie Wallace saw Giuliano Sarti in their sights. Armando Picchi, too, worked tirelessly as a perpetual reinforcement, though even he must have felt he had a foot in one hole while water poured in a dozen others.

Sarti, often in the front line with Celtic raking the trenches, was a perpetual reflex action, alternating courage and acrobatics. His saves prevented a complete annihilation; one earlier goal would have done it, as a trickling stone starts an avalanche.

oh, so dangerously, for more match. Bertie Auld, through with the eagerness of a ferret struck a rising shot that left rating like telephone wires in Tommy Gemmell's speculative cross caught the wind and swirled high against the far post. Sarti, at fault here, was almost caught unsighted by a drive through the dense jungle of defenders, which he stopped, leaping backwards, on the very chalk of the line.

Celtic flagged just a little as the last grains of sand trickled from the hour glass, aware that some incisive force was needed if all their delicate approach work was to bear fruition. Gemmell provided it, taking here in Lisbon the mantle of offensive full-back play from Giacinto Facchetti, who had his hands full at the rear with Celtic's elusive forwards. His shot from the edge of the penalty area, high to Sarti's right-hand corner, cut through the waves of Italians like a deadly torpedo.

Flamboyant

Caught not far short of the post, Inter had no final spurt to offer. Their attack possessed feet of clay, clever but uninspired, slow to see the open space. Renato Cappellini, whose early flamboyant collapse in the penalty-area had exaggerated the illegality of John Clark's late tackle, reached the limits of his patience, and kicked out shamefully at Simpson. And so the end came, when Bobby Murdoch shot and Chalmers carefully deflected the ball wide of Sarti.

Lisbon's little moat did not deter Celtic's thousands of supporters, who engulfed their heroes, until the pitch was a sea of scarves and kilts and banners. Billy McNeill, scarcely protected by the heavily outnumbered Lisbon police, at length ran the gauntlet to receive the European Cup: won at last by a non-Latin side, a British club, by surely the finest team in the history of Scottish football.

There are explanations, not excuses, for Inter's emphatic defeat. The absence of Suarez, a key player in midfield, because of a strained thigh, clearly upset the balance of the team. Jair da Costa, too, might have played, after showing signs of regaining his old form; but he twisted a knee the previous Sunday against Fiorentina in the League. Mazzola would not have been chosen for a less important match: he was suffering from a sore throat, which gave him evident discomfort. Mario Bicicli, brought in as a link forward, lacked match practice; though with Inter for 10 years, he has not had a regular place in the first team since 1962–63.

Neither Suarez nor Mazzola have had their heart in football during the past season. Suarez, engaged to a Spanish girl and soon to be married, has made regular trips home to see his fiancée. Mazzola now has a small child, who has given him and his wife many sleepless nights. Such matters serve to remind us that Inter's players are human, with human failings.

There has been no opportunity to relax for players who have been involved in competitive football for 21 months without a break. The pressure on Inter was intense from the start. No club in Europe has ever dealt with three opponents of the calibre of Torpedo Moscow, Vasas Budapest and Real Madrid in such devastating fashion, while opening a huge gap simultaneously in their national League.

Something eventually had to give, and the first signs of strain came in the Italian championship. Before they met Celtic, Inter played five matches without a win — 0-0 v. Lazio (h.), 1-1 v. Cagliari (a.), 0-1

JULY 1967 Roger Macdonald's match report from Celtic's triumph in the 1967 European Cup Final

Inter outplayed ★ outmanoeuvred ★ outwitted

v. Juventus (a.), 1-1 v. Napoli (h.), 1-1 v. Fiorentina (h.) — and scarcely a forward scored a goal. Juventus, hopelessly outdistanced in mid-season, had reduced Inter's lead to a single point with one match left to play.

I was right when I suggested in April WORLD SOCCER that Inter's machine was cracking up, that Helenio Herrera had his eye on a new challenge and a change of scenery. But I was wrong to believe that "Inter's strength lies in their abundance of talent, their ability to overcome the absence of even Mario Corso or Suarez". Like Liverpool, Internazionale have relied on the same combination of players (with the exception of Cappellini, still inexperienced) for too long; the effort of staying at the top has taken the edge off their skill, skimmed the cream from the milk.

MWORK

More, I grossly underestimated Celtic's ability — and Jock Stein's, in harnessing the Scots' natural talent and energy — by predicting that nothing could prevent Inter winning their third European Cup. With Suarez, they might have won — but their very dependence upon him was an indication of weakness. Celtic, after all, lost Joe McBride before Christmas: so prolific a marksman that he scored more in half a season than any other player in its whole.

Attention

Celtic's great strength is their teamwork; no single player can be put out of the game without leaving gaps the others may exploit. Inter devoted considerable energy and attention — the whole of Burgnich's and much of Picchi's — to stopping Johnstone, giving Chalmers and Wallace, by Italian standards, a large space in which to work and few opponents to beat.

It is too early to assess Celtic in terms of teams like Real Madrid, Benfica or even Inter at their best — though it seems strange to say this, so completely were the Italians outplayed. Had Celtic beaten the teams Inter beat, rather than the weak Zurich and Nantes, and the scarcely inspired Vojvodina in a last desperate attack, their victory would have been more impressive. When they come to defend their title next season we may see their true mettle.

Celtic's remarkable clean sweep in Scotland, perhaps, underlines that only occasionally were they under pressure. Rangers, hit by injuries and loss of form, did not make a challenge for the League title until it was far too late; their defeat at Berwick, of all places, in the Scottish Cup, ensured Celtic of an undisturbed passage to the final.

From my own experience of Scottish football, I can say that the Celts were rarely extended by teams in the lower half of the League; they could have played 11 reserves, given them each two goals start, and then a beating. Even Dundee United's double (they beat Celtic 3-2 home and away) was something of an outrageous fluke, like Norwich City's victory over Manchester United.

In contrast, Internazionale had a battle on their hands every Sunday, because of the defensive character of the Italian League; the weaker teams double-marked their forwards at home, and often positioned all 11 players around the penalty-area at San Siro. They had no opportunity to relax, or to rest their outstanding players.

While Celtic played their last competitive (and academic) match 10 days before they went to Lisbon, Inter had to go flat out against Fiorentina on the previous Sunday. They tried to have the game postponed, but Juventus refused, insisting that both teams must kick-off in their last two fixtures on the same day at exactly the same time. This, to my mind, was poetic justice, for Inter and other Continental clubs have often taken an unfair advantage against British teams by rearranging League matches or fielding several reserves.

If one may make an invidious comparison between Celtic's players, Gemmell and Johnstone transformed a good team into probably the best in Europe. Gemmell, because his attacking flair was the unforeseen element that cracked Inter's shell, his shooting something that any orthodox striker would be proud to possess. Johnstone, because his impish dribbles took him through the thickest barriers, humiliating his immediate opponents and drawing others out of position.

Rehabilitated

But it is the success of two players who had been written off that gives one the greatest pleasure. Auld, a failure in English football, has been rehabilitated in Scotland, linking superbly in midfield for Celtic with the indefatigable Murdoch. Simpson has proved the coolest of goalkeepers, his career spanning 22 years from the time he first appeared for Queen's Park at the venerable age of 14. He could never have dreamed, when Newcastle United sold him to Hibs for £1,000 and Hibs let him go to Celtic, of the new vistas that would overshadow his earlier triumphs with Newcastle United.

Last season he made his début for Scotland at Wembley, in the team that beat England, the World Champions; was voted Scottish Footballer of the Year; gained winners' medals in the Glasgow Cup, the Scottish League Cup, the Scottish FA Cup, the Scottish League and the European Cup. And, ironically, the confrontation with Internazionale was his easiest game of all.

Celtic (0) **2** (Gemmell 65, Chalmers 85)
Inter-Milan (1) **1** (Mazzola, pen. 7)

Celtic: Simpson; Craig, Gemmell; Murdoch, McNeill, Clark; Johnstone, Wallace, Chalmers, Auld, Lennox.

Inter-Milan: Sarti; Burgnich, Facchetti; Bedin, Guarneri, Picchi; Domenghini, Mazzola, Cappellini, Bicicli, Corso.

Attendance 65,000

THE EQUALISING GOAL
Giuliano Sarti is powerless to stop a blistering drive from Celtic left-back Tommy Gemmell entering the goal to equalise Inter-Milan's early penalty by Sandro Mazzola. (A.)

Rival captains Bobby Charlton (Manchester U pennants before the start of

A DREAM COM

THERE can be few more totally satisfying and exhilarating experiences in this world than to witness a personal dream and ambition acquire fulfilment.

Matt Busby agrees. The smile on his warm Scottish face after Manchester United had ultimately crushed Benfica and won the European Cup was more revealing of how he felt than any words.

Busby, the legendary father figure of Manchester United, had nursed this ambition —almost an obsession—for eleven years. Ever since his club became the first from England to enter the European Cup.

Since United set out on the Champions' Cup trail his dream has thrice been shattered when near to realisation; only to be resurrected with renewed hope and inspiration.

Busby wanted, more than anything else, to bring the Cup to Old Trafford, where (as Donald Saunders pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph*) he can see and touch it any time he likes for the next twelve months. His desire was infectious to such an extent that it became the goal of all at the home of this magnificent club.

The players, from those who were there at the outset to the newcomers, were spurred—particularly against Real Madrid in Madrid—by heart and a burning ambition to give Busby what he wanted so much.

Two years ago Busby thought his chance had gone. United, after pulverising Benfica in Lisbon, were clear favourites to reach the final. But Partisan Belgrade crushed Matt's aspirations and the chance was gone.

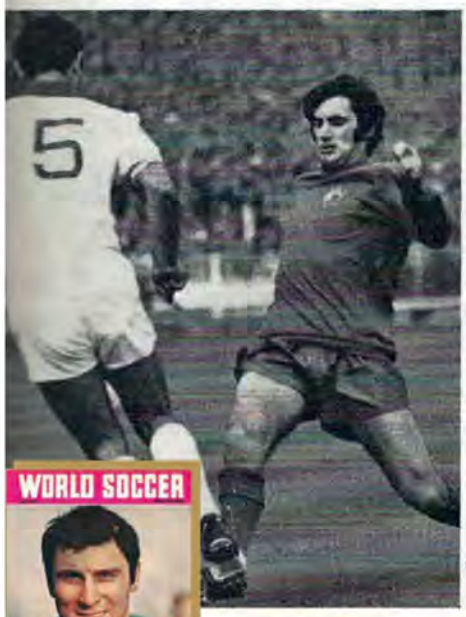
No doubt Busby was reassured by the words of Pat Crerand. "Don't worry. We'll still win the European Cup," he said. I wonder if either of them really thought those words would come true?

And I wonder, too, how many times Busby thought the Cup had again slipped from his grasp during the past few weeks. Against Madrid, in memorable circumstances, his men picked themselves up off the floor when trailing 3-1, to reach the final on a 4-3 aggregate.

All England thought then that this, surely, must be United's year. And with the final at Wembley, before a crowd almost exclusively chanting, as one, their name, the advantages were most certainly in their favour.

The final was an occasion that captured the hearts of the British public; as Stanley Matthews had done in 1953 and England with their World Cup triumph. The atmosphere at Wembley was one of emotion; typified by the applause that followed Matt Busby as he walked to his seat before the match commenced. One could almost translate it as: "We're praying and cheering for YOU Matt."

George Best against Cruz—a duel that brought little entertainment to the capacity crowd.



In terms of pure football the match itself was something of a disappointment but the drama and excitement of the later stages compensated for a first half punctuated by the whistle of referee Concetto Lo Bello.

This Italian with the Errol Flynn looks frequently puzzled both players and spectators alike with some niggling decisions and all the pre-final propaganda about his interpretation of the four-step rule was a farce.

Lo Bello might have been trying to further the appeal of basketball with his attitude towards Benfica goalkeeper Jose Henrique, a sort of budding Harlem Globe-Trotter. And when Eusebio crudely crunched Crerand, resulting in a mêlée of fist-waving players, he showed no film star heroism in calmly walking AWAY from the fracas.

David Sadler missed one easy chance in the first half after 27 minutes (coincidentally his second-half miss was also after 27 minutes) and two hard opportunities that might have put an early seal on the outcome. Perhaps he should have tried to head them in — remember Madrid?

Stunning

For Benfica only Eusebio had any sting. His first effort at goal, from a free-kick, would have won Wakefield the Rugby League Cup but perhaps it was a confidence trick. A few seconds later Alex Stepney was utterly bemused by a stunning shot that came close to splintering the bar.

United's defence, so often their weakness, was made to look decidedly solid against an ageing and slow Benfica forward line. Any guile and craft they might have had was lost in a slow-motion, pathetic crawl. Only Eusebio's rapid speed off the mark reminded us that the players were alive.

Torres, the gangling giant who was expected to dominate anything in the air, seemed to forget all he knows about aerobatics and Bill Foulkes, with superb timing of all his jumps, was his master.

Restricted

Without his main source of supply Eusebio was a reduced threat and Nobby Stiles, ably assisted by splendid covering from Shay Brennan and Tony Dunne, further restricted the menace of this Mozambique athlete.

Bobby Charlton and George Best, the two ace-cards in the Manchester pack, made little impression in the first half. Best was usually hacked to the ground before he could get into any sort of stride and Charlton had managed only one worthwhile shot at goal.

I had the impression that for all United's dominance and pressure a sudden breakaway might provide a travesty of justice. But a flash of Charlton genius in the most unexpected fashion brought United a goal and a different complexion to the match.

An innocuous looking move between Sadler and Dunne on the left flank suddenly produced danger for Benfica as Sadler's well flighted cross found Charlton running diagonally and heading perfectly into the far corner.

Charlton was probably as amazed as any that he should score in this manner. "I haven't

Inited) and Mario Coluna (Benfica) exchange the European Cup Final. (A)

E TRUE

headed a goal for about ten years" (an exaggeration), he said afterwards. Did he know where the goalkeeper was positioned? "When I head 'em, I just head 'em!" was his subtle reply.

One could sense the increase in tension, the anxiety among the United players noticeably grew with 38 minutes still to go. Benfica, for the first time in the match, began to move with rhythm and purpose.

Panic often swept through United's now harassed rearguard. How Busby — how all of us in fact — must have wished then that at least one of those earlier misses had sweetly struck the back of the net.

Obstinate

Why had Best been so greedy, I remember asking myself. Full of threatening mischief, his obstinate holding of the ball was probably the result of over-determination to produce a spark of match-winning genius.

Best had been built up as the man most likely to cause Benfica panic; as he did during that famous match in Lisbon when the Irish maestro inspired a 5-1 whipping.

But Best lost rather than earned admiration. One can easily sympathise with him for the treatment he received from Cruz in particular but his petulant behaviour and bad-temper came over especially strong to the television viewers. Perhaps because they missed the kicks he received while not in possession.

Nevertheless shaggy George still contributed some wonderful moments—his display of footwork and ball control in beating four Benfica defenders inside the penalty area bordered on the miraculous. But it was the man on the other flank who caught the eye and yet . . .

Why hadn't they exploited John Aston's wonderful speed, that left Adolfo helpless? The Benfica right-back had about as much chance as a lame turtle would have against a greyhound. Aston was United's most penetrative weapon and a fully fit Denis Law might have created a scoring record.

But it was futile to think of such "ifs" as Benfica thrust forward, reaping their reward when Torres at last got airborne and headed down for Graca to shoot powerfully across Stepney.

The full-time whistle came as a welcome relief to United. "We were shattered," said Stiles. "Another ten minutes and they would have won."

Unleashed

That United survived to extra time was due largely to Alex Stepney, whose handling throughout was flawless. Twice Eusebio unleashed those thunderbolt shots; the second being answered by a superlative save.

"I started to come forward, then went back. He shot straight at me." It was as easy as that!

During the short respite United drew fresh inspiration, recharged further still when Best, taking Kidd's backward header from Adolfo, rounded Henrique (as he should have done in the second half of normal time under similar circumstances) and slotted home a deliberate, precise shot.

"Now hold this one," we shouted. Better still, they added to it. Kidd, who had fought a lone battle much of the time, powerfully headed Charlton's corner for goal. Henrique scooped the ball off the line only for Kidd to celebrate his 19th birthday with another header — this time unstoppable.

Demoralised

Soon afterwards Kidd broke down the right, squared the ball and watched admiringly as Charlton collected the fourth, with an as-casual-as-you-like shot that swung high past the now rather demoralised Benfica custodian.

The contest was over. Eusebio made a last token gesture with a shot of staggering speed that Stepney took neatly but Benfica had long since ceased to be active participants.

The crowd roared the name of Busby but Matt refused the offer of his players to lead them to the Cup. Instead he watched with pride as Bobby Charlton received the huge trophy and then walked slowly from the arena that had seen a dream come true.

"The most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my life," said Matt. "Now we have won the European Cup we will attempt to win the World Title."

Had he thought of retiring now that his personal Everest had been conquered? "I'll stay where I am till people get fed up with me."

Otto Gloria, manager of Benfica, said: "We are not very happy — we cannot feel happy when we lose the Cup. Manchester United are a very good club indeed but playing at home was a big advantage. Some of the Benfica players felt some difficulty early on and could not produce the football they normally would."

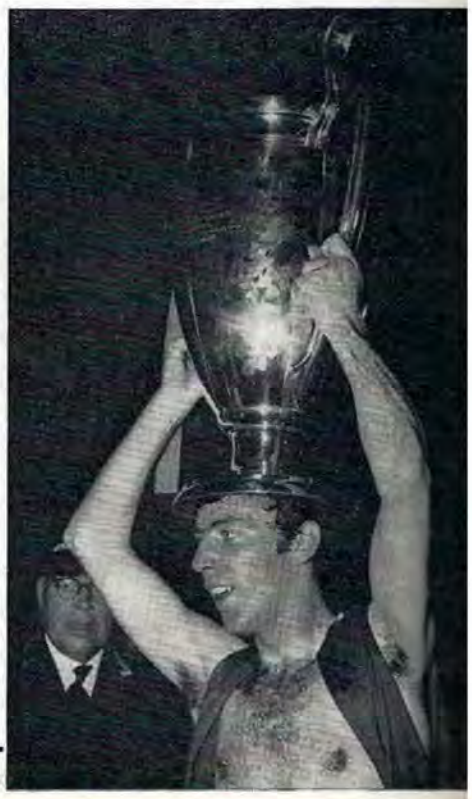
And so it was all over. Charlton, completely spent both physically and mentally, went back to the hotel and straight to bed. It had been a long, hard and, at times, cruel world. But for Munich they would, I feel sure, have got their earlier.

Now Manchester United will face Estudiantes (to be featured in the next issue of WORLD SOCCER) for the world championship. "You set out to win something as the supreme achievement and when you have done so you find there is a new target," said the remarkable Charlton.

He was right, of course. But I fancy Manchester will be content to re-live those dramatic 120 minutes during the weeks ahead. I know I will.

> 'The most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my life. Now we will attempt the World Title'
> —SIR MATT

A joyful David Sadler holds the European Cup trophy. (A)



Year	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	T'tal
Brazil National Team	0	2	9	11	4	0	8	7	2	9	5	0	4	7	68
Brazilian Champ'ship	0	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7
Sao Paulo (regional) Champ'ship	0	36	53	46	32	47	37	22	34	49	12	15	17	26	126
Brazilian Army	0	0	0	14	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
S. American & World Cups	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	7	0	9	0	0	0	0	25
Brazilian Cup	0	0	0	2	0	7	4	6	7	2	2	0	0	0	30
Gomes Pedrosa and Taca de Prata Tournam'ts	0	4	8	6	0	9	0	14	3	5	0	9	12	12	82
I'national Club Friendlies	0	1	13	46	31	35	33	19	16	16	19	24	1	15	269
Brazilian Club Friendlies	2	22	0	0	0	9	6	7	0	17	2	5	5	4	79
	2	65	83	125	74	107	97	82	62	107	40	53	39	64	1000

PELE—

PELE, the world's most perfect footballer and the greatest goalscoring machine still on active duty, became only the third player in history to score 1,000 goals, in first class soccer. The great Hungarian Ferenc Puskas and the Austrian pre-war ace Franz Binder achieved this incredible total before him, but what makes Pelé unique is his staggering average of 77 goals per year, which is more than most *teams* can hope to score in that time. No player in the world has ever reached such amazing ratio, though it must be remembered that he performs in roughly 100 matches every year. His most prolific term was 1959 when he hit 125 goals. Clearly, with the advent of defensive football we may never see another goalgetter like him.

Franz "Bimbo" Binder, the star of Rapid Vienna scored between 1930 and 1948 a total of scrupulously counted 1,006 goals in 756 games. In addition, he also hit 50 goals for the national side and in representative matches. Perhaps his finest effort was the hat-trick which helped Rapid to win the all-German championship final in Berlin's Olympic stadium in 1941 by 4-3 against Schalke—after his team were 0-3 down.

Puskas has certainly scored well over a 1,000 goals for Kispet, Honved and Real Madrid plus the national teams of Hungary and Spain, though he admits that he never actually counted them—but the statisticians have! During his recent visit to Vienna he said: "To me only the important goals count. Those that matter are often not scored at all. The most important goal of my life would have been the winner in the 1954 World Cup final—but I didn't get it and the Germans won".

Impoverished

Now, what more can one say about this genius called Pelé that hasn't already been said before? He was born Edson Arantes do Nascimento, on October 21, 1940 in the village of Tres Coraçoes (Three hearts) near Bauru in Brazil, the son of an impoverished footballer. The man who now earns £1,300 a month from soccer alone, first shot to world fame when he helped his country to win the 1958 World Cup and by the time he was 22 years old he had already scored 500 goals.

This milestone occurred in his 420th game against Noroeste of Bauru—for whose youth team incidentally he once, as a 13-year-old, hit nine goals in an 11-0 victory. Some of his displays had an aura of almost the super-natural as described by Brian James of the *Daily Mail* in October 1962, when Pelé demoralised Sheffield Wednesday in the 4-2 win by Santos.

JANUARY 1970 Pele breaks the 1000-goal barrier

1,000 GOALS

I also remember talking to Germany's goalkeeper Wolfgang Fahrain after an international which Brazil won 2-1 at Hamburg in 1963. He said: "I was never more determined before any game or since. For an hour Willi Schulz shackled Pelé but for a fraction of a second his concentration lapsed and Pelé hit a goal from 20 yards. I didn't even see the ball leave his foot."

Many times he was asked which had been the greatest goal he ever scored—to which he invariably replies with a sly grin: "My next one!" But one certainly stands out among the 1,000 goals: During the Rio-Sao Paulo tournament of 1961, Fluminense were swarming over Santos when Pelé won a tackle in his own penalty area and embarked on a sensational slalom beating nine (!) men to arrive alone before the 'keeper. Castilho dived on the ball—or so he thought—but Pelé had already planted it in the net. The crowd went mad and even the opposing players rushed up to congratulate him.

There were similar celebrations when in the 76th minute of the game between Santos and Vasco da Gama (2-1) in Rio, he was fouled in the area and although Rildo was supposed to take the penalty the crowd howled for Pelé who duly hit the net for his 1,000th goal. Players of both sides carried him shoulder high in triumph and after a lap of honour wearing a jersey with number 1,000 on its back, he disappeared in the dressing room with Jair Barra substituting.

On the terraces giant banners were unfolded and illuminated by searchlights. The whole of Brazil exploded with joy as people in the streets carried transistor radios to follow the match commentary and when Pelé scored they screamed "Gooool!" Afterwards he unveiled a commemorative plaque inserted in the wall of the stadium and reading: "1,000 by Pelé—19 November, 1969".

At this moment he could no longer contain emotion and said with tears in his eyes: "As I scored that goal I thought of all the poor children on earth, of those who have nothing, of the blind and deaf whom I want to help during Christmas." Before the game he hoisted the Brazilian flag while a band played the national anthem in his honour. He received a football made of gold and weighing over four pounds and a gold plaque. It is also thought that FIFA will present him with a diploma. The Brazilian Post Office have produced a special two-million issue of a stamp showing Pelé in the act of scoring.

Pelé's hobbies are fishing, hunting and playing the guitar to which he composes his own lyrics. If he is as good at these, as he is at football then I pity the fish, feel sorry for the wild life but I do envy his music-loving listeners!

COVETED

WE are rapidly approaching the time of the greatest soccer festival on earth—the finals of the ninth World Cup competition in which the 16 countries fortunate to qualify will battle for the coveted Jules Rimet trophy in Mexico next summer.

For all football fans on this side of the Atlantic one of the most intriguing questions must surely be this: What are the chances of a European nation winning the World Cup for the first time on Latin American soil? In three tournaments only the South Americans succeeded on their own grounds. Uruguay won in 1930 by defeating Argentina 4-2 and again Uruguay triumphed in 1950 when a 2-1 victory over Brazil gave them top place in the final pool. Only in 1962 did a team from Europe—Czechoslovakia—finish runners-up, having eliminated European rivals Hungary and Yugoslavia on the way to the final, which they lost 3-1 to Brazil.

In next year's series in Mexico, however, the Europeans will be handicapped more

By
ARTHUR ROTMIL

than ever before and it is doubtful whether any form-guide can be helpful when assessing their chances. For there are many factors which point against success for teams from the Old World but towards a winner from South America. These can be summarised as follows:

1. Altitude: The games in the preliminary groups will be staged at heights varying from 3,608 ft. at Peubla to 7,475 ft. in Mexico City. But that is precisely where the ultimate finalists will have to fight in conditions they don't normally experience. There were many conflicting views and opinions expressed by various commentators during last year's Olympics in Mexico City. It is true that runners from high elevations like Kenya and Ethiopia (Keino, Temu, Wolde and Biwott) collected four gold medals in middle distance and longer races, but then how does one account for the fact that the 50 kilometre walk (31 miles) was won by an East German with a Hungarian second, or that in the most gruelling test of them all, the 42 kilometre (26 miles) marathon a Japansese finished second and a New Zealander third?

Now opinion seems to be divided as to the length of acclimatisation necessary. The English appear to favour at least a full month, but the Germans claim that this is too long, while the Italians are still undecided. From the experience of those who played football in Mexico—over a longer period than just a couple of games—it can be stated with certainty that altitude does not affect each individual in exactly the same way, though one thing is obvious: The teams who rely on non-stop running and maximum physical effort will suffer most. A point therefore in favour of the Uruguayans and Brazilians who are used to playing pedestrian style soccer.

2. Climate: The month of June is likely to be much hotter in Mexico than it is usually in Europe, especially in its northern half. The Italians will clearly be happier than the English, Swedes or Germans and Russians but even more at home should be the South Americans.

3. Food and drink: Most of the teams will bring their own chefs with them, but this has not always proved a satisfactory solution especially during a sustained period of several weeks. Whatever they dish up it will be a far cry from "Tortellini in brodo", "Kasseler Rippchen mit Sauerkraut" or "roast beef and Yorkshire pudding"! Not even plain water will be drinkable without the use of special tablets and I sympathise already with all those upset "tummies".

Interpretation

4. Refereeing: There has already been too much discussion about the so-called "different interpretation of rules". Let us get one thing straight: The rules are the same the world over. After years of watching international football I have yet to see a referee who would operate rules different from those as laid down by FIFA. The only problems arise through excessive physical contact, allowed in some countries by inefficient and lenient officials in domestic soccer. *They* encourage rough play and then the players are surprised when they are penalised at international level. But it is up to the authorities concerned to exclude these muscle-men from national sides for I fear that in Mexico only a handful of officials will tolerate such indiscriminate tackling (especially from behind) as is currently practised in some European countries. Let's remind everybody that soccer is primarily a ball game and should therefore be a test of skill and not an exercise in brute force.

5. Preparation: European countries with lengthy league programmes like England, West Germany or even Italy cannot afford to send their stars into training camps for long periods like the Brazilians, Peruvians or Uruguayans. Add the commitments in European club tournaments or domestic cup competitions and you might get a picture of several performers feeling rather jaded and satiated by June.

But on all these counts we must respect the claims of the host nation Mexico. They may not have the class of the Brazilians or Uruguayans nor the total physical engagement of the English, Germans or Russians but on their own ground, at their altitude and with their preparations, Mexico must be rated a formidable obstacle for anybody.

MEXICO CITY — WORLD CUP FINAL 1970

BRAZIL—CAMPEON

Champions of th

THOSE lucky enough to be present in the Azteca Stadium during the afternoon of June 21 will never forget the scenes of emotion and jubilation they witnessed after Brazil had beaten Italy 4-1. Around the world, too, in front of television sets numbering hundreds of millions, soccer supporters joined in the applause for a superb climax to the 1970 World Cup finals.

It was not simply a magnificent, and thoroughly deserved, triumph for Brazil. Here was proof that football, played the way it was meant to be performed, with artistry and skill, can still succeed in the modern era.

From their first match against Czechoslovakia, the Brazilians showed that they had fully recaptured the magic that they lost four years ago. Pelé provided proof that his genius lives on; and around him buzzed colleagues with finesse and enthusiasm that was poetry in motion.

Brazil ultimately won the Final itself

Brazil (1) 4 (Pele, Gerson, Jairzinho, Carlos Alberto) 112,000

Italy (1) 1 (Boninsegna)

with goals to spare yet during an absorbing first half the Italians never looked out of their class. Their tight marking and tremendous depth in defence left Brazil with little room in which to work. But, as in the semi-final against Uruguay, Brazil showed that they can only be contained for so long. Sooner or later the motor purrs into top gear and goals are conceived out of nothing.

In the earlier matches it was the opportunism of Pelé, Jairzinho, Tostao and Rivelino that proved decisive but in the semi-final and final Brazil scored vital goals through their midfield duo of Clodoaldo and Gerson. Perhaps this is the secret; almost any member of the side is capable of becoming a match-winner.

Brazil were put on the road to victory over Italy with a splendid goal by Pelé in the 18th minute. Tostao's throw-in from the left flank was lobbed high into the middle by Rivelino and there was Pelé, soaring like an eagle, to head past a helpless Albertosi.

Until this point, and for some time after, too, Brazil's most consistent attacking force had been skipper Carlos Alberto. Jairzinho spent most of the opening period away from the right flank, taking Facchetti with him, leaving a clear avenue for Carlos Alberto to exploit.

Brazil carelessly gave away an equaliser in the 37th minute; and again it was their habit of playing short, square passes across the back four that cost them dearly. Boninsegna had been quick to intercept previously and once through there is little or no cover.

It was Clodoaldo, trying a piece of

Pele scores for Brazil against Italy in the World Cup final.

JULY 1970 World Cup Final report as Brazil triumph over Italy

o — BRAZIL versus ITALY

DEL MUNDO

ne World

Jairzinho scores Brazil's third goal with Facchetti of Italy in attendance.

ball-jugglery that was never on, who was dispossessed by Boninsegna. Felix advanced from his goal and was a little unlucky to see the ball rebound off a couple of players, leaving Boninsegna with an open goal.

Despite this lapse, and the fact that the teams were level 1-1 at the interval, one could never envisage Italy winning. Brazil were not fully into their stride and it was not until Gerson put them ahead that they hit a superlative peak.

The second half was 20 minutes old when Jairzinho, attempting to strike through the middle, lost the ball. Gerson, who had a fine match throughout, gained possession, accelerated to his left and sent a marvellous shot to the left of Albertosi.

From this moment on the Italian marking, not surprisingly, became relatively slack and Jairzinho came more into his own. His wonderful dribbling skill had been rarely evident but he was obviously determined to maintain his record of having scored in every match in Mexico.

It took another piece of Pelé magic (showing that for all his individualistic skill he is very much a team player) to keep that record intact. In the 70th minute Everaldo pushed a short free-kick to Gerson; from almost the half-way line Gerson floated a high, diagonal ball to Pelé—a frequent tactic —and the great man himself headed down into the path of Jairzinho, who scored with delightful relish.

Teams other than Brazil might have been content to rest on a two-goal lead —as England did against West Germany. But not the World Champions. After three they wanted four and that is exactly what they got.

Again Pelé was the key-man; laying the ball off for Carlos Alberto to hammer an unstoppable shot across Albertosi into the left-hand corner. It was a fitting reward for the Brazilian captain; with no orthodox left-winger to mark he ran endlessly along the right flank for Brazil.

The magnificent Jules Rimet Trophy, won by Brazil for a third time in 12 years.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Brito, Piazza, Everaldo; Gerson, Clodoaldo, Rivelino; Jairzinho, Tostao, Pelé.

Italy: Albertosi; Burgnich, Rosato, Cera, Facchetti; Bertini (Juliano), De Sisti, Mazzola, Domenghini; Boninsegna (Rivera), Riva.

Referee: Rudi Glockner (East Germany).

Germany third

WEST GERMANY beat Uruguay in the match for third place. A goal by Wolfgang Overath in the first half was the only score of the game. But Uruguay, with almost endless second half pressure, should have equalised and could easily have won. Chance after chance went astray and one lost count of the number of times German defenders cleared off the line.

Uruguay: Mazurkiewiez; Ancheta, Matosas, Mujica, Urbinas, Cortes, Montero Cubilla, Fontes (Esparrago) Maneiro (Sandoval).

West Germany: Wolter; Patzke, Schnellinger (Lorenz), Weber, Vogts, Seeler, Fichtel, Overath, Libuda (Lohr), Muller, Held.

Referee: A. Sabdella (Italy).

MAX MARQUIS

One of England's most respected football writers joins the World Soccer team

PARIS-ST. G ITS DEBT

FANATICS usually make uneasy company. Guy Crescent, 51-year-old president of the Paris-Saint Germain Football Club, is a pleasant exception. Despite a granite face and a sometimes forbidding gaze, Crescent is as courteous as only a gentleman who has nothing to prove can be. Crescent's mixture of determination and mountain-moving faith has resulted, quite simply, in the creation overnight—in football terms— of a new Parisian football club, now playing in the French First Division. It is Paris proper's only Division I team. To understand the measure of the achievement, it is necessary to know something of the immediate history of French football. Probably the most significant fact is that—incredibly—two clubs folded in the capital: Stade, and the prestigious Racing Club de Paris, whose foundering was as inconceivable as the Titanic's.

Racing Club were a multi-sport organisation with practically everything except cricket among their activities. When the football club sank without trace, it was as unthinkable as would be the failure of Manchester United or Arsenal. And the sinking was literally without trace. Their stadium, the Parc des Princes, has been obliterated by a motorway.

Paris has a population of some 2,600,000. This is two and a half times Birmingham's, four times Liverpool's, and almost five times Manchester's . . . and for a while it was without a single First Division team! (Red Star are in the Greater Paris area. It stands in relation to Paris proper something like Watford to London.)

Devoted

Certainly France's interest in football is less devoted than England's, and some other European countries. Nevertheless, France is not entirely without football history. France staged the 1938 World Cup, took part in the 1954 final tournament in Switzerland, was third in Sweden in 1958, and again qualified for the final tournament in England in 1966.

In the European Nations Cup, France trounced England 5—2 in Paris in 1963, to reach the quarter-finals; and again reached the quarter-finals in the 1966-68 tournament.

Not exactly setting the Seine *en feu*, perhaps; nevertheless, surely not meagre enough to kill interest in football by boredom.

In fact, one of the things that made soccer sag in France was money. Not the usual lack of it which afflicts us all, but too much of it . . . for the players. According to many observers, footballers never had it so good. They were handsomely paid, but hard training was anathema to them.

It showed. Spectators did, and still do, stay away from what they found was a distasteful sight: people being paid too much for doing too little, and doing even that little indifferently.

Even today, when the moving finger has long since been busy on the wall, there are some footballers who refuse to see the message. Still, at least French football is on its way up from its nadir of 1965. It really seemed then that the general disillusion and the national team's lack of success and morale was going to lead to all professional football dying with its boots on. The names of Paris, Marseille, Lille, Toulouse and other cities disappeared from the list of First Division clubs.

Fortunately there were enthusiasts like Crescent and Liberal-minded municipalities who helped give the towns their clubs again.

Certainly the capital could not be left without a club. In 1969 the French Football Federation set up a study group which came up with the monumentally unsurprising conclusion that the Parisian public *did* want a club. Racing Club, of course, were in their grave and were unavailable for comment.

Ambition

So, Paris FC were formed, with financial support from the municipality, which may not have known much about football, but knew a great deal about maintaining the capital's prestige. The club had the unbridled ambition of immediately running in Division I without trying its legs at a walk. Rather late in the day Paris FC were told by the Federation that only if they merged with Sedan could they leap in at the deep end.

On the face of it, this would be a fairly attractive deal for Sedan. Yet despite the weighty financial consideration that Paris already had 15,000 subscription-paying *associés—associate* members, similar to some Vice-Presidents' Clubs here—Sedan decided not to merge.

So, Paris FC nearly managed the very considerable trick of crashing fatally before ever leaving the drawing board. However, the *associés* put on pressure and Paris merged with Saint Germain instead. Paris-Saint Germain swallowed their larger ambitions and entered the Central Section of the National League. This is France's equivalent of our Divisions II-IV, and, like Gaul, is divided into three (geographical) parts.

They had a rough first year on some pitches of primitive quality, playing some teams of primitive tactics, in front of some primitive-minded and hostile crowds suffering from the universal anti-capital provincial paranoia. But leadership and character triumphed: Paris-Saint Germain won the championship of their section, and were promoted to Division I.

Ultra-modern

The monomanic driving force behind all this was Guy Crescent, variously president and vice-president of the club. His own assessment of the achievement: 'It was an act of faith.'

In the interim, Paris-Saint Germain have commonly become known as Paris-S.G., and before long the 'S.G.' will regress and finally drop off. But that cannot happen until after this season, for oddly enough, the club formed to give Paris proper its own team play outside the city, sharing the Saint-Ouen stadium with Red Star.

However, Paris-S.G.'s real home, the marvellous new Parc des Princes, an ultra-modern 50,000-seat stadium, is fast nearing completion near the Porte d'Auteuil, inside the city boundaries. It will also be France's Wembley, for the Cup Final and international matches will be played there.

Among other refinements, like no view-restricting pillars, for example, are thoughtful innovations such as different coloured seats in the different blocks

APRIL 1972 Report on the recently-formed Paris Saint-Germain

GERMAIN AND TO CRESCENT

Paris-St. Germain. Back row, left to right: Djorkaeff, Rostagni, Solas, Delhumeau, Arribas, Leonetti, Mitoraj. Front: Bras, Prost, Guignedou, Hallet.

with tickets printed in the colour of their corresponding seats for easy identification.

Before the first franc was taken at the turnstiles this season, Paris-S.G. could count on some £200,000, made up of £70,000 subsidy from the Paris Municipality; £30,000 from subscriptions and tickets; the rest from gifts from local industry and business, and other fund-raising activities.

The French don't miss any opportunity of turning an honest franc—to the point of selling advertising space on players' jerseys. English eyes would blink at the sight of the name of a soft drink on Manchester United's shirts; but this sort of thing is commonplace in France. (Frankly, if it is congruous to have advertising on cyclists' shirts and racing cars' sides, and it helps football survive, there is no valid objection to it.)

In any case, it is all part of the incomprehensibility of French football finances, which is emphasised by Crescent's declaration that for Paris-S.G. to break even in their first season in Division I they need an average gate of about 6-8,000!

Whitewash

By English standards, of course, this wouldn't keep a club in grass seed and whitewash. Nevertheless, to be sure of crowds of even 6-8,000 in the French First Division a team needs a certain degree of success. After a moderately bright start, Paris-S.G. have inexorably slipped to 17th of 20, with only 19 points from 26 games—and the possibility of relegation is a growing shadow.

Monaco, with the same points as Paris-S.G. have an average home gate of less than 3,000! Last week Angoulême had a gate of 1.755 for their game with Reims. Perhaps Crescent has given his club a sort of Manchester United-instant appeal, for Paris-S.G. have an average home gate of nearly 11,000 (making them 5th in the attendance table).

French admission prices are generally higher than in England: the average income is about £700 per 1,000 spectators; and the playing staffs are nothing like as large as English clubs. So the break-even gate for a French club is much lower.

Financially, then, Paris-S.G. are probably sound, and the move to the new Parc des Princes, where transport accessibility and conditions are better, should reinforce that soundness.

The money is there; now it is up to the players, as it always is, in the final analysis. It is unthinkable that Paris should be without a First Division side again after a single season, and with the best stadium in France in the capital. Experienced observers say that Paris-S.G. have enough basic playing talent to avoid relegation, and they deserve to.

If they don't, Crescent certainly does.

AJAX

Back row, left to right: Stuy, Vulshoff, Suurbier, Blankenburg, Krol.
Front row: Cruyff, Haan, Swart, Neeskens, Muhren, Keizer (Capt.)

JUNE 1972 European champions Ajax pictured on the back cover

WORLD SOCCER, July, 1972

Ajax were clearly so superior

European Cup Final report by ERIC BATTY

SUPERIOR in all departments of the game Ajax retained the European Cup they won last year with a confidence and maturity that suggest they will be very difficult for anyone to beat next season. But without wishing to detract anything from the performance of the Dutchmen, this was not the great game many critics claimed it was. How could it be with Inter so clearly bent on defence and destruction?

Right from the start Ajax were pushing up with seven end eight men, which showed not only their determination to play an attacking game but also their confidence in themselves and their ability. Time after time they strung together moves of real quality in approach only to find that when they reached the Italian penalty area there were always one too many defenders on hand to turn their positive approach into goals.

It takes two players to make a good pass—the giver and the recipient—and by the same token it requires two teams to make a great game. Watching Inter's clearly defined *catenaccio* in Rotterdam one could not fail to recall the last occasion that the European Cup Final was staged in Holland, and to make a comparison. This was of course the Benfica-Real Madrid affair in which Real led 3-1 at half-time only to lose 3-5 but then, of course, the conditions were right. Both teams wanted to win and believed they could, whereas in Rotterdam only Ajax wanted to win; Inter wanted to avoid defeat.

The following morning the Dutch newspapers screamed headlines that read . . . "Defensive football is dead" . . . but that I am sure is stretching the imagination much too far. Ajax won and deservedly so. Superior in all departments and almost constantly in possession of the ball they must have won many neutral friends with their exhibition but paradoxically it was too grave defensive errors that led to the Ajax goals.

The first, after only two minutes in nd-half, was the result of a standing between goalkeeper nd Burgnich. A harmless look- from the right flank curled oss the Inter penalty area; ame out and either failed to urgnich ignored it. The result was a mid-air collision that left the two Italians spread out at full length on the ground—and the ball at the feet of Johan Cruyff. For once the Italian defence was taken apart for with no other defender within ten yards of him Cruyff had more than enough time to control the ball and stroke it casually home.

It is true, of course, that constant pressure such as Inter soaked up can eventually lead to errors of this kind but this was a goal that should never have been scored. The same could be said of Ajax's second goal when four Inter defenders stood waiting for the ball to come to them while Keizer's curling free kick from near the left wing corner flag floated in. Cruyff, alert as usual, was on his way, threading a path through the defenders to score with his head which is an unusual event for him.

Long passes

From the Ajax point of view they were rarely in any difficulty—underlining the poverty of Inter's ideas. Their hopes seemed to rest on keeping the score sheet blank and whenever possible throwing long passes up to Boninsebna and Mazzola, in the hope that they could conjure up something on their own. Both these players are no mean performers and Mazzola particularly would shine in the Ajax attack but almost alone and unaided they had little chance.

Ajax on the other hand were strong in every department with the midfield trio—Haan, Neeskens and Muhren particularly in evidence. From start to finish they were in control, winning the ball, supporting each other and never afraid to go forward to show themselves for Swart, Cruyff and Keizer. This is what real football is about: win the ball and use it to launch an attack and if the move breaks down go back and do it again.

Even further back Ajax were still prepared to be adventurous. Wim Suurbier at right-back, with no one to mark, was always probing up the right flank, sending in a stream of crosses and passes from the right. Early in the game the other full-back, Krol, had advanced to hit a shot from 25 yards that rebounded from Bordon's right hand post (and had him beaten).

Inter on the other hand took 70 minutes to gain their first corner and had been on the receiving end of a great deal of intelligent attacking play when after an hour they at least began to push men forward in support of Boninsegna. By that time, of course, they had already put in a great deal of stamina-sapping runs to plug holes in their defence and when they did try to gain some semblance of control over the proceedings they discovered they had neither the wit, the stamina nor the combined skills that were necessary.

Ajax won because they deserved to but comparisons with the great Real Madrid are premature. Give Cruyff time to reach the 30 mark; let Ajax add to their four years of international competition that have done so much to make them what they are then perhaps it could become reality.

True it would be interesting to see how the Del Sol, Di Stefano, Puskas team would cope with a full blooded *catenaccio* but if it is pure conjecture, I believe they would contrive to make clear cut chances . . . which Ajax never did.

From the Inter standpoint it is now clear that several of their most experienced players, headed by Facchetti, are over the hill while their youngsters are not up to the standards demanded at the highest level.

Ajax captain, Piet Keizer.

JULY 1972 Report as Ajax retain the European Cup

HAVELANGE NEW FIFA PRESIDENT

MR JOAO Havelange of Brazil was elected President of FIFA at its 1974 Congress in June. Mr Havelange won on the second ballot with 66 votes against the 52 given to Sir Stanley Rous of England, who has been President for the past 13 years. Two votes were invalid on the second count.

The Brazilian had a 62-56 majority on the first ballot but failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority. Immediately after the result was announced in the Frankfurt Congress hall, the two candidates embraced on the Presidential rostrum.

The 58-year-old Brazilian millionaire is the seventh President of FIFA, and the first from outside Europe since the organisation was founded in 1904. Sir Stanley Rous was elected an Honourary President after a resolution was moved by Soviet Vice-President Valery Granatkin, and unanimously accepted by delegates.

The election lasted more than an hour and the 122 delegates twice filed out of their seats to place their voting cards in a glass bowl in front of the flower-decked rostrum. During the first ballot, the 79-year-old Sir Stanley left the chair and sat at the back of the hall where he signed autographs and chatted with the Soviet delegation. He resumed his seat in time to hear the announcement of his loss in the hard fought contest, which came on the eve of the World Cup.

After the decision, as Sir Stanley was presented with a bouquet of flowers to the sound of enthusiastic applause, he quipped: "My bouquet is more in the nature of a wreath." The defeated President then completed the rest of the agenda, keeping his voice calm and without trace of emotion as he presented honorary medals to other FIFA members.

Pursued by hordes of newsmen as he left the Congress hall, Sir Stanley said: "It is difficult to realise I am no longer President of FIFA. It will take some time to come to terms with the situation." Asked how he felt football would develop in the future without him as President he said: "I think it will be extremely difficult to administer. There have already been several trends which are not pleasing."

He described the Congress as "the most political I have ever attended. Some of the

oalkeeper Leao saves from David Kay (left) and Billy Bremner (4) of Scotland in their match which ended in a 0-0 draw.

JULY 1974 Report on the surprise victory of Joao Havelange in the FIFA presidential election

WORLD SOCCER NEWSDESK reports

FROM THE 1974 CONGRESS

statements which were made in connection with China were blatantly untrue." Sir Stanley's term of office will officially end three months after the World Cup finals.

Joao Havelange, mobbed by Brazilian journalists and trembling with emotion, said: "I hope I can fill the footsteps of Sir Stanley with as much success and as much mastery as him." The new President had to be literally lifted down the stairs from the rostrum as delirious Brazilians hugged him.

Havelange promised to carry out the programme he has pledged and re-affirmed he would battle for more sports aid to third world countries.

Harry Cavan, Northern Ireland's senior FIFA Vice President said the defeat of Sir Stanley Rous was "the end of an era. The significant part of this Congress has been the loud voice of Africa and the silence of Europe." Referring to suggestions that Havelange and his South American colleagues would seek to reduce the four British nations to a Great Britain team in the next World Cup, he said "we are all separate entities and have a right to be".

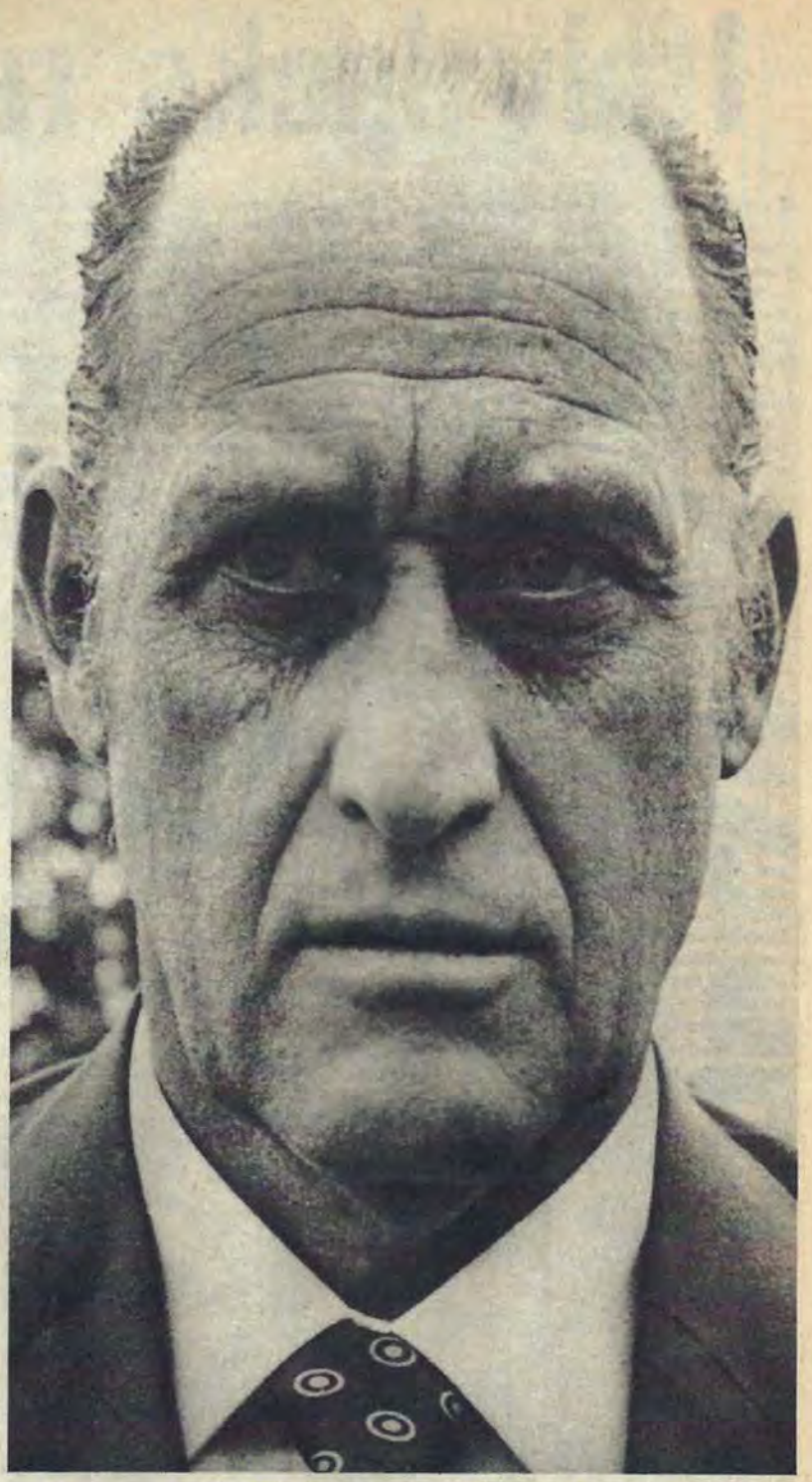
Proposal

FIFA accepted a proposal by the South American Football Confederation to increase the number of countries competing in the 1978 World Cup finals in Argentina to 20. By a vote of 67 in favour to seven against, FIFA accepted a proposal which would allow the country organising future World Cups and the FIFA Executive Committee to determine together how many countries should make up the World Cup finals.

At the Congress, 59 delegates supported a Kuwait proposal that China should be readmitted to membership in place of Taiwan, while 47 opposed the move. The resolution therefore failed to achieve the required three-quarters majority. The Congress had earlier supported a recommendation of FIFA's Executive Committee that the question should be decided by a three-quarters majority rather than a simple majority.

The Congress also rejected an Ethiopian amendment to the Kuwait resolution that Taiwan's membership should automatically lapse and allow the Peking based football association to take their place. The voting was 58 in favour and 48 against. It also required a three quarters majority.

The controversial issue was debated for more than two hours at the start of the Congress. China has already joined federations in six other sports—fencing, weight-lifting, ice-hockey, rowing, skating and volleyball—and this number makes them eligible to form a national Olympic Committee, which could pave the way to their participation in the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal. But football has been a primary target and the latest move by FIFA means that they will not be able to join international competition in the near future, including at the Asian Games which take place in Teheran in September.



The new FIFA President, Joao Havelange of Brazil.

FIFA did agree to expel any member association which practised racial discrimination. Delegates voted 76 in favour and 10 against on an Ethiopian resolution that any national association which practised racial discrimination should not be admitted to FIFA or should be barred if already a member.

The proposal, agreed at a meeting if the African Football Confederation before the FIFA Congress began, is aimed specifically at South Africa and Rhodesia, where the two recognised associations are currently under suspension.

The Africans are in favour of expelling the associations of South Africa and Rhodesia and replacing them by rival organisations, the South African Soccer Federation and the National Football Association of Rhodesia.

Brian Glanville reports from Munich

Rep miss cost the Dutch a victory

THE most satisfactory result of this World Cup Final would, for me, have been a win for Holland, but I was none too confident of their achieving it, after their victory in Dortmund, over Brazil. It seemed to me then that their defence had been more vulnerable than ever. There was no doubt in my mind that their splendid attack would get goals against the West German defence, itself no thing of concrete; but would they be enough?

As we know, they weren't; or, to be more precise, *it* wasn't; not even though it came at the potentially traumatising moment of the first minute. There are those who felt that thereafter the Dutch threw the game away, by playing possession football. I think they may have been wise after the event. Johan Neeskens himself remarked at the banquet that evening that the Dutch had been wary of the West German onslaught, and could not quite believe it when it did not come.

For me, the moment which turned the World Cup Final came late in the first half. The West German defence broke down completely, leaving Johan Cruyff and Johnny Rep, on his left, dashing through, with only Franz Beckenbauer between them and Sepp Maier. It should have been all over a goal. Cruyff did exactly what he needed to do; drew Beckenbauer, then slipped Rep through. But Rep is not a player of any earth shaking class. He failed to beat Sepp Maier, who would later make another vital save from Neeskens' volley; and the Cup was dashed from Holland's lips.

So it was Muller, a couple of minutes before the interval, who would score what proved the decisive goal. The way was expertly prepared for him by Grabowski and the forceful Bonhof, on the right flank. Bonhof went past Arie Han on his outside with a fine burst of speed, the ball sped by the blond, resourceful centre-back Rijsbergen, and Muller pulled it towards him with one foot, and struck it past Jongbloed with the other.

The first German goal was one which morally belonged to Holzenbein. The young West German left winger had, for me, an excellent match. If he hadn't decided to go it alone, in that twenty-fifth minute, who knows if the West Germans would ever have scored, and thrown off the yoke of that early and unsettling goal.

Overath, happy as a lark before and after the Final, the man who kept Netzer in the sand — not even on the bench — began the movement nicely from a deep position, sending both Breitner and Holzenbein galloping up the left wing. The easy option was for Holzenbein to lay the ball off to Breitner, but he had the gumption to hold on to it himself, accelerate splendidly into the penalty area, and provoke Jansen desperately to chop him down. Breitner shot the penalty low to Jongbloed's left hand.

Neeskens had made a less impressive job of the first minute Dutch penalty, though it went home powerfully enough, right footed. Yet had Maier not gone the wrong way — by which I mean, had he actually stayed where he was! — he might well have had it.

The kick came after Holland had kept the ball in a protracted bout of possession football, after the kick off. At last it was played back to Johan Cruyff, who burst through, swerved easily around Berti Vogts, the man who had been detailed to guard him, and was brought down by Uli Hoeness.

est German goalkeeper Sepp Maier goes the wrong way as Johan eeskens scores for Holland from the penalty spot in the 1974 World Cup Final.

Responsible

Thereafter, Helmut Schoen's gamble in using Vogts on Cruyff paid. Yet it's legitimate to ask where Vogts was when that long ball split the West German defence, letting Cruyff and Rep through. Goals, and misses, alter games. It could easily have turned out that Vogts was partly responsible for two goals, rather than only one; but that is how it goes.

If it seemed in anticipation a Final to celebrate the Cult of Personality, an almost private battle between Cruyff and Beckenbauer, in the event, it was not. Neither had an outstanding game. Cruyff was more subdued than in any other match of the tournament, while Beckenbauer played a surprisingly cautious and wary game in defence. Only once did he make an attempt at goal, and that, in the first half, was signficantly from a free kick; a clever lob when Hoeness ran over the ball, which the gallant Jongbloed tipped over the bar.

AUGUST 1974 Brian Glanville reports on West Germany's World Cup triumph

WORLD SOCCER WM 74 SPECIAL

I certainly would not compare this West German team with the one which took the European Nations Cup of 1972, a team which had the genius of a Gunter Netzer and a Franz Beckenbauer at their best. The 1974 team had on its escutcheon the blot of that defeat by East Germany. As Helmut Schoen has said, it was ultimately a benign factor; though he did not agree with Franz Beckenbauer, who told me he felt one boon was the fact that it put West Germany in a weaker final qualifying group.

The arrival of Bonhof galvanised the West German midfield, and Holzenbein, as we have seen, came on mightily in the Final. Indeed, I could compare his contribution to West Germany's success to that made by Amarildo to the Brazilian victory of 1962. Which leads me to observe that the Brazil of 1970 would have beaten either finalist of 1974; as would the West Germany of 1972, for that matter.

The winning goal for West Germany against Holland scored by Gerd Muller.

For me, Holland "lost" the World Cup when the powerful Barrie Hulshoff dropped out, forcing them to press Arie Haan into service as a defender, and thus withdrawing his vigorous presence from midfield. That he is not a very good defender was shown by the way Bonhof went past him on that vital occasion. I doubt whether he would have gone past Hulshoff.

Jongbloed, the 33-year-old veteran who came along for the ride and found himself playing, did well in the Final, making a superb one-handed save from Berti Vogts in the first half, and a number of characteristically timely dashes from goal in the second. He is not so good with crosses; but then, you can't have everything.

I thought the outstanding Dutch player in the Final was Wim Van Hanegem, a notable mixture of power and subtlety. What a marvellons temperament for the great occasion he has; How sad that he should finish in the losing side!

TICKETS FIASCO

THE World Cup tickets situation is one that clearly needs to be sorted out—that much is obvious of one of the most-debated side-issues of the competition.

Long before the Final we were informed that four matches had been sold out—the opening game, the clash between West and East Germany, the third and fourth place match and the final.

"Sold out" was a misnomer. What the organisers meant was that they got rid of the tickets—but this may well have needlessly dissuaded many fans from trying to obtain tickets, or pushed precipitously into paying way over the odds on the black market.

Early on during the ticket sales campaign, I was highly critical of the method by which it seemed the British World Cup Consortium was using the ticket allocation for Britain to sell holidays, with details about the ordinary straight sale of tickets being buried away in a holiday brochure which might have come direct from Clarkson's, Horizon or any other holiday package firm.

I still think that criticism very valid—and I hope to goodness that the contract for ticket sales in Argentina does not rule out people who want merely to buy tickets—unlike the Mexico fiasco.

But my purpose here is to berate the West Germans. When I arrived in Munich a day or two before the final I was confronted in the hallway of the main railway station by the notice: "Brazil-Poland: all tickets". The tourist office was selling tickets for all four ratios of standing and seating, and charging a mere ten per cent handling fee!

Tourist

And that was for a match which was supposed to be "sold out". Sold out to whom, one wonders, and with what motive? Were tourist offices forced to buy tickets to help the receipts record along?

Perhaps not, maybe that would be pushing things too far.

What was even more remarkable was that at the same time ticket spivs were pushing tickets for Poland-Brazil at inflated prices in the centre of the city.

And on the Saturday, black market merchants had virtually taken over all the main spaces in the shopping centre and in front of the town hall, selling tickets for both the third-place match and the final.

Selling tickets in block is probably the easiest advance sale system to adopt. But it may well distort attendance figures. West German grounds do not have turnstiles, so the attendance figure for the matches in the finals are estimates. And these can be misleading.

For example, the Rheinstadion in Dusseldorf was officially a full house 67,000 for the Sweden-West Germany game. All right, all the tickets had been sold, but no one will kid me that there were 67,000 present—60,000 perhaps, but there were plenty of tickets lying unused that night.

To take another Dusseldorf example: the Sweden-Yugoslavia match. Nearly 40,000 tickets were sold for this game, but attendance estimates varied between 10,000 and 15,000—and I reckon that 10,000 was probably including the security men and the pigeons.

So when you see the "official" attendance figures, just take them with a pinch of salt. And don't let the words "sold out" fool you either.

by KEIR RADNEDGE

PELE IN THE USA

from Colin Jose

THE New York Cosmos, whose signing of Pele may well have marked the real beginning of soccer as a major league sport in the United States came into existence in 1971. They are the second New York team to play in the North American Soccer League the first being the New York Generals who folded up in 1968.

In their initial season they finished in second place in the NASL's Northern Division behind the Rochester Lancers winning nine of the 24 league games played while losing 10 and drawing five. They scored 51 goals and conceded 55. This won them a place in the play offs for the NASL title against the Atlanta Chiefs who finished at the head of the Southern Division, but the Cosmos lost 1-0 in Atlanta and 2-0 in New York.

Their coach in that year (and in fact still their coach today) was Gordon Bradley who also saw considerable action as a player. Bradley first came to the United States in 1968 to play for the New York Generals after a career in England that had taken him to Sunderland, Bradford and Carlisle United. He has now established himself within the American game and briefly coached the U.S. national team in 1973. Now he finds himself coaching Pele a player he opposed while with the Generals in 1968.

In their second season under Bradley the Cosmos won the NASL championship beating the St Louis Stars in the final playing in New York by two goals to one. In this game striker Randy Horton gave the Cosmos the lead after five minutes but Casey Frankiewicz equalised for St Louis five minutes into the second half. Four minutes from time John Kerr was brought down inside the St Louis penalty area and from the resulting spot kick former Czech international Joseph Jelinek brought the trophy to New York.

Things did not go as well in 1973 as the Cosmos finished behind the newly formed Philadelphia Atoms in the Eastern Division and were beaten in the Play offs 1-0 by Dallas. Last season they slumped to last place in the Northern Division behind Boston, Toronto and Rochester as the NASL expanded and realigned its divisions.

This year as Pele joined them the Cosmos were in a tight race in the Northern Division with a narrow six points separating the five teams and the positions changing almost daily.

COSMOS TEAM RECORDS 1971-1974

COSMOS TEAM RECORDS 1971-1974

	P	W	D	L	GF	GA
1971	26	9	5	12	51	57 *
1972	16	9	4	3	31	17 *
1973	20	7	7	6	31	24 *
1974	20	4	2	14	28	40
Totals	82	29	18	35	141	140

* includes play off games

The Cosmos are owned by WEA International (Warner Bros / Elektra / Atlantic) and the president of the club is Nesuhi Ertegun. The vice president and general manager is Clive Toye one time chief soccer writer for the London Daily Express. Toye was General Manager of the Baltimore Bays in 1967 and 1968 and later Director of Administration for the NASL after the Bays folded up.

GOALKEEPERS

SAM NUSUM: Born in Bermuda and has played many times for the Bermuda national team. Now in his fourth season in the NASL previously having played for the Montreal Olympique and the Vancouver Whitecaps.

JERRY SULARZ: Born in Poland and came to the United States in 1973 to play for the Cosmos and has remained with the team ever since.

DEFENDERS

ANGELO ANASTASIO: Born in Italy but is now a U.S. citizen having moved to the United States in 1967. Played college soccer in the U.S. before joining the Cosmos last year. Has yet to gain a regular place.

OMAR CAETANO: A highly experienced Uruguayan defender who has played for his country on numerous occasions including every game in the 1966 World Cup finals in England. In his first season with the Cosmos and was signed from Penerol where he was a member of the team that won the World Club Championhip in 1966.

LUIS DE LA FUENTE: Signed by the Cosmos this season from Santander of Spain where he had played for the past two years. Prior to that he was three years as a reserve player with Real Madrid.

BARRY MAHY: Born in England and first came to the U.S. in 1967 to play for the old New York Generals. Now in his fifth year with the Cosmos Mahy has played in four internationals for the United States all in 1973. His last English club was Scunthorpe United.

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This month WORLD SOCCER presents a special series of features from AMERICA

JUAN MASNIK: Another Uruguayan international with wide experience Masnik played three times for Uruguay in last summers World Cup finals. Signed by the Cosmos from Nacional but an injury has kept him out of most of the early season games.

WERNER ROTH: Born in Yugoslavia, Roth has lived in the U.S. since he was six years old. First joined the Cosmos in 1972 and since then has become the team's regular centre back, as well as first choice for the United States for whom he has played in 14 full internationals making his debut against Mexico in 1972.

TONY PICCIANO: Born in Buenos Aires of Italian parents is now a U.S. citizen and played his soccer in the U.S. college ranks before joining the Cosmos this season.

MIKE DILLON: Born in London, England and on loan from Tottenham Hotspur, Mike made his First Division debut for Spurs against Manchester United on October 28th, 1972 at Old Trafford in a 4-1 win. Previously played in the NASL with Montreal in 1972.

MIDFIELD

JOHN KERR: Born in Scotland, John Kerr is a soccer gypsy having had experience with several Scottish league clubs before moving to Canada. Stayed in Canada long enough to acquire citizenship and to captain the Canadian national team four times during the preliminary rounds of the 1970 World Cup. Since that time has played in the United States and Mexico helping the Cosmos win the NASL championship in 1972 before being transferred to America of Mexico City. Returned to the Cosmos last year only to suffer a serious back injury which required a spinal fusion.

ALFREDO LAMAS: Another player acquired from Uruguay, Lamas was signed from Penarol, but his career has also taken him to Internacional of Porto Alegre, Brazil and to Racing of Montevideo.

GIL MADARESCU: Born in Rumania and came to the U.S. in February of this year after a career that has taken him from Rapid to Dynamo and then to Steaua in Bucharest.

CARLOS SCOTT: Came to the U.S. ten years ago from his native Bolivia and played in college soccer before joining the Cosmos last year.

FORWARDS

JULIO CORREA: A versatile player who can play in midfield or on the wing. Correa is the fourth Uruguayian in the team and his career has taken him to three of the perennial also rans in the Uruguayan league Huracan, Liverpool and Rampla Juniors.

Pele in action for the New York Cosmos.

JOE FINK: Scored 11 goals in his first year with the Cosmos in 1973 and won himself a place in the U.S. national team against Bermuda in September of that year and has now played four times for the U.S. Played in U.S. college soccer before joining the Cosmos.

MARK LIVERIC: Born in Yugoslavia and came to the U.S. in 1971 playing with New York Delmatinac in the German American League. Made his international debut for the U.S. against Poland in Chicago in 1973 and subsequent games against Canada and Poland in the same year. His appearance against Canada touched off a protest by the Canadians because he was not a U.S. citizen. A fast direct winger with a good shot in both feet Liveric joined the Cosmos in 1974.

MANOEL MARIA: A former teammate of Pele at Santos, Maria is a talented winger who joined the Cosmos early this year.

AMERICO PAREDES: The fifth Uruguayan on the Cosmos roster Paredes played with Fenix and Nacional before coming to New York.

JORGE SIEGA: Has been plagued with an injury jinx in recent years but has been a very valuable player to the Cosmos since signing in 1971. Born in Brazil Siega is now a U.S. citizen and has played in eight internationals for the U.S. since making his debut in 1973.

MORDECAI SPIEGLER: An Israeli international who was outstanding in the 1970 World Cup while a member of the Maccabi club. Although born in Russia he came to Israel at the age of eight. Once played in several friendly games for West Ham United who tried to sign him but he eventually returned to Israel.

IRAN

Back row, left to right: Kazerani, Hejazi, Ghasempour, Adelkhani, Iskandarian, Sadeghi.
Front row: Jahani, Aedolahi, Nazaki, Nayibagha, Parvin.

FEBRUARY 1978 Iran's national side pictured on the back cover

The BRIAN GLANVILLE column

WORLD CUP REFLECTIONS

HOLAND, even without Johan Cruyff, and without the lesser but still much missed Van Hanagem, in the end acquitted themselves well in Argentina; at least on the basis of mere results. They lost the World Cup by the width of a post, reached their second consecutive — losing — Final — and if they played a brand of Total Football which was immensely less adventurous and less engaging than it was in 1974, it may well be that they'd have prevailed on European territory. (They also paid the penalty for not adequately marking Kempes.)

But what can one say of West Germany; or of Brazil? We had, it is true, had fair warning about both teams. Brazil had come to Wembley, started kicking everything that moved from the opening minutes, and left us with an impression of values betrayed, mayhem eagerly indulged. That impression, alas, was all too amply borne out in Argentina, where the team's ultimate third place was gained by courtesy of Julio Cardenosa's stupendous miss for Spain, Bruno Pezey's aberrant lapse for Austria, both down at Mar del Plata. I witnessed both horrendous moments.

As for the West Germans, they could scarcely have given poor Helmut Schoen, in his fourth and last World Cup, a less happy send off. All that sentimental slobbering about "The Man in the Hat", sung by the players with Teutonic tears running down their cheeks, was exposed for the hypocrisy it was. When the chips were down, they would do little or nothing for Schoen.

Indeed, their World Cup ended with the astonishing spectacle of Schoen openly blaming his defenders for not trying, on the third and winning goal scored by Austria. Helmut Senekowitsch, the sporting manager of Austria, weighed in at the same Press Conference, to say that he was sorry to see Helmut Schoen lose his last game as manager in such circumstances.

The inference was that certain West German players were more interested in getting the first available plane home than they were in staying on to contest the admittedly meaningless third place match.

Schoen, it is true, contributed to his own downfall. He has never been a strong manager, and this was yet another World Cup in which his own senior coaches could be heard bitterly criticising him. This he surely invited by his tactical inconsistency. Having worked out a system which seemed to be taking the game by storm, two wingers lying wide, and a centre-forward, Klaus Fischer, resourcefully in the middle, he suddenly abandoned it in the very first game, when he put out only two recognised strikers against the Poles.

Next, he shifted to a two centre-forward plan, Fischer with Dieter Muller, which didn't work, either. A senior West German coach bitterly deplored his lack of fibre, the (alleged) fact that he had allowed his players to make him change his decisions.

Perhaps the nadir was reached, however, when the Germans played Italy in Buenos Aires. "The Germans," said Italy's Franco Causio, out at the Club headquarters of the team day, "built the Berlin Wall in tina." He said he was particularly pointed by the way the players ced one another when they had gained a 0-0 draw. I saw that game, too, and though the Germans might even have won it — Zoff made a marvellous early save from Holzenbein's right footed volley, Beer and Fischer wasted good chances near the end — the truth is that West Germany's attitude was craven.

Brazil as I have said should never have gone beyond the first round. They did improve when they got away from the abominable surface of the Mar del Plata pitch, which looked as if it had been churned up by an Army of week end golfers, they did to some extent benefit when the cold grip of their manager Claudio Coutinho was loosened, but they never played as a Brazilian team could or should.

It was especially despicable that the head of the CBD delegation, Admiral Nunes, should, having sacked Coutinho down at Mar del Plata — or at least stripped him of full powers — then proceed before the Polish game to disparage him. He was, Nunes told us, a man of "scarce technical" ability. The team had been saved from his baleful influence, thanks to the players and to its "wise directors." Among those wise directors I suppose the good Admiral counted himself. In which case, why did he and they not only appoint a man with the allegedly "scarce" capacities of Coutinho, but keep him in office till the middle of the World Cup itself?

The fact is that Coutinho's pseudo-European, body contact methods and team selection were utterly wrong for Brazil. He tended to pick his players on moral grounds, leaving behind such undoubted but fractious talents as Joazinho, Paulo Cesar and Francisca Marinho, alienating the likes of Zico, under using Cerezo and Reinaldo. Rivelino was something of a different story. More use might have been made of him, but as we saw in the Final, he is now overweight and ill tempered.

Italy, till they tired, did immensely better than their own journalists though they would. At the last, they simply ran out of steam, not least in the image of Roberto Bettega. Bettega, who looked the finest attacker in the competition in the opening games, went off the field with a stomach ache against Austria and, according to Bearzot, was intimidated by the Dutch.

In my view, he was simply exhausted. "All our legs crumbled after that first Dutch goal," said the admirable little Paolo Rossi, a revelation of the tournament, next day. To be fair, his own didn't; but other peoples' did.

The Italian defenders were sceptical indeed about Erny Brandts' thundering right footed shot. "He had incredible luck!" Caudio Gentile said to me. "He was in the middle of three of us. I went in, Benetti went in, and he just swung at the ball. He didn't even look up."

"If they hadn't scored in five minutes," said Renato Zaccarelli, "they wouldn't have scored in a month."

Alas, Dino Zoff, who had kept goal so splendidly against Argentina and West Germany, looked vulnerable in his last couple of games, when he was beaten no fewer than four times from outside the box; a fact which must tell its own story, even if some of the shots, notably Brandts' and Neilnho's, were quite exceptional; even if the ball used tended to do some strange things in the air.

Still, it was good to see Enzo Bearzot, who has worked so devotedly and intelligently in these last few years in charge of the Italian team, gain some reward for his labours. The Italian journalists gave him and his team a very hard time before the tournament; and sometimes when it was on.

One Thursday morning, a few of them postured and protested outrageously when the players were slightly late in coming down to talk with them; choosing to ignore the fact that scarcely a team in the tournament, least of all the Argentinians, was as good to its journalists at Italy. "If the players don't want to come down, let them say so!"

Next morning, when the Italian Press arrived at the Hindu club, 20 miles from town, it was to be told that neither Bearzot nor the players would see them. Some of them decamped shouting, "You'll lose to Austria tomorrow, and we shall write it!"

They won; but they had Belgium's referee, Rion, to thank in no small measure.

AUGUST 1978 Brian Glanville reflects on the 1978 World Cup Final

1986—World Cup

Hanns J Maier reports

WILL THE 1986 World Cup really take place in Colombia?

There has been much discussion — both in and out of Colombia regarding this issue.

Certainly FIFA's decision to allow an expansion of the World Cup Finals from 16 to 24 teams may jeopardise the country's hopes. Alfonso Senior, president of the Colombian football association and a FIFA representative, says his country lacks the resources to host a 24-team World Cup.

FIFA president Joao Havelange still insists that Colombia is under no obligation to follow the format used in Spain, but it appears unlikely FI FA would revert from 24 teams to 16 again.

To many Colombians the loss of the World Cup would come as a blessing.

"Our country has enough problems without spending millions of dollars on a month-long tournament," said Juan Saffon, a college student. "The money should be saved, or used in much wiser ways. The government would spend millions of dollars preparing for the World Cup. Just look at how much it cost Argentina."

Dollars

Argentina spent over 700 million dollars preparing for 1978. To accommodate the media and tourists, five Press centres and three stadia were built, three other stadiums had to be remodelled, and the transport and communication system were vastly improved.

"Events like the World Cup and the Olympics always cost the hosting nation a bundle," said Miguel Korol, an Argentine reporter. "A country has to weigh the consequences when deciding whether to stage a world-wide spectacle such as this. The people and the government have to ask questions like: 'How much will it cost? Will it be worth it?' etc."

Many Colombians obviously feel the World Cup would not be worth the time or money.

"We have better things to do than to prepare our nation for a sport tournament," said Uriel Velasquez, a businessman from Bogota, the nation's capital.

"How could we ever justify spending so many millions of dollars on stadiums and Press centres when we have thousands of starving people without any homes?"

Vagrants

The streets of Bogota, Medillin, Cali and other cities are cluttered with hundreds of homeless children called "gaminis". Crippled, blind and grotesquely deformed vagrants pathetically comb the streets begging for pennies, cigarettes and scraps of food.

Another problem is Colombia's high crime . Increasing theft has turned Colombia one of, if not the most dangerous country outh America.

It can be risky to walk our streets," said Bogota policeman. "If you carry a watch, e or jewellery, you have to be careful. If don't watch out, they will be stripped t off you.

Diego Edison Umana.

"Think of the impression that would leave on visiting journalists, or even a tourist. I think we are asking for trouble if we have the World Cup."

But not everybody opposes the idea of hosting the World Cup.

"It would be the best thing that ever happened to this country," said Mario Duenas, a photo-journalist for *AS dePortes*, the country's most popular sport magazine.

"It would cost a lot, but it would be worth it. Look at Argentina now; they are respected and admired all over the world just because of the impression they made on foreigners during the World Cup. I'm sure that in seven years time we too would be ready to host a tournament of such calibre."

The strongest force behind the World Cup supporters is Alfonso Senior. As president of the country's soccer association, Senior strongly advocates hosting the tournament.

When I was in Colombia, I asked Senior: *From a visitor's standpoint, what would be the advantages of having the World Cup in Colombia in 1986?*

SENIOR: First, we're right in the heart of America.

"We're in close reach of all countries in South, Central and North America. Colombia is also easily accessible from Europe or any other part of the world.

"The cost of living is very low here, so visitors could spend a full month very inexpensively. We also have an over-abundance of hotels, ranging from very cheap to very expensive. Also our country, in terms of natural beauty, is one of the finest in the world."

But some of your countrymen do not want Colombia to host the 1986 World Cup. How do you feel about this?

SENIOR: You can never expect everybody to agree on an issue. Obviously there are some people who do not want us staging the tournament. I am certain, however, that there are many more Colombians who welcome the idea of a Colombian *Mundial*.

"Unfortunately, the only time people speak out publicly against something, is when they strongly oppose the issue. So far, most of the people who want the World Cup have remained silent, but that's beginning to change."

Event

How much would Colombia have to spend to prepare for the event?

SENIOR: "I'm glad you asked, because this is an important point not many Colombians understand.

"The total cost in actual preparation would be 25 million dollars."

Isn't that extremely conservative compared with the $700 million Argentina spent? And what do you mean by "actual preparation?"

SENIOR: Argentina had exceptionally high costs because so much needed to be done. Stadiums and Press centres had to be constructed. A whole communication system had to be built up. They spent over $100 million just on the communication system.

Satellites

"By actual preparation I mean those things that would have to be built specifically for the World Cup. We wouldn't have near the cost Argentina had because we already possess most of the things they needed to build.

"Right now our communication system is better than their current one. This year we're getting colour TV, plus more satellites. We are modernising very rapidly.

"That's the difference between Argentina and us. We won't have to spend hundreds of millions of dollars because so many of the necessary developments have taken place through natural growth."

How would the $25 million be spent?

SENIOR: "To remodel our stadia and set up Press facilities. This is the only area where the government would have to spend money in actual preparation."

Shouldn't the money – regardless of how much will be spent on the World Cup – be used in better ways, such as cutting crime or helping the poor?

JUNE 1979 Doubts about Colombia's ability to host the 1986 World Cup

without a home?

from Colombia

SENIOR: "I understand what people are saying, but I think our government is taking care of these problems and we can still afford to put on the World Cup. Last year a new government took charge with stricter laws to curb the violence and theft in our country.

"The problem of security is slowly and effectively being worked out. We shouldn't have any such problems by the time of the 1986 World Cup. Argentina was in a much worse shape seven years before the World Cup than we are now. Yet in '78 they had abolished their problems and staged an unforgettable World Cup.

Poverty

"Poverty is something we will always have, as will every South American country, and really every country in the world. But our new government is also working on that and the situation should improve rapidly over the next few years."

Has Turbay Ayala (Colombia's President) expressed his feelings about the World Cup?

SENIOR: "He hasn't said anything yet, but I know the leaders of our two government houses are in favour of the tournament. If they say we're going to stage the World Cup, then President Ayala will go along with them."

In what cities would the games take place?

SENIOR: Bogota, Medellin, Cali, Pereira, Bucaramanga and possibly Barranquilla."

Is Colombia doing anything special to prepare the national team for this or the 1982 World Cup?

SENIOR: "As in most South American countries, Futbol is our No. 1 sport. In the last two years we've developed soccer schools for kids between eight and 14. This is to develop better professionals and give our national team greater depth. By 1986 these youngsters will be in their early 20s and should be just right for the World Cup.

What of soccer in Colombia now?

SENIOR: "As you know, Cali last year made it all the way to the finals of the Libertadores Cup before they lost to Boca Juniors. But to get to the finals we beat teams from Peru, Paraguay and Uruguay. I'm sure that has given our country more credibility on the soccer field.

"I think we have some great teams and excellent players, and that by 1986 we will have the best national team we've ever had."

Do you think then that Colombia will host the World Cup in 1986?

SENIOR: "Yes, we will. Our people want the Cup. As with Argentina, we want to prove to the world that we can host such a prestigious event. And we can do it successfully, but without spending a ridiculous amount of money."

What happens if FIFA want a 24-team World Cup?

SENIOR: "When FIFA sent their delegation here to inspect our country, they told us would we be hosting a 16-team event. I do not think we can stage a larger World Cup. But FIFA told us that we would not be obliged to follow the format used in Spain.

You think it's possible to have 24 teams in Spain and then revert to 16 in Colombia?

SENIOR: "That's what FIFA told us. But remember, a lot can happen in seven years. We may well be able to host 24 teams. Now, it doesn't look that way. But in the early 1970s no one thought Argentina would ever be able to host the World Cup. And look at the job they did. Seven years is a long time."

Cali, runners-up in the Colombian league.

Calli versus America of Cali in Colombia.

BRAZIL — winners of the World Team of the Year poll.

DECEMBER 1982 World Team of the Year Brazil pictured on the inside cover

WORLD FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR
1. Paolo Rossi
2. K-H. Rummenigge
3. Paolo R. Falcao

WORLD MANAGER OF THE YEAR
1. Enzo Bearzot
2. Tele Santana
3. Michel Hidalgo

WORLD TEAM OF THE YEAR
1. Brazil
2. Italy
3. Flamengo

More glory for Italy's Cup heroes

PAOLO ROSSI is World Footballer of the Year . . . Italian boss Enzo Bearzot the World Manager of the Year . . . and — just to break the *Azzurri* monopoly of these new *World Soccer* polls — Brazil are the World Team of the Year.

That is the verdict of a poll conducted among *World Soccer* contributors and readers over the past two months, the results of which were, predictably, heavily influenced by events at the World Cup finals in Spain during the summer.

None of the votes can be called a surprise, though the closer we came to closing the poll, so the faster Karl-Heinz Rummenigge began to catch up on Rossi. No doubt West Germany's Wembley victory over England had something to do with that since Rummenigge grabbed both the goals for his World Cup runners-up.

What was a pleasant surprise was the size of the poll which produced some interesting sidelines, particularly in the players' section.

The Rossi story would hardly be credible if read in a novel or short story. The man who was banned for taking bribes, returned on the eve of the World Cup, then proceeded to finish as top scorer in the tournament and as a World Cup winner.

But while Italy provide a top-scoring six players in the 'frame', note also the strong representation of Brazil — with Falcao, Zico and Socrates finishing third, fourth and fifth. There is no doubt that football lovers the world over were captivated by the brilliant Brazilians at the World Cup, and that is duly reflected by the appearance of Brazil at the head of the World Team of the Year poll.

Italy had to be satisfied with second place here, but a more than adequate compensation was the election of Enzo Bearzot as World Manager of the Year.

Football fans around the world have studied the ups and downs of Bearzot's career over the past six years since he became sole national manager. He's worked hard to bring Italy out of the stagnating defensive patterns of Calcio to a new pinnacle in the world game and when Rossi and Co collected the World Cup in Madrid, it was only right that the man they should instantly seek out to raise on their shoulders should have been Bearzot.

All the separate categories produced points to note. The players poll left Diego Maradona — freely recognised as the world's most talented attacker — among the also-rans. His campaign in the World Cup was by and large disappointing and ended in the ignominy of dismissal from the pitch for an awful foul on Brazil's Batista. Then again, Maradona made a slow start with Barcelona and that brilliant goal against Red Star Belgrade in the Cup-winners' Cup in Yugoslavia came too late to have much influence on the voting.

One man notable for his inclusion in the lists is Harald Schumacher. The West German goalkeeper from Köln was picked out by many (cynical) readers as the Footballer of the Year for demonstrating with his wicked foul on Patrick Battiston in the World Cup semi-final "what the World Cup is *really* all about" (to quote one nomination).

Among the managers it was once more the World Cup men who took the honours. But English football came out well with plenty of votes for Bob Paisley, Tony Barton of Aston Villa, ex-England boss Ron Greenwood and Tottenham's positive Keith Burkinshaw.

Bearzot was the runaway winner, however, nearly picking up an overall majority in his section.

That Tele Santana, now bound for Saudi Arabia, should finish runner-up to Bearzot was no surprise and the all-round strength of Brazilian football and its bright image was underlined by the fact that while the national team won the World Team of the Year poll, third place went to Brazil's own world club champions, Flamengo.

Ironic that Aston Villa, the current European champions, failed to make the top ten but that Liverpool and Tottenham did!

Karl Heinz Rummenigge

Zico of Brazil . . . placed fourth in the World Footballer of the Year poll.

WORLD SOCCER

Editor:
PHILIP RISING
Associate Editor:
KEIR RADNEDGE

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Paolo Rossi named World Soccer first ever World Player of the Year

WORLD FOOTBALL ROSSI

1. PAOLO ROSSI (Juventus and Italy) 23%
2. KARL-HEINZ RUMMENIGGE (Bayern Munich, W. Germany) 14%
3. PAOLO ROBERTO FALCAO (Roma and Brazil) 12%
4. Zico (Flamengo and Brazil) 10%
5. Socrates (Corinthians and Brazil) 9%
6. Dino Zoff (Juventus and Italy) 6%
7. Bruno Conti (Roma and Italy) 4%
8. Johan Cruyff (Ajax Amsterdam and Holland)
Gaetano Scirea (Juventus and Italy) 3%
10. Zbigniew Boniek (Juventus and Poland) 2%

THE STORY of Paolo Rossi comes straight out of football fiction. If you read it in a novel you'd throw it away as absurdly fanciful. Life doesn't work that way.

Banned for two years in the Italian match-fixing scandal, Rossi returned to action at the tail end of the league season, almost immediately became league champion with Juventus, then picked up the pieces of his international career to such effect that he finished as top scorer in the World Cup finals . . . and was a goal-scoring member of the Italian side who beat West Germany in the Final itself in Madrid.

That Rossi plays football at all is remarkable.

Born in Prato on September 23, 1956, he was picked up in his late teens by Juventus but a series of cartilage operations meant that his future as an inside or outside right wasn't rated very highly by the Turin giants.

They sent him on loan first to Como, then to second division Lanerossi Vicenza. Here Rossi met a man who recognised his potential. CoachGian Battista Fabbri switched him to centre forward with immediate success.

Slim, quick and skilful, Rossi was hard to pin down in the penalty box. He was brave as well, unafraid to go in where the boots were flying. Scoring 21 goals he lifted Vicenza into the first division where a hat-trick against Roma earned an international debut against Belgium in December, 1977.

The end of that season saw Rossi crowned as the league's top scorer with 24 goals and his World Cup explosion in the finals in Argentina. Juventus now wanted him back. But Vicenza president Giussi Farina raised enough cash to outbid them for the 'other half' of Rossi and he became their player entirely.

To pay the £1.75 million fee, however, Vicenza had to sell many other players. Despite Rossi's continued flow of goals

WORLD MANAG BEARZOT

ALL FOOTBALL cheered for Enzo Bearzot on the day Italy won the World Cup Final, and as his players carried him round the Bernabeu Stadium in Madrid on their shoulders.

1. ENZO BEARZOT (Italy) 49%
2. TELE SANTANA (Brazil) 18%
3. MICHEL HIDALGO (France) 7%
4. Bob Paisley (Liverpool) 6%
5. Jupp Derwall (West Germany) 4%
6. Tony Barton (Aston Villa)
Ron Greenwood (England, ret'd)
Cesar Menotti (Argentina) 3%
9. Keith Burkinshaw (Tottenham)
Antoni Piechniczek (Poland) 2%

The Italian manager hasn't made the club sides change their cautious approach. The catenaccio system is still alive and well and practised by the best — just look at Juventus and Gaetano Scirea to understand that truth.

But what 55-year-old Bearzot has done is to drag Italian football through a time of crisis to realise that they can keep in step with football's progression and that their players have ability and skill second to none in Europe . . . and the world.

After years of caution and fear, Bearzot has given *Calcio* back its confidence. But it's been a struggle. Many times during his reign it seemed he might not survive the pressure of the cynics and those with vested interests in club football taking precedence over the national team.

Bearzot, tall and gaunt, gained only one international cap as a player. He was the man deputed to mark Ferenc Puskas in an international against Hungary in Budapest in 1955. Italy lost 2-0 and Bearzot's career at that level was over 90 minutes after it had begun.

A wing half with Inter and then Torino he continued as one of the most reliable clubmen in the league before retiring in 1965 and turning to coaching. He has never — one of the major planks used by his critics — coached a top club, coming to prominence only in 1975 when the ageing Fulvio Bernardini — handed the task of rebuilding a team shattered by the 1974 World Cup failure — called him in as second in command.

It wasn't long before Bearzot was taking all the major decisions and no surprise when he assumed full control on Bernardini's retirement in 1977.

Ironically it was Holland who put an end to Italy's dreams in the 1978 World Cup finals. Italy had been the best team in the first round, even beating hosts

WORLD TEAM BRAZIL

BRAZIL'S elimination from the World Cup finals in the second phase did nothing to lower their image in the eyes of football players, officials and fans around the world.

Their brilliant entertainment in Spain had been a major factor in the enjoyment provided for millions of television spectators and those privileged enough to have watch Brazil 'live' in the stadia in Seville and Barcelona.

That they fell as they did was a direct result of manager Tele Santana's attacking policy. No team — not even Brazil — can afford to keep their fullbacks almost permanently stationed in their opponents' half of the field!

1. BRAZIL 30%
2. ITALY 26%
3. FLAMENGO (Brazil) 20%
4. West Germany 5%
ool 4%
e 3%
n Munich
urger SV
thenburg
tus 2%

But while they maintained that bravado, deliberately provoking their rivals to try to attack them, so they also proved that Brazilian football has come out of the trough which followed their most enchanting World Cup victory — in Mexico in 1970.

After the Jairzinho-Tostao-Pele attack broke up, Brazil looked to method and stamina as a substitute. But Mario Zagalo in 1974 and Claudio Coutinho in 1978 were both reviled as failures and worse by the *torcida* because their more planned approach fell short of success.

True, in 1974 Brazil finished fourth in West Germany, and in 1978 they ended up third in Argentina. But that meant nothing to the fans at home mortified not so much by the failure to gather ultimate victory, but by the grumpy, uninspired image Brazilian football now presented to the world.

It took a man such as Tele Santana to put that right. Santana was a brilliant choice for manager to bring in a new era. A man who had made his name as a coach with Atletico Mineiro — bringing on many of the current crop of international players — Santana was blinkered neither by an allegiance to Rio or to Sao Paulo.

Accordingly he announced at the start of his reign that though there was plenty Brazil could learn from the Europeans, this should never be allowed to inferfere with the traditional virtues of Brazilian football — outstanding technique, individual brilliance, flair, skill and exuberance.

Some sections of his team fitted together more easily than others. Oscar, Luisinho and Junior almost picked themselves in defence, as did Toninho Cerezo in midfield and Zico and Socrates further forward.

After that it became a question of sorting out the most adaptable players from a vastly talented queue of other hopefules. Flamengo's Libertadores and world club successes thrust forward Leandro as a new star at right back and Paolo Falcao's deter-

DECEMBER 1982 World Soccer's first ever annual Awards

LER OF THE YEAR

A Fairytale come to life

Vicenza were relegated the next year and Rossi was once more put out on loan; this time to first division Perugia at a cost of £600,000 for one season! He hadn't been there a season, however, before the betting scandal emerged.

Rossi forever protested his innocence. That whatever was arranged about the 2-2 draw with Avellino, he knew nothing of it. But the league authorities banned him for three years, reduced on appeal to two.

During that time Rossi trained alone, until Juventus came along to finally buy back the boy they had cast aside all those years before. He played the last three games of the 1981-82 season and then scored six goals in Spain — including a hat-trick against Brazil and the opening goal in the World Cup Final — to complete one of football's most staggering fairytales.

Rummenigge

KARL-HEINZ RUMMENIGGE. Bayern Munich and West Germany. Captain of the World Cup runners-up and star of the Champions' Cup runners-up last season as well. Aged 27 with 62 caps. European Footballer of the Year for the past two seasons. Injury reduced his effectiveness during the World Cup, but he demonstrated his talent with the two goals which recently beat England at Wembley.

Falcao

PAOLO ROBERTO FALCAO. Rome and Brazil. Arguably the most outstanding midfielder in the World Cup finals. Aged 29, with 27 caps. Made his name with Internacional of Porto Alegre, whom he led to the Libertadores Cup final before joining Roma for £950,000 two years ago. Twice Brazilian Footballer of the Year.

PAOLO ROSSI . . . joined Juventus a year ago.

ER OF THE YEAR

The man who wouldn't give in

Argentina, but in the decisive 'semi-final' against Holland they ran out of steam.

Bearzot came home a hero and signed a contract which took him through the 1980 European championships — when Italy were again fourth in front of their own fans — and on to glory in Spain. This time he was not ready to be led astray by the defensive attitudes of the Italian league.

Before the finals he decided that if anyone could win the World Cup for Italy, then that had to be Paolo Rossi, rusty as he was. Even after Italy had barely scraped through from the first round Bearzot remained unmoved. While fans and press clamoured for changes, Bearzot stayed firm — and how Rossi repaid that faith!

Santana

TELE SANTANA. Manager of Brazil from January 1980 until his recent resignation. Santana is now off to Saudi Arabia to coach Al-Ahly and says that after his two-year stint he will retire. In the meantime he leaves unforgettable memories of the brilliance of his Brazilian team's displays in the World Cup finals.

Hidalgo

MICHEL HIDALGO. Manager of France and staying on as such until the 1984 European championship finals, although he had intended moving into a less demanding role after the World Cup finals in Spain. Hidalgo is 46 and played outside right for Reims in the first European Champions' Cup final in 1956.

ENZO BEARZOT . . . six years in charge.

OF THE YEAR

Living up to great tradition

mination to be in Spain whatever the attitude of his Italian employers at Roma filled a gap in midfield.

Only in the front line did Santana have problems. Socrates and Zico both like to hang back and use the extra space available in attacking out of midfield. For the left wing Santana relied on his Atletico Mineiro man, Eder, the new pin-up for Brazilian football's female fans. But his centre forward remained a problem.

Roberto Dynamite, from Vasco da Gama, proved a flop in pre-World Cup friendlies which left Sao Paolo's Serginho and the comparative newcomer, Careca. Santana decided to put his faith in Careca's potential but that plan fell apart when Careca was injured in training in Spain and had to be replaced in the squad.

Serginho, continually promising more than he delivered, was one of the weak links when Brazil eventually got down to playing.

Italy

ITALY were bound to finish high in the poll by virtue of their World Cup triumph. They started slowly, peaking at just the right time. The team who beat World Cup-holders Argentina, favourites Brazil and then European champions West Germany had a right to claim the World Cup!

Flamengo

FLAMENGO, the world club cup-holders, remained in the international eye partly because of the stars they supplied to the Brazilian World Cup effort such as Junior, Leandro and Zico.

SOCRATES . . . captain of Brazil.

How the clubs got

ONE OF THE most depressing features of the aftermath of the Heysel Stadium Horror has been the way in which the English league clubs have tried to deny and evade their responsibilities writes KEIR RADNEDGE.

Not to put too fine a point on it, they have totally misread the mood of the nation.

The British public — those who couldn't care a fig for football as well as the fans — were not particularly surprised and not particularly aggrieved at the suspensions inflicted so quickly by UEFA and FIFA.

Most people felt that such shock treatment was long overdue and looked to the league clubs to — belatedly — respond with positive action against hooliganism.

The loudest response has been a bleating that nothing will work — identity cards, video cameras, drink restrictions — but that the Government (in other words, the taxpayer, the man in the street) should cough up the £15 million additional finance needed to comply with the stricter safety standards on the way.

How football, with its long-standing reputation for mishandling its own money, has the audacity to believe the taxpayer would trust it with a ha'penny from the public purse is mind-boggling. The hundreds of thousands of pounds spent in the transfer market, the thousands paid in wages to players (not all of the high earners, the deserving superstars) should haunt the game's rulers.

Over the past 15 years every industry in Britain has had to take a long, hard look at itself; has had to restructure; economise; adjust to the marketplace of financial reality.

Like the ostrich, English football administration has

THE PRICE OF SO

THROWN back 30 years by suspension from European club football . . . what does the future hold for the English game?
SIMON INGLIS investigates

A MORE testing five years could not be imagined for English football.

As the Football League approaches its centenary in 1988, the nation which gave birth to the game confronts a whole set of testing and uncomfortable challenges.

Any failure to meet these challenges could have a potentially devastating effect on its credibility, not only among British fans but among the footballing world at large.

The list of hurdles facing English football is daunting indeed, and although not all relate to the recent events at Bradford and Brussels, all are deeply affected by them:

- an indefinite UEFA ban which seems likely to last for three seasons
- a continuing battle with the domestic television companies over fees for live and recorded coverage
- an enormous bill for the safety improvement work ordered by the government since the Bradford fire on May 11
- a comprehensive programme of anti-hooligan measures which at present the League clubs are unable to agree upon with the government
- an almost inevitable further drop in attendances next season. The trend is still downward, from 18.3 million in 1983-84 to approximately 17.9 million last season
- a fight to keep sponsors interested in a declining industry. Canon, sponsors of the League, have one season left of their three-year agreement, while the Milk Marketing Board have already announced they will not be renewing their four-year sponsorship of the League Cup. Since May's tragic events at least one club, Aston Villa, has had potential sponsors back down from a deal because of soccer's worsening public image.

But English football is nothing if not resilient. It has survived — some might say blithely ignored — the Stoke disaster of 1946, the humiliation by Hungary in 1953, the failure of its international team een 1970 and 1980.

doubt it will survive its present set of lems. But the question is, by what ods will it survive — whether nobly or efault? — and in what shape will it emerge from this current spate of crises?

The UEFA ban alone sounds the most alarm bells. Without income from European involvement, top English clubs are going to have to find other ways to pay the high salaries star players demand. Ian Rush and Bryan Robson may have signed lucrative long-term contracts with Liverpool and Manchester United respectively, but once the European ban begins to bite, other players will surely be on their way to the Continent.

Recalling how Manchester United beat Cologne for the signature of Aberdeen's Gordon Strachan last summer, next summer will undoubtedly see the balance tipped in favour of non-English clubs.

Deprivation

The same might be said regarding Scottish players. Perhaps they too will now increasingly look abroad for their first move, rather than automatically towards England. Conversely, while clubs like Celtic and Aberdeen can continue to perform in European competitions, perhaps we will see more moves like Mo Johnston's from Watford to Celtic.

Of course the deprivation of European football will have the greatest effect on standards within the four British national teams. Only six English clubs enter Europe every season, but a quick look at England squads picked over the last few years reveals a heavy dependency on those players with European experience. The same applies to the Welsh, Scottish and Irish international teams.

Whether or not England perform well in Mexico next year — that is, presuming they qualify — inescapably thereafter the team will have to be built around younger men with relatively few European games under their belts. Players like Kerry Dixon, Chris Waddle and Gary Lineker will have had no club involvement in Europe, while for the likes of Gary Stevens and Mark Wright, Europe will be just a memory.

Yet to overcome both this and the financial problem, assuming that the FIFA worldwide ban will be short, more and more clubs will undertake mid-season tours, to the Middle East, the Far East, even Africa, Australasia and the Americas. Lucrative though they may be, will these tours really offer the players that vital competitive edge necessary to maintain England's challenge as a senior footballing nation?

Perhaps the greatest danger is that the mentality of English football will return to that which it so foolishly adopted between the wars, when in a mood of almost splendid isolation it snubbed the World Cup and FIFA and questioned just about every other foreign innovation, from the coaching of players and the numbers on their back to floodlighting and stadium design.

The English spirit has always been begrudging towards European influence. Remember how slow the League was to allow English clubs to compete in the European Cup? Remember how so pathetically often English commentators make patronising references to the quality of life on foreign tours; the complaints about the food, the lack of English spoken and so on.

We see and hear Continental footballers commenting on our game in possible English, yet how many of our administrators, managers and players could conduct an interview in French, Spanish or German?

Remember, few of them bothered even to attend the last European championships.

In other words, English football is all too ready to reap the financial benefits of European football while often ignoring the

it wrong . . . again

buried its head in the sand and waited for reality to go away. On the occasions when it has dared look out, it has been merely to grab at a slice of the financial action from the latest short-term innovation — be it perimeter advertising, shirt sponsorship or television.

Events in Brussels and English football's tawdry reaction to them are now driving away the advertisers and the TV cameras. Who can blame them?

The clubs are reluctant to act, so one must ask, where does their loyalty lie? Is it with the dwindling band of true supporters or with the hooligans?

That is a question not to be instantly dismissed. The clubs have, after all, collected the hooligan fringe's money over the years. Holliganism hasn't diminished, but attendances have. Thus while the hooligans remain, the ordinary fan has been driven away — and the hooligans' cash has become ever more important.

The clubs have, through their own inaction, allowed themselves to become hostages to mayhem. Perhaps it is not, therefore, so surprising that some of the statements from their leaders have been so wide of the mark.

Football League president Jack Dunnett said, on learning of the blanket FIFA ban on English clubs: "Why should all the other clubs be penalised because 150 hooligans went mad in Brussels?"

His comment was typical of those of many club chairmen. They should understand: English football has been punished not because 150 hooligans went mad, *but because 38 people died.*

CCER ISOLATION

Liverpool fans start to threaten the flimsy safety "corridor" in the Heysel Stadium.

spirit of international exchange.

I hope that during the UEFA ban the English do not retreat into a cocoon of hurt pride and decide that after all, the English way is best without foreigners after all. It would be a tragic and regressive movement.

That is not to say that the next five years do not provide a wonderful opportunity for English football to improve its own affairs.

For example, freed temporarily of the rules of UEFA competitions, more clubs might seek to follow the example of QPR and Luton by installing artificial turf.

The domestic competitions might now return to the level of importance with which they were once so cherished. Once again, the FA Cup will now be an end in itself, a summit to climb with nothing beyond.

Most important of all, hard-pressed League players who often have to struggle against injuries to complete a 60-game season, might now gain some rest. This alone would surely enhance their England performances.

Unfortunately this latter crumb of comfort looks certain to be denied, as this month the six clubs who should have played in Europe next season discuss plans for a tournament amongst themselves, the games to be played on those now-vacant European nights.

So, the increasingly apathetic English public will be force-fed with yet another meaningless competition, all in the name of gate-receipts. Bryan Robson will not get his much needed rest, and the turnstiles will continue to click with ever-decreasing rapidity.

No doubt over the next few years several clubs will be forced to reconsider their entire wage structures. The top clubs will lead the way, followed by smaller clubs who had little hope of qualifying for Europe anyway. But as Gordon Taylor, Chairman of the Professional Footballer's Association points out, players' wages as a percentage of gate receipts have not wavered over the past 30 years. However, any excuse will be found to reduce the wage bills.

The knock-on effect of the European ban could be that as the Liverpools and Evertons of this world have less surplus cash for transfers over the next few years, those traditional beneficiaries, the small and impecunious clubs will receive proportionally less too.

Of course, in the aftermath of Bradford the burden of safety improvement work will fall on these smaller clubs very soon, with the danger that several may be forced out of business unless outside funding can be arranged.

In five years' time many lovable but dangerous stands, such as those at Hartlepool, Torquay, Exeter and Northampton will have gone, and thus another part of the game's tradition will disappear. This is sad, though necessary, but it will hardly be enough to persuade the smaller clubs at least to experiment with ground sharing or turning their grounds into council-run sports centres.

As ever, their mental block will be pride, and more importantly, money.

Lame-Duck

The present government is unlikely to be generous, and this is not merely because Mrs Thatcher regards football as a lame-duck industry which needs to stand on its own two feet (if you'll forgive the pun). Governments have seldom been generous towards the national sport, and Britain, unlike most European countries, has privately owned pools companies which only plough a fraction of their profits back into the game.

But where this or any government can help football, without necessarily reneging on policy, is by reducing the present massive 42.5 per cent tax it levies on all football betting (compared, for example, with only eight per cent tax on horse racing).

This levy earns the government over £200 million per year, and yet the Football Trust — whose responsibility it is to help

● *Continued overleaf*

How the English

THE SUNDAY TIMES (June 2):
THE British dissembling began even while the bodies still lay strewn in Heysel Stadium. It was as pathetic as the deaths were tragic. An inept BBC television news reporter talked of the "astonishing insensitivity" of the Belgians for bringing in riot police while other English voices complained that the police had not been tough enough. Mr Neil Macfarlane, Britain's anything-but-tough Sports Minister, was keen to wave his telexed warnings to Brussels but could not quite bring himself to condemn the British behaviour that the rest of the world had seen clearly on their own television sets. Liverpool's chairman, John Smith, explained that it was the fault of the National Front for leading his peace-loving scousers astray, while his chief executive toured the stadium next day to blame the architecture. Not to be outdone, other commentators pointed out that there would have been no deaths if the cowardly Juventus fans had stood their ground instead of fleeing against a concrete wall. A stream of Liverpool apologists grabbed at every other mitigating factor under the sun from Italian provacation to Belgian greed in serving alcohol. Sundry sociologists were wheeled out to tell us that Liverpool is a deprived city.

The British public is too sensible and ashamed to be taken in by any of this self-serving nonsense. Whatever the inadequacies of Belgian policing, why should that pleasant little country have to mobilise its paramilitary forces and turn itself into an alcohol-free, armed camp for 48 hours just because 14,000 English people have come to watch a football match? Whatever the shortcomings of the Heysel Stadium who can deny that it would have been perfectly adequate but for the fact that a British club had reached the final? Whatever the evil influence of the National Front, who can be in any doubt that Liverpool has enough home-grown thugs of its own not to need much prodding from fascist-minded youths from the south? And whatever the poverty of inner-city Liverpool, it is clearly not grinding enough to stop its most violent inhabitants from affording a booze-ridden jaunt to Brussels.

The hypocrisy of the British reaction however has already taken its toll on the determination to do something about football violence . . . the government must act because the football

ENGLISH FOOTBALL TO

● *Continued from previous page*
fund ground improvements — has a total budget of only £8 million (and even this was not used up fully last year because the smaller clubs could still not afford to put up the 25 per cent of improvement costs which is necessary before applying for the 75 per cent Football Trust grant).

One glimmer of hope is the attitude of the present Labour shadow cabinet. In June it met with Gordon Taylor, Ted Croker of the FA, Ken Bates, chairman of Chelsea, Robert Maxwell, chairman of Oxford, Martin Edwards, chairman of Manchester United, David Pleat, manager of Luton and represtantives of the Football Trust.

It is not *World Soccer*'s place to comment on the domestic political scene, but it seems clear that if a future Labour government adheres to its stated policy of creating a separate Ministry of Sport, and supports the setting up a Football Levy Board, English football might at last get a fair deal from taxation.

Permission

The League's continuing wrangle with the television companies cannot be made any easier by the recent bans. Although thanks to a FIFA rule there is no danger that European matches could be broadcast in England without the FA's permission (and the League are to ask the FA to withhold this), the television negotiators might easily suggest that after Bradford and Brussels football is no longer such an attractive commodity.

However, Britain is soon to witness the nd satellite revolution, and with it me endless possibilities for cable ies to supply a constant stream of l matches from all over the world. tition for the coverage of the big will increase, not decrease, and y in five years' time there will still be extensive coverage of English football.

DAVID PLEAT . . . Luton manager and representative of the Football Trust.

We are faced, therefore, with the prospect of an increasingly armchair-bound football public. And as if television was not enough, three other factors militate against attracting the public to attend matches.

Since the Birmingham and Brussels riots in May the government has continued to press upon the League and FA the need for clubs to issue identity cards to supporters. Chelsea are the first club to initiate a partial scheme, after Derby County carried out a feasibility study which estimated the cost per club at £120,000.

No doubt there is scope for the practical application of identity card systems. Even if only half the fans carry them it frees the police to vet the remainder.

But will English football matches in five years' time become such closely monitored affairs that individual freedom is hampered? I foresee hooligans mugging fans to steal identity cards, forgers creating a lucrative black market, and irate fans smashing the sensitive machinery needed to operate the system.

We must also ask, do we really want the kind of state in which we are cleared by a computer before being watched by a video whilst indulging in what should be, after all, an entertainment? It smacks of authoritarianism, and is yet another factor to discourage the already hesitant spectator.

Two other reasons why fewer people may wish to attend is that alcohol is to be banned at games and the traditional "football special" train, with cheaper tickets than usual, have been stopped. In short, going to the match for many people will seem like less fun and more of an inconvenience.

English football in five years therefore presents a haunting scenario; empty stands, the best players gone, standards falling.

But with sensible planning the picture could be very different. The law-abiding fan may have been lured back, confident of his own safety. The grounds will be safer and more comfortable.

Attractive

Forced to some inward reappraisal the coaching might also produce more attractive teams, less hell bent on winning a place in Europe and more concerned with entertaining the public.

Like the once-great club which is consigned to the Third Division, England now has a ready-made opportunity to rebuild itself and challenge the world anew. Should it fail, in the government's favourite terminology, "to put its house in order" then a Fourth Division existence beckons.

The point is, I repeat, not will the English game survive — of course it will — but how honestly it seeks to repair itself and in what form it emerges from these next five, testing years.

newspapers saw it

authorities have shown they never will. The tragedies of Bradford and Brussels are the culmination of decades of mismanagement by those who govern British soccer . . . there must be no more excuses.

IAN WOOLDRIDGE in the DAILY MAIL (May 30):
LAST night in Brussels a brutal bunch of things chose to represent your name and mine as representatives of our country . . . now you and I are the scum of the world, and if you do not believe that just read the newspapers in New York and Munich and Johannesburg, and Tokyo and Melbourne, and, particularly, Moscow . . . they will judge us by association. And if you wish to be associated with what happened, then I don't.

THE MIRROR (June 19):
AS the full horror of the Brussels football riot begins to fade so the myths and excuses surrounding it grow larger. Liverpool has sent a peace mission to Turin to help the wounds between the cities and between Italy and England. But an attempt to dodge the blame has gone with it. The Militant Tendency boss of Liverpool council, Mr Derek Hatton, accuses Mrs Thatcher of creating the conditions which led to the riot. The council's surveyor says the Brussels stadium might never have been given a safety certificate were it in England.

There were football hooligans before Mrs Thatcher became Prime Minister. Many of the nation's ills can be laid at her door but football hooliganism isn't one of them. Nor would we blame the Belgians. Why should a peace-loving people turn their capital into an armed camp just so that Liverpool and Juventus fans can be kept from each other's throats?

The stadium in Brussels may be old. It may not be built to the security specifications of Walton Jail. But it served the Belgians well — until Liverpool played there.

Let us face facts. What happened in Brussels was wholly the fault of English football fans and English football clubs, not only last month, but over a long period of years.

If we look elsewhere for the truth, we will end up consoling ourselves with lies.

DAY AND TOMORROW

THE WAY OUT . . . Liverpool's Joe Fagan leaving the pitch in Brussels.

Those Belgium blunders

A BELGIAN parliamentary inquiry into the Heysel tragedy has been told of police and administrative blunders.

Interior Minister Charles-Ferdinand Nothomb said a plan to bring trainloads of English fans to a suburban station near the ground, and not into the centre of city, was never put into effect.

Football Union secretary Albert Roosens said it had been planned to place an uninterrupted cordon of gendarmes in the corridor separating the doomed Z block from the X-Y sector where the Liverpool fans were concentrated. But only a few officers were present before the riot: Roosens and another official tried to find a senior gendarme to move in more men, but in vain.

Roosens also said that hooligans had thrown weapons over the stadium walls to groups inside to evade detection by police searches.

General Robert Benaert of the paramilitary gendarmerie admitted that the 960 policemen placed around the stadium were badly positioned.

Louis Wouters, president of the Belgian FU, said there had been no criticism of the ground in advance of the match by officials of the public health department, police, fire brigade, Red Cross, or UEFA (who inspected it before Brussels was awarded the final last autumn).

★★★UEFA has donated £160,000 towards a fund for relatives of victims of the Heysel tragedy.

LOTHAR MATTHAUS (Bayern Munich and West Germany)

AUGUST 1986 Lothar Matthaus pictured on the inside cover

SIR STANLEY ROUS was taken ill at the end of the first week of the World Cup finals in Mexico. He was flown home to London . . . where he died on Friday, July 18, aged 91.

THE FATHER OF FOOTBALL

Appreciation by TERRY BUSHELL

STANLEY ROUS, the man who did more than any other to turn Association Football into the world game, was born in the Suffolk village of Mutford, where he soon showed both his love of the game and his organisational skills by starting up a village team.

On the outbreak of the first world war he volunteered for the army and was posted to Egypt, where he learnt Arabic. Prevented from playing in Cairo by a wrist fractured by a shell exploding near his gun pit, he took up refereeing.

After the armistice he studied at St Luke's College in Exeter, where he took his first serious steps to becoming an official referee after again fracturing his wrist. He was soon refereeing games throughout Devon.

His holidays were spent in Hertfordshire, where he continued refereeing, and he was elected secretary of the West Herts FA, which gave him representation on the Herts FA and brought him in touch with FA officials and methods.

Swift promotion as a referee led to his first international match, Belgium v Holland at Antwerp in 1927. He was in charge of the first ever international to be broadcast, Hungary v Italy in Budapest in 1933. Italian dictator Mussolini had a transmission specially relayed to Rome where he was watching heavyweight boxer Primo Carnera.

Much of his League refereeing was in the Second and Third Divisions and he describes in his autobiography how he once covered up a mistake he made in a potentially explosive local derby between bitter South London rivals Charlton and Millwall.

At a crucial point he saw a defender's hand fist the ball away in a goalmouth scramble. As he blew for a penalty the players looked at him in surprise and he realised it was the keeper, not a full-back, who had punched the ball. So he walked on past the penalty spot, past the goalposts, to the edge of the crowd and called out, "If the man with the whistle blows it again I will have him removed." Then he restarted the game with a dropped ball.

In 1933 Rous introduced the diagonal system of refereeing, with linesmen keeping to one side of the halfway line instead of trying to cover the whole touchline. There was considerable criticism at first but this is the system now used throughout the world. Rous pushed for its acceptance by submitting a detailed memorandum and diagrams to the FA referees' committee. This memo went in the FA's Referees' Chart and then in FIFA's Universal Guide for Referees.

His last two games as a referee came in one weekend in 1934, when he took charge of that year's Cup Final and the following day officiated at an international in Belgium.

After this he was appointed FA secretary.

As a referee, Rous also recommended the penalty arc pitch marking after seeing it in Italy, which was incorporated by the International Board in their "plan of the field" within two years.

And he also introduced the red and yellow card system for cautions, though he later regretted its unnecessary extension to domestic matches, for it was planned solely as a way of overcoming communication problems due to lack of a shared language in internationals.

Rous said in his autobiography that he got the job of FA secretary due to his ability to mouth words clearly for deaf people. He had learnt to do this when teaching games once a week at a private deaf and dumb school — and FA president Sir Charles Clegg, the most important person at his interview, was deaf.

Rous became a full-time football official, giving up his job as a schoolmaster, in 1934.

One of his first tasks was to redraft the laws of the game in their modern form. He had realised that punishments for some offences were not clearly defined and that there was no logical sequence in the codification.

First he had to placate FA vice-president William Pickford, who regarded himself as the supreme arbiter on the laws. When Rous broached the subject to him, Pickford said, "Don't you dare tinker with *my* laws. Don't dare alter the meaning of one of them."

But Rous had no intention of altering the meaning, only of clarifying and simplifying. This he did, and his final draft was accepted by the referees' committee and then a year later by the International Board.

In 1961 he took over the presidency of the world governing body, FIFA, which had become an ever-growing interest and influence on his life from the moment England rejoined after the war. Indeed, he had urged that the four British associations rejoin as soon as possible. He had witnessed FIFA's steady growth: six member countries in 1904, 44 in 1929, 73 in 1950 and 84 in 1954. The British had left following disagreement over the definition of amateurism.

As FA secretary, Rous encouraged youth football and increased the facilities for coaching, which were virtually non-existent in Britain before he started campaigning for them.

He was also prominent in many other sporting activities in Britain.

For his services to sport, he was awarded the CBE in 1943 and knighted six years later.

He had been voted in as FIFA president in 1961 in succession to Arthur Drewry and reigned for 13 years until being defeated by Joao Havelange in 1976.

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ONSLOW HOUSE
60-66 SAFFRON HILL
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Tel: 01-831 6878

Editor:
PHILIP RISING

Associate Editor:
KEIR RADNEDGE

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WORLD FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR

DIEGO

THE pressures you are under must be intense. How do you try to keep your feet on the ground?
I just try to live my life without upsetting anyone else. I want to make my family happy and to throw back in the faces of my critics any of the unpleasant things they may try to say out of envy or I don't know what. I have lived through a mountain of pressures already in my life — and I'm still only 25 — so I do know what I'm talking about.

What about the beard you were sporting earlier this year. Was that something to do with superstition before the World Cup?
No, nothing to do with superstition. Simply, my sister Lily was curious to know what I would look like with a beard. It was all right for a while — but only for a while.

What was your overall opinion of the World Cup?
It was a World Cup of football. Unlike 1982 in Spain, which was a World Cup of Bruises. Certainly there were a few exceptions in Mexico — like a few minutes in the Denmark v Uruguay game and the way the South Koreans went after me in our first match. I was particularly excited by the match between France and Brazil. I just didn't want it to finish I enjoyed watching it so much. A pity one of them had to be eliminated. In fact, I thought Brazil had a very good World Cup despite all the criticism they got back home. I thought they deserved to reach the Final. It wasn't their fault they didn't get there.

What was Argentina's great strength?
Team spirit. We were a squad of 22 players who pulled together throughout our preparation and throughout the finals. Right from the first-team players to the last reserve. In 1982 we had a lot of individual stars. Excellent footballers, very famous and with international reputations. We just took it all too easily. Looking back, it was as if we went thinking that we just had to look at the Cup and it would be ours again. Later, of course, we realised our mistake and determined not to repeat it in Mexico. The squad this time was one which contained a lot of players who wanted to make their names — they had that hunger to do well. Most of them were stars in Argentina but virtually unknown anywhere else. They were battling for themselves and that worked well for the team.

In 1978 Menotti dropped you from the squad on the eve of the finals. Does that still rankle?
The officials thought I was too young. I was 17. Even if they didn't want to play me in the team I would have loved just to have been a member of the squad. But that's history. Water under the bridge. But it wasn't easy for those who did play. Critics said we won in 1978 virtually because the military regime at the time arranged it. We were accused of having bought our victory over Peru. This time, in Mexico, no-one can criticise. We were the best team and we were playing away from home.

Do you believe you are the world's No 1?
No, I don't like to think about things like that. I know I'm not the world's worst but you will never find me saying I'm the best. If other people choose to say so, that is their business. If West Germany had beaten us in the World Cup Final it wouldn't have been an issue for me. Losers get forgotten. Now I've learned from what I have seen in Italy. One day Platini is the king, the next day it's Rummenigge and the next day Elkjaer. They are all superb players. How can you compare them? It's just not realistic.

Did it bother you, being compared so often to Michel Platini?
Look, I admire all the other players against whom I come up. But I will tell you what does annoy me: people who criticise or praise merely because one player is on one side or the other; because he is for them, or against them.

But other players look up to you. Doesn't that have an impression on you?
I don't like to hear about being a "leader" or a "caudillo" as they say in Argentine football. I believe only in examples. Like Daniel Passarella, who is an exemplary team-mate. I don't believe in the sort of players who make a great show on the pitch so the fans can see they are the most important. Football is a team game and you must treat everyone as one more member of the team. If someone in the Argentine team or with Napoli misses an open goal I don't shout at him — that only makes him feel worse. My responsibility is to say: OK, score the next one instead.

How much did Carlos Bilardo help you at the World Cup finals?
I've said this a thousand times and i will say it again: just as Passarella was partly the creation of Menotti so I think I was a little bit the creation of Bilardo. When we were in Mexico not a morning went

DECEMBER 1986 Interview with World Player of the Year Diego Maradona

MARADONA

DIEGO MARADONA is not only the world's top footballer — he is the busiest. World Soccer's special correspondent RINO LANDA tracked him down around Europe to compile this interview.

by when he did not increase my — and our — confidence. After the 1982 World Cup no-one wanted to know us. We knew we had to fill some sort of credibility gap. Otherwise a lot of us would have been crucified by the fans: starting with Bilardo, then the federation president Grondona, then me — in that order.

Did winning the World Cup make a real difference to your public in Argentina?

You know, all that happened was that a team of Argentine footballers won a few matches. No more. Football changes nothing. Life goes on for the people. The price of food stays the same. If going to play football in Mexico could change social conditions in the world then I would go and live there permanently! But a handful of matches do not answer anything. Not even in football. First division attendances in Argentina are very disappointing. But not only in Argentina. Look at Brazil: they won the World Cup three times but the stadia are virtually empty.

What about the goal you "handled" in the quarter-final against England?

That's a matter for the referee. You should talk to him rather than me. If he had seen something wrong it was up to him to stop the game. It was an accident of play, something which has not happened only to me, either. Ask Zico or Platini or Rummenigge. They will all tell they have scored a goal with their hand at some time or another. Should I have refused to accept the goal? Next, you will be saying that I should ask a defender's permission before I dribble round him.

But you must have been affected by the welcome you received when you went back to Buenos Aires?

Yes, of course. Such a multitude of people and all of us in tears. When I went to my parents' home the crowds almost knocked the doors down. When the President invited to the Casa Rosada and I stood on the balcony . . . I felt like the President! No, seriously, I felt very close to the fans. I wanted to grab one of their banners and start running with it, like Menotti and his team did after they beat Holland in 1978. I suppose that's what people mean when they say you get carried away by something.

After the World Cup you captained the Americas to victory over the rest of the World in a Unicef charity match. Do you have any more projects like that lined up?

At the moment, no. But if I can go on taking part in Unicef events like that then I will. I feel a sort of ambassador for this organisation. I wish other people did. So many children dying each day in the world but not enough people seem to care.

What is your next ambition?

In football there is always the next match, the next target. In my case it is to win the Italian championship with Napoli. I dream of achieving that before I leave Italian football. I'm not saying we WILL win it. I am saying I desperately want to win it. I can't win the league on my own. To do that takes a strong team with the right sort of spirit. Certainly I believe that we started this season with as good a squad as anyone else — even Juventus — and perhaps with greater potential than in the last two seasons since I move here. We do need to win something this season. The fans have been very patient but now we owe it to them.

Your main rivals?

Inter will be very dangerous the more time Trapattoni has to work with the players there. I rate him very highly. Roma, too, and Juventus with Platini. I know we have just beaten them in Turin — that was a wonderful occasion for me — but there is a long way to go this season. As for Milan, they may take a little while to sort themselves out.

It seems everyone wants to play for Napoli now?

That's nothing new. Jorge Valdano wanted to come here two years ago but Real Madrid wouldn't hear of it. Now the talk is all about Jorge Burruchaga coming to Napoli from Nantes. I would welcome that. We played together for Argentina's youth team long before the Mexico World Cup. Then there is my younger brother Hugo. He is very, very promising and I was actually the first person to suggest a way might be found for him to play for Napoli. It's a dream. But then, at one stage, winning the World Cup in Mexico was a dream, too.

Many other players have said it is impossible to play in Napoli because of the volatility of the fans and the city. Have you found such problems?

I think that's exaggerated. The Napoli supporters are very passionate about their football, but so were the fans in Barcelona. I can live with that. Better that than the other way round. When I'm no longer happy there I'll go. But I've certainly no plans to go right now!

Did you come back very tired after the World Cup?

No. Playing — winning — is everything to me. I don't look at myself in the mirror every morning and think back to the World Cup. You have to look forward in football.

And after Napoli?

When the World Cup was over the president of Napoli phoned me to say he wanted me to stay with the club until the end of my playing career. He even asked me what money I would want to make such a commitment. But I'm not ready for that. For example, there was an inquiry from an English club — yes, people say Tottenham but again that's not for me to comment — and at one time I would not have ruled out the possibility of going there. But now it's unlikely. I wouldn't mind playing in Brazil. I like their style of football and I have a lot of friends there. But ultimately I would really like to finish my career back with Boca Juniors, to help them regain both the Argentine championship and then go on to regain the South American Club Cup. Also, to have as team-mates my brothers Raul (a reserve at Boca) and Hugo (with Argentinos Juniors).

You spent two controversial seasons with Barcelona. Have you been following the unrest surrounding Bernd Schuster, who was a team-mate of your there?

Yes, I have heard all about it. I can't say I'm surprised. Barcelona will always be the same. They have a lot of directors who want to be the stars of the show. They don't understand that it's the players who really matter. I see they say Schuster isn't mentally capable of fulfilling contract. What does that mean? Schuster is one of the few players around who entertain the fans. It's the directors who need their heads read.

Barcelona's directors have been critical of your personal lifestyle while you were in Spain, haven't they?

Yes, I have heard all about that as well. The problem is they control almost all the sporting press in Barcelona and they wanted to attack me because I defended Schuster. It was ridiculous: stories that I had bodyguards who were danger to the public, that I had ten girls waiting for me . . . all sorts of nonsense. Gary Lineker and Mark Hughes should understand that the moment they get on the wrong side of the fence the same campaigns will be whipped up against them.

Your time in Spain was not very happy, you missed a lot of time with injury and illness. Do you regret having played in Spain?

No. I went to Spain determined to do well and I left only because of the Barcelona president, Jose Luis Nunez. You know, if the offer was good enough I might even play for Real Madrid . . .I said once that I could never wear their colours. But that was before I had my problems with Nunez! Having said that, I have never received an offer from Madrid — either direct or indirect.

While at Barcelona you were badly injured by that notorious foul by Andoni Goicoechea of Bilbao. What are your views on that now?

Again, it's history. Nothing can change what happened. I have to say I believe Goicoechea has always been overrated in Spain. After the World Cup defeat by Belgium, some of the Spanish directors said to me that they lost because Goicoechea couldn't play. But I never rated him as the sort of player to turn a game. Butragueno, yes. he plays on the side of angels — like Lineker and Careca. Those are the players I like to watch. That's the sort of football I like.

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Editor
KEIR RADNEDGE
Managing Editor
PETER STEWART
Advertisement Manager
DAVID SMITH

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01-261 6287
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01-261 5569
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01-686 9777

FAX
01-261 6019
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FRONT COVER: The Kop's tribute to the victims of Hillsborough.
Picture: STEVE HALE

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HILLSBORO

by KEIR RADNEDGE

HOOLIGAN violence was NOT the cause of the disaster surge at Hillsborough on that tragic Saturday, April 15, when 94 Liverpool fans were crushed to death and 170 were injured.

Emergency workers, officials, most policemen — though not all — and fans were quick, in the shadow of Europe's worst sports disaster, to make that point.

But hooligan violence WAS the root cause of those fatal consequences. Without hooliganism of the rampant nature which has become such a scar on the game, we would never have seen steel fences of such rigid, secure design that they could withstand such mortal pressure.

Fans were crushed to death against the very barriers built to protect them from each other.

Refined policing and video cameras may have helped shut the stable door but the hooligan spectre had long since bolted and football and its fans reaped the terrible consequences of having turned a blind eye for so many years.

The Horror of Hillsborough also drove a coach and horses through the notion that legislation is the ultimate panacea for whatever may be wrong within the British game.

The original Safety of Sports Grounds Act went onto the statute book in 1975 . . . since when we have had the Bradford disaster and now this.

Safe? Safe for no-one. In the rush to legislate, in the rush for politicians to display all the wisdom after the event which has again been in evidence lately, common sense went out of the window.

Local government safety officers, with hooligan control paramount over emergency demands, insisted on steel fences.

Sheffield Wednesday was a case in point, where local government officials got their way despite objections from the club's own safety adviser.

Siren voices were raised when Valley Parade went up in flames. How many hundreds would have died had they not been able, in those desperate seconds, to scramble to safety over the terrace wall and onto the pitch?

But it's not only football people who have short memories; and a week is a long time in politics.

The question posed by Bradford was never answered. Not by Sports Ministers or so-called "safety" officers.

Given that legislation has failed football and its fans so tragically in one direction, can one have any faith in the ID card concept?

Many senior names in the game, Manchester United's Martin Edwards among them, have warned of similar consequences inherent in the ID Bill.

The ID checks, however simplified, will inevitably hold up fans still further and increase the impatience level amid the airless claustrophia of our old stadia entrances.

It's no good politicians saying fans must arrive earlier at games. Our stadia are squashed into built-up areas jammed with traffic.

Many fans find arriving on time an achievement, never mind arriving early.

And, amid all the talk of United States sports spectator facilities, the fact is that Americans expect to arrive quite as late as their British spectating counterparts.

That is all part of what they are due as the people who pay their money — whether directly through the gate, or indirectly through all the other systems (advertising and sponsorship response, souvenirs, etc) — financing the game.

In the meantime, there are a myriad of other questions to be considered by the game, by the government and by the inquiry teams.

They cover the lop-sided ticket allocation, the traffic-dictated ground allocations, the decision to open that gate, the police filter system to check tickets, the failure of the video camera officers to correlate action on the ground, the general police tactics, the influence of alcohol and the absence of adequate first-aid equipment.

Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, has nailed his colours to the mirage of all-seater stadia.

There has been much talk of the wonderful stadia abroad where such accidents do not happen.

But only a minority of foreign stadia are all-seater. Does no-one realise this?

Certainly banks of seats prevent the crowd surges on the terraces. But they do not prevent crowd surges in the stadium environs.

The Ibrox disaster was on an exit staircase, not a terrace.

Similarly, seven years ago, dozens were killed at the Lenin Olympic stadium at Kluzhniki in Moscow after a UEFA Cup tie between Spartak and Haarlem.

So what happened? Someone slipped on ice in an exit and mayhem followed.

The horrible irony of Hillsborough is that Liverpool fans, so vehemently castigated as the aggressors at Heysel, were now the victims.

There is no point in joining the ranks of those who are suddenly wise after the event.

The long-term perspective will show that because the English game was too slow to deal with hooliganism in the late 1960s and early 1970s, its controlling measures were ill-conceived and instituted too hastily and too late.

Maybe the hooliganism problem was beyond a cure — or, at least, a cure which lay within the narrow confines of football officialdom.

Ted Croker, recently retired secretary of the FA, may not have been quite at his diplomatic best when he was reported to have told Mrs Thatcher: "We don't want your hooligans spoiling our game."

But his reasoning was not far off-beam, even though he would have drawn back from envisaging the murderous, long-term consequence.

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YOU'LL N

IN the week which followed the worst crowd disaster in the history of British football, Liverpool's famous Anfield Kop was turned into a shrine in memory of the fans who died at Hillsborough.

And at six minutes past three on the afternoon of Saturday April 22, just seven days after the catastrophe, a great hush fell over the whole city.

Traffic came to a standstill, shoppers stood with their heads bowed and televisions were silent as hundreds of thousands observed a minute's silence.

For nearly a century Liverpool has been a divided city when it has come to football. One half swearing allegiance to the red of Liverpool, the other half to the blue of Everton.

But after the horror of Hillsborough, Merseyside was united in its grief.

That was how the bereaved found the strength to come to terms with the agony and despair and later with the bitterness and recrimination.

Liverpool's distraught manager Kenny Dalglish said, with immense admiration for a stricken community: "The people of Merseyside have reacted to the tragedy in a way

MAY 1989 Reaction to the Hillsborough disaster

WORLD SOCCER, MAY 1989

UGH HORROR

EVER WALK ALONE

by RICHARD BOTT of the Sunday Express

no other city in the world would have reacted.

"They have kept together and been supportive and helpful to each other.

"If they hadn't done that this city would be in a worse state than it is at the present moment".

Anguish turned to anger in the wake of startling accusations and insensitivity.

For the second time in four short years, the most successful club in the history of English football heard its followers condemned and villified as looters, thugs and drunkards.

The stark headlines and bitter words were in total contrast to the scenes at Anfield in the first days after the tragedy when thousands upon thousands of wreaths and hand-written tributes were laid on the turf and the Kop.

The goal posts became an altar of flowers and favours. Scarves, many of them in the blue and white of Everton, were knotted together with the red of Liverpool and tied to the crush barriers and to the outer gates, named after Liverpool's legendary mentor Bill Shankly.

More than one million people filed quietly through those gates and on to the pitch during the official week of mourning declared by the city's councillors.

Many wept, many offered a prayer. And for those who could not cope, there was always a comforting hand.

The flowers, the mourners, came from far and wide. Wreaths from Scotland, Wales, from across the Irish sea, from Europe.

Everywhere in the city there were buckets, bottles, collecting tins, jars . . . as the money poured in to boost the disaster fund.

I heard of a security guard who took two days off work to run round Anfield for 48 hours non-stop to raise money for the bereaved.

After Heysel and Hillsborough, Liverpool Football Club must wonder when the weeping will stop.

But in the midst of their grief, the people of Merseyside have found an inner strength and unity that has ensured they will never walk alone.

Why Van Basten must keep on running

SPECIAL REPORT FROM KEIR RADNEDGE IN VIENNA

MARCO Van Basten sat over the microphone in the Champions' Cup Final conference room. He seemed much less at home than he had out in the warm evening of the Prater stadium.

In front of 57,500 impeccably-behaved supporters from Milan and Lisbon, Van Basten had just demonstrated why he is considered a front-runner to usurp Diego Maradona's crown of World No 1...and why Holland could be deposing Argentina.

Last year Van Basten scored twice in the 4-0 thrashing of Steaua Bucharest. But Milan almost prefer not to think about that. For these ultimate professionals that was almost too easy. Anyway, for all professionals the only game which matters is the next one. Or, in Van Basten's case, the next Cup.

Smile

"All our troubles are over," he said with a sudden smile which indicated that this line of questioning should be considered closed.

But World Cup and Champions' Cup are inextricably linked. Questioners kept comng back to that theme. It was not enough that Van Basten's class had helped kill off a Benfica team which was a vast improvement on the depressive side beaten at this same stage two years ago.

Van Basten could not be allowed to celebrate in peace. The next target had to be laid in his way. Whom did he consider World Cup favourites? Brazil, Italy and West Germany.

What about England? They're very strong, just like Holland, Yugoslavia.

What about Gullit? Given two or three weeks' hard work he would be ready.

Oddly enough Gullit's return had disorientated Milan. Van Basten had no qualms about owning up – "It was not so easy to start playing alongside Gullit again. We have had to change things. Maybe it wasn't easy for him too."

Gullit had two chances to mark his return to senior competitive action with a goal. The first time, in the first half, goalkeeper Silvino spread himself well to save. The second time, late in the game, Gullit blazed high over the top.

Those two incidents and the goal account reveal this game for what it was: more chess than soccer. But among the puppets were a handful of individuals whose quality shone through the night.] On the Benfica side Aldair was a rock in central defence, although he did collect a yellow card; Jonas Thern was a superb snapper-up of loose passes; Valdo, the Brazilian, by far their top individual. He was skilful and quick on the ball; he was not afraid to run the ball; all in all his display provided conclusive evidence about why several Italians clubs are chasing him.

Not even being the subject of some rough handling early on by Costacurta and Ancelotti could dampen his ambition. The queue of would-be purchasers must have grown by the time Helmuth Kohl blew his final whistle.

Mats Magnusson, up front, was the weak link. His prolific scoring in the Portuguese league means nothing at the highest level. Magnusson may look powerful and strong in Portugal, but in Vienna he looked clumsy and short of ideas. A couple of penalty box collapses were not worthy of him, either. Referee Kohl refused to be impressed.

Ruud Gullit lifts the trophy after completing his first full game since last season's European Cup success.

Milan are kings of Europe – but that's not enough for Flying Dutchman

Controller

Among Milan's pedigree names Frank Rijkaard was a tower of strength in midfield, Franco Baresi an all-pervading controller from sweeper, and Carlo Ancelotti a tireless pair of legs and lungs.

And then there was Van Basten. Being foiled once but setting up the winning goal for revenge.

It's rare for Van Basten not to score in a final. Holland's fans will forgive him, of course, if he scores the winner on July 8 in Rome. Italian fans may not be as happy at such a prospect. But on the evidence of the Prater they would respect it.

Van Basten, right now, is on top of the world. But to stay there and to remain a force, he must keep on running. International football at this level is a very particular treadmill.

THE WINNER: Frank Rijkaard fires in Milan's goal.

JUNE 1990 Van Basten the star as Milan retain the European Cup

Milan president Silvio Berlusconi joins the celebrations.

An embracing time for Gullit and 'keeper Giovanni Galli.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS' CUP FINAL
Prater Stadion, Vienna – May 23

Milan 1 (Frank Rijkaard 68)
Benfica 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 57,500. Ref: Kohl (Aus)
Milan: G Galli – Tassotti, Costacurta, Baresi, Maldini – Colombo (F Galli 89), Rijkaard, Ancelotti (Massaro 72), Evani – Gullit, Van Basten. Subs not used: Pazzagli, Simone, Borgorovo.
Benfica: Silvino – Jose Carlos, Aldair, Ricardo, Samuel – Vitor Paneira (Vata Garcia 76), Valdo, Thern, Hernani – Magnusson, Pacheco (Cesar Brito 66). Subs not used: Bento, Paulo Mendes, Diamantino.

Leading scorers: 6 goals – Papin (Marseille), Romario (PSV). 5 – Magnusson, Vata Garcia (Benfica), Pacult (Tirol).

Previous winners: 1956-1960 Real Madrid. 1961-62 Benfica. 1963 Milan. 1964-65 Inter. 1966 Real Madrid. 1967 Celtic. 1968 Manchester United. 1969 Milan. 1970 Feyenoord. 1971-73 Ajax. 1974-76 Bayern Munich. 1977-78 Liverpool. 1979-80 Nottingham Forest. 1981 Liverpool. 1982 Aston Villa. 1983 Hamburg. 1984 Liverpool. 1985 Juventus. 1986 Steaua Bucharest. 1987 FC Porto. 1988 PSV Eindhoven. 1989 Milan.

The run of play

0 – Milan kick off.
2 – Milan force the first corner but Ancelotti's header flies high over the bar.
11 – Ancelotti trips Valdo in midfield and is warned by the referee that next time it's a yellow card.
22 – A first dash of the real Milan. But a sweeping move involving Rijkaard, Van Basten and Evani comes to nothing as Gullit just fails to stop the ball twisting over the goalline.
31 – Valdo turns Milan's defence inside out and wins a corner on the right. Milan half-clear it, Thern sets Hernani clear on the left and his cross shot is luckily deflectd wide for a corner on the left by Costacurta.
39 – The most dangerous move so far. Gullit finds space, sends Tassotti clear on the right and Van Basten escapes his marker, closes on goal but sees Silvino guess his angle with a diving save to his left.
40 – Aldair becomes the first player yellow carded for a trip on Evani.
Half-time: Milan 0, Benfica 0
49 – Another chance for Milan. Ricardo mistimes a defensive header, Van Basten puts Gullit clear but he fails to strike the ball cleanly with only the goalkeeper to beat and Silvino again manages a diving dave.
60 – Benfica bring on Cesar Brito for a disappointed Pacheco.
61 – Aldair trips Ancelotti but an over-elaborate free kick routine ends with Rijkaard shooting tamely wide.
62 – Benfica break through the middle. A 25-yard drive from Valdo is too quick for the diving Galli but scrapes just wide of his right-hand post.
64 – Ricardo is shown the yellow card for trying a kick the ball while Gullit's head was in the way. Evani's free kick scutters safely wide.
62 – The decisive break. In a handful of passes the ball flows through Galli to Costacurta up to Van Basten and on through the middle for RIJKAARD striding clear to shoot deftly wide of Silvino. 1-0 to Milan.
72 – Milan bring on Massaro for Ancelotti.
76 – Benfica bring on their second substitute, striker Vata Garcia replacing midfielder Vitor Paneira.
78 – Gullit wastes another chance, this time blazing the ball high over the bar on the run.
80 – Jose Carlos nearly catches Galli napping with an angled near-post shot from far out on the right hand side of the field. The goalkeeper hurries to his left to catch the ball.
89 – Filippo Galli substitutes for Colombo.
Full-time: Milan 1, Benfica 0.

What they said ...

ARRIGO SACCHI (Milan coach): "It may not have looked like our best game of the year but I can assure it was our hardest. It was the game which got to me on the bench more than any other – even the Verona defeat in the league. From the technical point of view it was not very spectacular, but we were playing exceptionally strong opponents who had players of great skill and cunning. Because of that, in the end, I considered our victory here in Vienna as more satisfying than our victory over Steaua Bucharest last year in Barcelona. This time we had to work much harder, we had to earn victory the hard way. It was good to have Gullit back in the team. He is very important to us both as a player and as an influence within the squad. He is not quite fully match-fit yet but that will come. He had been out for a long time. Should he play the World Cup? All I can say is that I think he will play in the World Cup and that he will be one of the best players."

SVEN-GORAN ERIKSSON (Benfica coach): "We had talked before the game, and again at half-time, about the fact that one mistake could decide the game – and that is what happened. We were so busy trying to play Gullit and Van Basten offside that Rijkaard came through on his own. Milan are a very good team but I think we did a good job. If I have any regrets it is that we did not attack enough in the first half. That left Magnusson will a very difficult job without any support."

Out of the SHADOW

MONACO

MONACO hope this is the season when they emerge from under the Marseille shadow.

Olympique Marseille have dominated the French league for the past three seasons, but cup-holders Monaco are confident that 1991-92 could be their year. And not without some justification. Monegasques point to the psychological edge gained from beating Marseille in the Cup Final and being the form team of the second half of last season.

Their form before Christmas was inconsistent, but after the winter break Monaco's excellent series of results had Marseille anxiously looking over their shoulders.

By early May, 22 points out of a possible 28 had pushed Monaco to within two points. But a surprise 4-0 defeat at struggling Nancy put paid to their title aspirations. As consolation Monaco turned to the Cup, and revenge on old adversaries Marseille in the Parc des Princes final. In 1989 Marseille had overcome Monaco 4-3 in a thriller.

This time, however, the roles were reversed, and Monaco deservedly triumphed thanks to a last-minute goal from substitute Gerald Passi.

"Marseille completed a comfortable league double over us last season and I felt that we were beginning to accept that they were our betters," says Monaco coach Arsene Wenger.

Little Monaco's bid to be really big

"If we had lost the '91 final we could have had a permanent inferiority complex. We have an exciting young side here whose form this year has shown their potential. This team can only get better, and we have every reason to be even more ambitious."

In keeping with Wenger's belief in his side, Monaco's watchword for the new season is continuity. The class of 1991-92 continue to be based on the central defensive pairing of young Emmanuel Petit and Senegal sweeper Roger Mendy, the midfield workrate of Marcel Dib, and the power of Liberia's Georges Weah in attack.

ers celebrate their Cup Final victory over Marseille.

Those exceptions were in 1963, when AEK Athens were beaten 8-3 on aggregate in the Champions' Cup, and in 1979, when eliminating Shakhtyor Donetsk from the UEFA Cup.

Following opening-round defeats by the likes of Eintracht Frankfurt, Dundee United and CSKA Sofia, critics claimed that Monaco's "pretty" football lacked the steel required by European competition.

Christian Dalger agrees. "In my time we did not have any discipline," he says. "We were not prepared mentally or tactically for Europe."

Today, Monaco are no longer the timid side who regularly fell at the first continental hurdle. Wenger is the man responsible for the change.

Main picture, Monaco's magnificent Stade Louis II stadium. Inset, Prince Rainier with members of his family at a concert.

Summer transfer activity at the club was kept to a minimum. New arrivals were limited to ex-Nantes winger Christophe Robert and Danish international full-back John Sivebaek, signed from Saint-Etienne.

Yet on the eve of the new campaign the club received a massive blow. Influential midfielder and France vice-captain Franck Sauzee finally succumbed to Marseille's persistence and re-signed for the team he left 12 months previously.

Not that Monaco appeared to suffer from Sauzee's absence during their opening league match at Montpellier. Two goals from Passi, one by Youri Djorkaeff and a Weah penalty gave them a 4-1 away win and a lift in morale. More good times seemed to be on the way.

The Association Sportive de Monaco, founded in 1924, turned professional in 1948 and gained promotion to the First Division six years later. By the beginning of the 1960s coach Lucien Leduc had forged a team of considerable style, starring inside-forward Yvon Douis, winger Lucient Cossou and a left-half or winger by the name of Michel Hidalgo — subsequently to become a highly-successful manager of France.

Substitute Gerald Passi (number 12) leaves Olmeta stranded as he scores the winning goal in the 1991 French Cup Final victory against Marseille.

In 1960 they beat Saint-Etienne 4-2 after extra time to claim their first trophy, the French Cup, and more silverware was to follow. The club went on to win the championship in the next year, and in 1963 a replayed Cup Final victory over Lyon meant a league-and-cup double. But unfortunately for Monaco the glory days were to be short-lived, and decline set in.

During the 1970s they reached — and lost — the 1974 Cup final to Saint-Etienne, but in 1972 and 1976 the Monegasques suffered relegation. On each occasion they bounced back at the first attempt and in 1978 amazingly proceeded to become only the third French team — after Bordeaux in 1950 and Saint-Etienne in 1964 — to win Second and First division titles in consecutive years.

Since that 1978 epoch of prolific Argentine striker Delio Onnis, playmaker Jean Petit and winger Christian Dalger, Monaco's winning streak has continued.

Two years later Second Division Orleans were defeated in another Cup triumph, and in 1982 the League crown was again clinched.

A winner from schemer Bernard Genghini gave them the 1985 Cup, and a side featuring England's Glenn Hoddle and Mark Hateley and star French international full-back Manuel Amoros took the championship once more in 1988.

Yet despite the club's achievements, the Monte Carlo public have rarely proved to be enthusiastic. For the past decade gates have hovered around the 4,000 mark — last season's average attendance was 4,313 — and innocent observers ask how such meagre crowds can sustain a First Division club.

The simple answer is that they do not. Monaco owe financial well-being and superb facilities of the Stade Lous II to the patronage of the Monarch, Prince Rainier, and his family. Not that the club are royal playthings.

Rainier and his son Prince Albert are extremely keen soccer fans and even Princesses Caroline and Stephanie are to be seen at home matches.

But football clubs are not merely built on money, and since their successes of the 1960s, Monaco have proudly cultivated their own brand of attacking and technical soccer.

"It's nice to hear people say that Monaco have been playing the most attractive football in France for the past 30 years,"says former club stalwart Christian Dalger.

"This has much to do with the influence South American players and coaches have had on the team's style.

"Monaco have recruited many Argentines such as manager Ruben Bravo and players like Omar Pastoriza, Delio Onnis and Ramon Diaz. Their approach to the game is different to that in Europe.

"They emphasise technique rather than power, and that has rubbed off."

But while Monaco have won five championships and five cups at home, European success generally has eluded them. Indeed, up to the arrival of coach Arsene Wenger in 1987, only on two occasions out of 10 were they able to get through the first round.

Monaco president Jean-Luis Campora says: "While retaining the quality of our approach play, Arsene has brought more rigour and fighting spirit to the team and our European performances have benefitted."

Certainly Wenger has a European record superior to any of his predecessors. For his first taste of a Champions' Cup campaign Valur of Reykjavik and Club Brugge — the Belgians thrashed 6-2 on aggregate — were eliminated before the Turks of Galatasaray upset Monaco, and the form book, in the semi-final.

In the following season the club knocked out Belenenses, Dynamo Berlin and Real Valladolid on their way to the Cup-winners' Cup's last four, but eventual winners Sampdoria proved too strong.

"There are still too many periods in our European matches when we lose concentration," said Wenger after Monaco had lost home and away to Torpedo Moscow in the third round of last season's UEFA Cup.

"It's most worrying. That was the case when we lost to Galatasaray in 1989, against Sampdoria and again tonight, when the Russians caught us asleep.

"We will have to cut out such mistakes in the future."

General manager Henri Biancheri, a former Monegasque star, says: "Some claim that the luxurious setting of Monaco makes the players lazy. But if that's true, how have we managed to win so many trophies?"

NICK BIDWELL WS

Man with a plan . . . Milan president Silvio Berlusconi.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW FROM KEIR RADNEDGE IN MILAN

WAVE THE WORLD CUP GOODBYE

FORGET the World Cup. Never mind the European Championship. Wave goodbye to the European Champions' Cup, the Cup-winners' Cup and the UEFA Cup.

They're passe. History. Yesterday's news.

That, stripped of the sophisticated veneer of conversation, is the opinion of Silvio Berlusconi. And when Berlusconi talks, you listen. After all, being granted a two-hour audience at all is remarkable. Silvio Berlusconi is one busy man.

He is a social and industrial juggler. He has no time for the gauche politics of the hustings and the parliaments. His constituency is the capital market. His political muscle is translated through industry. He owns newspapers, construction companies, insurance houses and television channels. No sector of Italian life is untouched by Berlusconi. Perhaps you read *Il Giornale* each day; watch your local cable TV station for the game shows, movies and sport; live in one of the satellite towns Berlusconi built; insure your family's future through Mediolanum; buy your groceries at the local Standa supermarket.

All this is Berlusconi's empire. So far he could be a business magnate in any one of a dozen countries. But Berlusconi is betrayed — and humanised — of his empire: Milan. The world's finest football team; one of the world's most famous clubs. Berlusconi's business interests are intricately woven into one huge, inter-dependent pattern. Berlusconi's empire is its own society.

He juggles each sector against the others. Thus football attracts his employees, gives them pride in association . . . and provides Berlusconi with the very product which will captivate huge audiences for his own television stations.

To Berlusconi the great clubs, such as Milan, Real Madrid and Barcelona represent the future. Television provides the window on the game in which the major consumer commercial interests will want to be reflected. It's a simple equation: Soccer plus television plus big business represents a circle of success.

In the 1990s Berlusconi looks forward confidently to a European league which entertains and reflects "our new communications culture" His vision makes English football's premier prospectors look positively minor league.

Seated behind the great dining table in his palazzo at Arcore, north of Milan, Berlusconi radiates energy. He talks fluently and briskly, preferring Italian for precision. Frequently, forgetting himself in excitement at his own ideas, he breaks into English and overtakes his own in-house translator.

Berlusconi says: "The concept of the national team will, gradually, become

lan chief sets out his vision of soccer

MAY 1992 Milan owner Silvio Berlusconi predicts the end of international football

less and less important. It is the clubs with which the fans associate. A European Championship for clubs is inevitable. The new format for the Champions' Cup is a step in the right direction. But it is only a step.

"The European cups, as they have been organised, have become a historical anachronism. It's economic nonsense that a club such as Milan might be eliminated in the first round. A European cup that lasts the whole season is what Europe wants.

"After all, Europe wanted an economic community, with monetary union and a customs union. It's inevitable it should want a football union, too. And the clubs will lead the way — each playing around 80 games a season."

Wild reports have been emanating from the Stadio Meazza at San Siro that Berlusconi plans to run two teams next season: one in Europe and one in the league. But that is too simplistic an interpretation.

Berlusconi explains his hunger for players thus: "Next season Milan will play twice every week. On Sundays in the Italian League; on Wednesday in the European Cup, or Italian Cup or television friendlies. This is why we must strengthen our squad. The older players cannot expect to be fit enough to play all the time.

"In my six years as president I have never seen our best team play — except in my head. Someone is always injured, or ill, or suspended. So we need many quality players and the players themselves accept this. Because we want to sign more foreigners does not mean, in any way, that we are dissatisfied with any that we have. Quite the reverse. We want Gullit, Van Basten and Rijkaard to stay with us as long as they want — hopefully right through to the end of their careers.

"They have played a very important part in Milan's revival. We respect them as men and we are grateful to them as players."

Involved

Waiting in the wings already, however, are the Croat midfielder, Zvonimir Boban (on loan at Bari), Red Star Belgrade's Dejan Savicevic (who signs after the European Championship) and Marseille's Jean-Pierre Papin (negotiations have reached an advanced stage).

Berlusconi claims to consult his players every step of the way. He says: "At the start we decided the way we wanted to travel. But everybody had to be involved and understand the methods we would use to make the most of the club's potential.

"Managing a football club is not very different from managing any other form of business. You need to choose the right people with the right attitude. I must be doing something right. For example, in my companies we went from zero employees to 36,000 in a comparatively short time. Nobody works FOR Berlusconi; everyone works WITH Berlusconi. It's the same with the football team.

"Marco Van Basten was fully consulted when it came to choosing who plays alongside him in attack next season. I read your reports saying it will be Jean-Pierre Papin from Marseille. Maybe. But, whoever it is, you can be sure that Van Basten will have been a party to the decision."

Berlusconi could not have put it better than to continue: "Milan are my laboratory for the future. We have to reach an audience beyond the stadium. That means television, the theatre of the global village. Milan must be a part of that.

"We would like to be the best, of course. But at the highest level winning or losing is often a matter of luck. What is important is that we are among the main actors in this theatre."

When it comes to the role of football entrepreneur, Berlusconi can point to spectacular success. Six years ago Milan were on the brink of spectacular collapse. The club were £15 million in debt, the previous president had run away to South Africa and the players were shrouded in the fall-out from a match-fixing scandal.

Berlusconi rode in on a red-and-black charger possessed of an imagination to compare with the game's greatest visionaries.

In the 1930s Herbert Chapman believed so passionately in Arsenal's future he persuaded London Transport to change the name of the local Tube station, from Gillespie Road to Arsenal. In the 1940s Real Madrid's Santiago Bernabeu founded a great stadium and then a great team on a little ground wrecked by the Spanish civil war. In the 1950s Matt Busby defied the English football establishment to take his Busby Babes into the European Cup.

Now Berlusconi believes his media empire has enabled him to define a new audience. He says: "Football is currently ignoring part of its support. First are the fans in the stadium; but that means only 50,000 or 60,000.

"Then there are the fans who watch bits and pieces of soccer on the state channels. But the third audience, which we are not reaching, is to be found on pay-TV. Through cable and satellite we must be able to reach the committed fan who wants to watch our games.

Indulged

"For example, in Lombardy (the region around Milan) that could mean two or three million new viewers. And we believe we are now the best-supported team in all of Italy. The latest figures tell us we have five million fans through the country. They cannot all get into the stadium. But they could watch us through pay-TV."

Over the past three years Milan have indulged in a string of prestige midweek friendlies precisely to feed the high ratings soccer guarantees Canale 5.

Manchester United and Marseille have provided the opposition. And Berlusconi was furious when the French authorities blocked domestic transmission of the match. He says: "They said there was another match that night. That's nonsense. It's like saying TV shows too many news bulletins or too many films."

The key to Berlusconi's vision is his implicit confidence that we can never have too much soccer.

Waiting in the wings . . . Zvonimir Boban (now on loan at Bari), Jean-Pierre Papin of Marseille, and Dejan Savicevic of Red Star Belgrade are likely to add even further to Milan's strength.

The clubs are more important than the countries

Main man . . . Van Basten will lead the Milan attack next season.

Keir Radnedge on the next generation of World Cup heroes

The YOUNG ONES

RONALDO: *After Pele*

ZICO and Tostao are admirers. So is FIFA president Joao Havelange. So is Mario Zagalo, a veteran of Brazil's World Cup-winning team in 1958 and 1962 and their triumphant manager in 1970.

All are united in praise of Ronaldo, the 17-year-old Brazilian striker who is now soccer's most expensive teenager having just been signed by PSV Eindhoven for £4 million — thus disappointing Milan, Juventus and Ajax.

His age and natural talent raise instant comparisons with Pele. At the same age, Pele went to the 1958 World Cup finals in Sweden as an unknown reserve and returned home a world figure. Ronaldo, by contrast, went to the 1994 World Cup finals as a reserve and remained a reserve. But coach Carlos Alberto Parreira never thought of his presence as any more important than as an observer with the future in mind.

Certainly his talent is not in question. Just listen to his admirers.

Zico, who starred for Brazil at the World Cup in 1978, 1982 and 1986, says: "Ronaldo is the best attacker in Brazilian soccer. He is equally skilled with the left or right foot. He is intelligent but, near goal, he is as cool and ruthless as the great goalscorers."

Tostao, Brazil's World Cup-winning centre-forward alongside Pele in 1970, says: "He has everything to become an international star. We're talking about a phenomenon."

In barely a year, Ronaldo has gone from unknown teenager with a second Division team in Rio de Janeiro to the darling of the nation, pursued by autograph seekers and

hard to believe. Not so long ago I ao Cristovao and ous players on TV. lden, I am one of 's fantastic!" Nazario de Lima

grew up playing soccer the traditional way, on the streets and waste land in the working class district of Bento Ribeiro, on Rio's west side. He had a trial with Flamengo, Rio's most popular club, but they sent him away rather than pay the bus fare his family could not afford.

So Ronaldo went to Sao Cristovao and was spotted by Jairzinho, another veteran of the 1970 World Cup team, who recognised his potential. In due course, Jairzinho sold Ronaldo to Cruzeiro, one of the provincial giants in Belo Horizonte. After a year in the youth section, he was promoted into the first team and exploded on to the national scene.

In his first 54 games, he scored 54 goals, winning the league's scoring crown and leading Cruzeiro to the Minas Gerais State Championship. But it wasn't only the number of goals, it was how he scored them: right foot, left foot, headers, with speed, intelligence, power, finesse.

Tostao says: "He's a complete attacker. He has a good physique, is skilled, dribbles, passes and shoots equally well with his right or left foot. He's a fantastic player."

The comparisons with Pele were inevitable and Ronaldo came out ahead. His scoring average was higher than Pele's at the same age and Tostao claims that not even Pele had the equal skills in right and left foot which sets Ronaldo apart.

His youthful age and lack of experience meant Ronaldo was considered an outsider to secure a place in the World Cup squad. Especially with a manager as cautious and conservative as Parreira. But his chance came in Brazil's final home friendly against Iceland on May 4.

With Bebeto and Romario in Spain, Ronaldo not only started the game: he won it almost singlehandedly. He scored one goal, created two more and put on a dazzling

Teenage sensation ...

SEPTEMBER 1994 Spotlight on two future stars, Ronaldo and Ariel Ortega

show *en route* to a 3-0 Brazilian victory.

Afterwards, even Parreira said the game had been worthwhile just to see Ronaldo play.

"It's incredible what he does with the ball," says defender Ricardo Gomes. Skipper Dunga adds: "He's a rare talent. Even though he still has a lot to learn, he is nearly a complete player already."

Now, he is learning to cope with stardom. He has just signed a deal to promote an American brand of footwear, a popular rap singer wants him to make a video and he is appearing in TV advertisements urgung youngsters to register to vote (the voting age in Brazil is 16). Ronaldo is learning — and fast — to take it all in his stride.

As he says: "I suppose it's natural that people talk about the coincidences with Pele's career. But before everyone gets carried away . . . let's see if I have anything like the talent, shall we?"

ORTEGA: *After Diego*

ARIEL ORTEGA travelled to the World Cup finals without feeling under any of the pressure which weighed on senior players, such as Gabrial Batistuta, Abel Balbo or Oscar Ruggeri. Certainly under none of the pressure surrounding Diego Maradona or the resurrected Claudio Caniggia.

He was there, coach Alfio Basile had told him in a fatherly chat, to learn about the game at the highest level by watching the finest players. Then, after the World Cup and certainly in four years' time, he would be given his chance to scale the highest peaks of the game.

Ortega, short in height and light in weight, happily accepted that role. He told friends: "Just going to the World Cup finals is like a dream come true. Now, not only am I going but I will be able to see the best players at close range, share the dressing rooms and training pitches. I can't wait."

Born in the provincial city of General San Martin in the state of Jujuy on April 3, 1974, Ortega had never wanted to be anything else but a footballer. He played for local youth teams and then, at 15, was spotted by a local scout for River Plate of Buenos Aires.

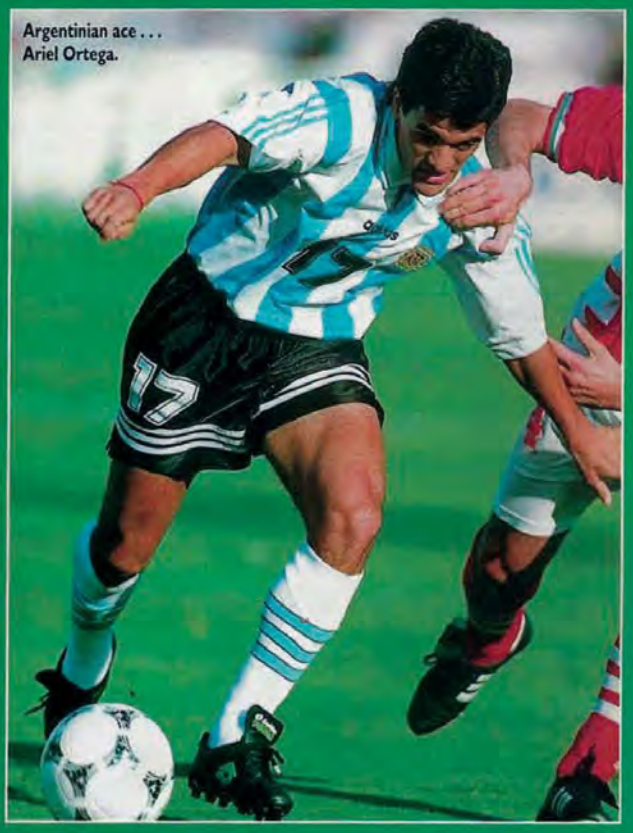
Ortega counted River Plate's fleet-footed Claudio Caniggia as one of his heroes and career models and was thrilled at the prospect of playing for the same team. But, just as Ortega arrived in Buenos Aires, so Caniggia was sold to Italy.

For the first couple of years Ortega worked his way through the youth system. First-team coach Daniel Passarella delayed bringing him into the senior squad because he feared that, at 5' 7" and 140lbs Ortega was not physically strong enough to withstand the battering he would receive from ruthless defenders in the rugged Argentinian Championship.

But then Passarella had second thoughts. He said: "Maradona was smaller and lighter when he started playing and skill can make up for physical capacity, so I realised I was wrong and gave Ortega his chance. He has never let me down."

Not only did Ortega make an instant impression on Passarella and River Plate's fans but he also caught the eye of national coach Basile and was called up for his national team debut in a 3-1 win over Morocco on April 20.

Ortega made such an impression with his pace and close control and determination to succeed that — despite his late arrival on the scene — he was named in the squad of 23 preparing for the World Cup.


Argentinian ace . . . Ariel Ortega.

Now another challenge arose. One man would have to drop out on the eve of the finals to bring the squad down to the FIFA requisite number of 22. Ortega was an obvious candidate because of his youth and inexperience but he so impressed the other players in training and friendly matches that he stayed in and the experienced Dario Franco dropped out.

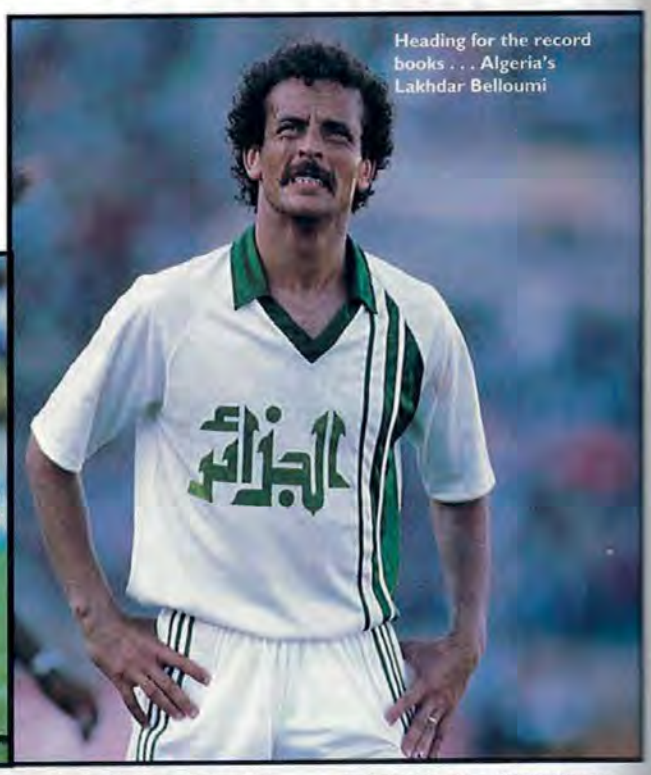
Argentina beat Greece and Nigeria comfortably. Then came crisis day, with Maradona expelled for drug-taking immediately before the group showdown against Bulgaria. Some 25 minutes into the match Caniggia went down with a recurrence of a toe injury. Basile looked along the bench, called up Ortega, and sent him into action.

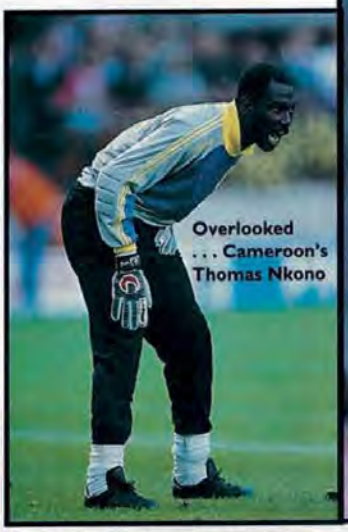
Ortega, with all those talents recorded above, was Argentina's best player, bravely driving into the heart of Bulgaria's rugged defence. That Argentina lost 2-0 was no fault of his. Nor was he to blame for the 3-2 defeat by Romania in the second round when, this time, he started the game as Caniggia's fully-fledged deputy.

Ariel Ortega was Argentina's discovery of the 1994 World Cup finals. He looks sure to be a key figure of the new Argentina . . . particularly since Passarella, his boss at River Plate, is among the favourites to be nominated as Basile's replacement.

On the record

Mark Gleeson looks at the vexed question of full international caps and discovers that, in Africa, officialdom has failed to play fair


Heading for the record books . . . Algeria's Lakhdar Belloumi


Overlooked . . . Cameroon's Thomas Nkono

IS Majed Abdullah really the most-capped footballer of all time?

FIFA recently accepted the Saudi Arabian Federation's claim that Abdullah had played 147 full international matches, putting him well ahead of the 125 achieved by former England goalkeeper Peter Shilton.

Now Algerian officials are saying that they have a claim to second place behind Abdullah, because Lakhdar Belloumi won 145 caps.

Belloumi scored the winning goal against West Germany in the 1982 World Cup Finals in Spain, and is a former African Footballer of the Year.

But the claims of African players open up a whole Pandora's box. Record-keeping on the African continent, even today, can be best described as a nightmare.

Administrative inefficiency on the part of individual football associations, as well as the Confederation of African Football, means accurate tallies are almost impossible to keep.

Reporting, and the statistics that normally go with coverage of recognised internationals, is another weak link on the African continent. Few, if any newspapers or magazines, keep statistics or publish team line-ups, leaving the history of many international matches 'gone with the wind'.

CAF, whose headquarters are in Cairo where, ironically, Belloumi still faces charges for an alleged assault, keeps records of all its official competitions, including matches at national team level in the African Nations Cup.

FIFA has the records, littered with spelling errors, of all African qualifiers for the World Cup finals.

For some African countries that would be the sum total of their international involvement, but many others also play frequent friendly internationals or compete in regional tournaments.

The match reports of these games are not kept by either CAF or FIFA and have mostly faded into thin air, making it impossible to keep an accurate tally of caps for African internationals.

And here we are not talking about games decades ago, but about full ...es played only last ...idelines, host ...liged to send in ...e 'A' internationals, ...t international rank... ...een introduced. ...ntly weak in fulfilling this obligation, even in some of the more supposedly adept associations such as South Africa or Ivory Coast. Reports from some of their recent matches were not even posted to Zurich.

Other games, like a series of friendlies between Bostswana and Namibia last September were not even acknowledged in the list of 'A' internationals published by FIFA at the end of the year, presumably because they did not even know that the games had taken place.

'Don't be surprised if some unheard-of Tanzanian suddenly somersaults past Abdullah on the list of all-time internationals'

The official match reports should carry details of line-ups, substitutions, timings of goals, cautions and other relevant items. From an accurate list, a tally of caps for an individual player can be collated. Alas, for Africa, this is impossible.

The solution would be to enforce the reporting of such games more strictly by fining associations that do not submit proper reports, even for friendlies. Nothing is more effective in Africa than the threat of losing money.

When I raised this with CAF secretary-general Mustapha Fahmy, he shrugged and said: "We have enough problems just trying to get the reports of official competition matches."

FIFA, too, is pretty blase about it. Its list of 'A' internationals for 1994 includes a number of fixtures which should not count as proper internationals. The match between Ivory Coast and Liberia in June, for example, was between two military teams, and the East and Central African Senior Challenge Cup at the end of the year is littered with teams who are not full representatives sides.

Kenya, as hosts of the tournament, slit their national side into two to make up the numbers, yet are claiming full representative status.

Tanzania, on the other hand, limit selection of their team for the annual tournament to players from the mainland because Zanzibar, a non-FIFA member, also send a team to the tournament. That Tanzanian side, therefore, are not a full representative team and should not be afforded the status of an 'A' international.

When I contacted FIFA to point this out, they said they had to follow the national association and that if Tanzania regarded the game as a full international, then so be it.

This is nonsense, because countries will be able to claim all sorts of obscure matches as full internationals and give players caps they should not be entitled to. Do not be surprised now if some unheard-of Tanzanian suddenly somersaults past Abdullah on the list of all-time internationals.

Recognising games that should be regarded as internationals also has some bearing on the FIFA World Ranking, and would be unfair if they are to be used in the future to seed teams for various competitions.

And have FIFA or CAF given any regard to the fact that poor record-keeping and the lack of pressure on national associations to provide proper documentation surely have deprived several big-name African players of a place in the record books?

Roger Milla, for example, played more than 20 years for the Cameroon national side, but whether he ever reached a century of caps will never be known. And what of Thomas Nkono, Joseph-Antoine Bell, Stephen Keshi, Eugene Kabongo, Jules Bocande . . . all robbed of a place in football's heritage.

MAY 1995 Debate on the most capped player of all time

BRIAN GLANVILLE'S
LAST WORD

Prepare for a revolution

ON JUNE 20, Jean-Marc Bosman went to the European Court in Luxembourg to demand that transfer fees, at the end of a pro player's contract, be ruled illegal.

Otto Lenz, the Advocate General, delivers his opinion on September 12. Based upon his recommendations the full Court will rule on the case early next year. It could well put a bomb under professional soccer in Europe as we know it.

Whatever the consequences and, for professional Euro football, the dangers, it is clear that both morally and legally, Bosman's is a persuasive case. A case which has its parallel in that of Common Market footballers.

Only the wiles and skills of the late Artemio Franchi, when president of UEFA, kept the Euro commissioners at bay for years. When he died, there was nobody as diplomatically adroit to prevent European law from having its way.

Common Market footballers clearly had the right to play wherever they wished in the Community, even though it might work against the national interests of the game.

By the same token, freedom of contract, it might be argued – and now indeed has been – should surely mean that. Though in football, it doesn't. In almost any other activity you can name, a person whose working contract comes to an end is free to go wherever he likes. Not so with footballers.

The farce of the present situation could hardly have been shown more embarrassingly, and at a more delicate moment, than in the instance of Roberto Baggio. In June, his contract with Juventus came to an end, and the club made it perfectly and abrasively clear that they wished to sell him. But was Baggio a free agent? Only in the most technical terms.

The so-called UEFA 'parameters' decreed that age, status and salary put a transfer fee on his head of 21billion lire: well over £9million. Some sort of freedom!

Even Gordon Taylor, chief executive of our PFA says he is alarmed by the consequences of Bosman, who felt he [illegible] by his Liege club,

[illegible] like to see greater [illegible]om for his own [illegible] knows full well that [illegible]eated, that players of [illegible] insist on short-term contracts, that smaller clubs, relying so heavily on fees for the players they develop, could be driven to bankruptcy.

These are all points I take on board but they have nothing to do with the legal and moral sides of the affair. In law, freedom should surely mean exactly that. Nor does it seem morally right that a club can restrain a player against the payment of a fee when his contract is ultimately done.

In England, of course, matters are not so rigid, or quite so expensive. Where clubs cannot agree a fee for a player who is out of contract, a tribunal will decide on it. But a fee it remains.

When France abolished constraints of contract in 1971, freedom meant just what it said. At the end of his contract, a player could simply move, without let or hindrance. A sharp contrast with what happened in England even when the PFA did, initially, after a long and bitter fight, secure freedom of a strictly limited kind.

Initially, and deplorably, in an absurdly one-sided bargain, a club had the right to retain a player on option. The option being an extension of his contract for the period he originally agreed. In other words if he initially signed for two years he could be in for four – at the club's discretion – and *pro rata*. That never made any kind of legal or moral sense.

All very well to protest that football is a 'special' sport. I was very disappointed when restrictions on Common Market players were lifted, and have been not a whit surprised by the unhappy consequences. The ability of clubs such as Milan to build up a park of foreign players, only three of whom can be used at any one time. And now, I'll admit that the consequences of absolute freedom of contract could in many ways be deeply negative.

Yet goodness knows the clubs had it their own way for generations. The maximum wage lasted in the Football League till 1961! After World War One, the maximum was promptly reduced from £9 to £8; and there it stayed, until after World War Two!

The French experience however suggests there may be hope. Many a player has stayed with his club for several years, however free he notionally may have been. And there would be nothing after all to stop transfer fees being paid while a player was still in contract.

Meanwhile, hold on to your hats and prepare for a revolution.

False freedom . . . Roberto Baggio's 'default' value is over £9million!

'These are the legal and moral sides of the affair: in law, freedom should surely mean exactly that. Nor does it seem morally right that a club can restrain a player against the payment of a fee when his contract is ultimately done'

AUGUST 1995 Glanville predicts the Bosman revolution

wargam

War-torn Croatia is fighting a battle on football's frontline. Zdravko Reic in Split reports on the amazing steps taken by the national side

LIFE is hard in Croatia. This is the fourth year of a war in which Serbians have occupied one third of the country. Living standards are miserable and defence expenditure takes a considerable chunk out of ordinary people's pay.

Tourism was once the country's largest source of income. But there's been fewer and fewer visitors to the beautiful Adriatic coast in recent years because of the security situation.

With such a sad state of affairs, when every citizen dreams of a return to everyday life, sport – and in particular, football – has provided the sole light at the end of the tunnel.

Football is the country's most popular sport. For many ordinary people the game provides proof that Croatia is alive and well.

The city of Dubrovnik, dubbed the 'Croatian Athens' because of its historical and cultural importance, was surrounded by Serbs for eight months. The break-up of the siege was the first sign of the Croatian army's growing strength, but it was only when FC Dubrovnik and FC Segesta played a football match in the town that everyday life really returned. Church bells rang out, soldiers fired their rifles in the air in celebration. Football was back, signalling the return of freedom.

Last season, Croatian football achieved great success. FIFA declared Croatia the biggest mover in the world rankings – the national team rose 60 places, from 122 to 62. And thanks to some impressive results in the European Championship qualifiers, Croatia are virtually assured of a place in England next June.

The most significant result so far was the sensational 2-1 victory over Italy in Palermo. The whole of Croatia watched the match on television, from soldiers on the front lines, to refugees in the camps, to ordinary citizens in safe homes.

The nation still seeks confirmation of its new-found football strength. They will get a good idea in two forthcoming matches, the Euro qualifier on October 8 against Italy in Split, which will decide the 4, and the friendly d at Wembley on

roatian national team director and ed coach in the country, is well enge his team faces.

emember the first international appearance of the Croatian national team, 2-1 against the US in Zagreb in 1991. Everybody remembers our game against one of the world's leading nations, Spain, when we beat them 2-0 in Valencia. Everybody carries in their heart the 2-1 victory over Italy. But definitely the most difficult exam we must pass is at Wembley, against England."

Long before the qualification process began, Ivic and team manager Miroslav Blazevic set themselves a target – to show up in England in June 1996. They took an unusual step in that direction by ruling that the players would not be paid for victories or any points gained – at least for the time being. They get £400 expenses for each match, but if they make it to the finals, those who have played in all 10 qualifiers will get a £40,000 bonus.

But the Croatian 'football commandos', led by captain Zvonimir Boban, will not stop there. They believe they can reach the semi-finals in England, and see the match at Wembley as a crucial test of just how good Croatian football is.

Boban is looking forward to the task. "To play at Wembley – it's a dream for every one of us. We hope that this match won't be the last we play there, and that we can get through to play in the final rounds of the competition. That would mean we had succeeded."

Croat stars . . . Zvonimir Boban (left) and Robert Jarni

OPPONENTS	RES	VENUE	DATE
Croatia v USA	2-1	Zagreb	17.10.90
Croatia v Romania	2-0	Rijeka	22.12.90
Slovenia v Croatia	0-1	Murska Sobota	19.06.91
Australia v Croatia	1-0	Melbourne	05.07.92
Australia v Croatia	3-1	Adelaide	08.07.92
Australia v Croatia	0-0	Sydney	12.07.92
Croatia v Mexico	3-0	Zagreb	22.10.92
Croatia v Ukraine	3-1	Zagreb	25.06.93
Spain v Croatia	0-2	Valencia	23.08.94
Slovakia v Croatia	4-1	Bratislava	20.04.94
Hungary v Croatia	2-2	Gyor	18.05.94
Croatia v Argentina	0-0	Zagreb	04.06.94
Israel v Croatia	0-4	Tel Aviv	17.08.94
Estonia v Croatia	0-2	Tallinn	04.09.94
Croatia v Lithuania	2-0	Zagreb	09.10.94
Italy v Croatia	1-2	Palermo	16.11.94
Croatia v Ukraine	4-0	Zagreb	26.03.95
Lithuania v Croatia	0-0	Vilnius	29.03.95
Croatia v Slovenia	2-0	Zagreb	26.04.95
Ukraine v Croatia	1-0	Kiev	11.06.95

The national squad are made up largely of foreign-based 'legionaires' and those who have just returned from playing abroad.

Among the 30 candidates for the England adventure, eight play in Spain, three make a living in Italy, two in Germany, two in Austria, and one in France and Holland – 17 in all.

The remaining 13 play in the domestic league. Seven are with Hajduk Split, five come from FC Croatia and one plays for FC Varteks – although many have played abroad. Goalkeeper Tonci Gabric was with PAOK in Greece, Aljosa Asanovic with French side Montpellier and Ivor Stimac with Cadiz in Spain.

The game at Wembley will be a chance to put themselves in the shop window. Like many other emerging football nations, it is a fact of life that Croatian football can survive only by selling its best assets.

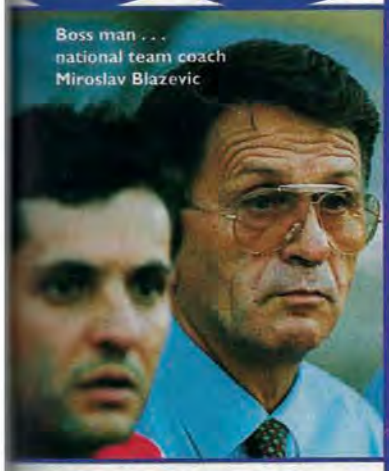
Ivic and Blazevic, the top men in charge of Croatian national football, don't always meet eye to eye. Ivic has been in charge of some of the great European teams – Ajax, Anderlecht, Paris SG, Atletico Madrid, Porto, Benfica, Marseille and Hadjuk Split – winning 14 trophies, but he did not want to take overall responsibility for the national squad.

That duty has fallen to Blazevic, the former coach of Grasshopper, Nantes and PAOK among others. He is not a perfectionist like Ivic, but a great pragmatist who knows to motivate his teams.

Both men work voluntarily with the national team. They do not get a dinar. Although Ivic is in charge of the strategic development of

The squad

es



Boss man . . . national team coach Miroslav Blazevic

Croatian football, Blazevic is free to pick the team line-up.

Blazevic leans towards more experimental tactics, while Ivic prefers long, careful preparations. That's where their two worlds collide.

"We have the best players in the world," says Blazevic. "They don't need much talking or coaching to succeed. Croatia will do well in England." Ivic, however, insists: "Although we have great players, without serious preparation we won't achieve anything in the Euro competition."

It's worth noting that Croatia's greatest triumph in the qualifiers, the 2-1 win over Italy in Palermo, was masterminded by Ivic. Blazevic was suspended at the time, following a incident at an Auxerre-FC Croatia game in France. At one stage Blazevic was Croatia owner, coach and president all at the same time, as well as being national team coach.

Many fear that the escalating war in the former Yugoslavia eventually will lead to the national team, as well as those competing in the European club competitions, to be banned from playing games inside the Croatian border.

When Croatian army forces took action this summer to free areas held by rebel Serbs, UEFA forbade foreign teams to appear on Croatian soil. That's why FC Zagreb had to play all four Intertoto Cup games abroad.

The national team, however, are still allowed to play on domestic soil. At press time Estonia were still expectd due in Split on September 3 for a game that will serve as a warm-up for the match in London, as well the crucial Euro '96 qualifier against Italy in Split on October 8.

In London, a Football Association spokesman said there was no reason for the game at Wembley to be called off, despite escalating violence.

Goalkeepers

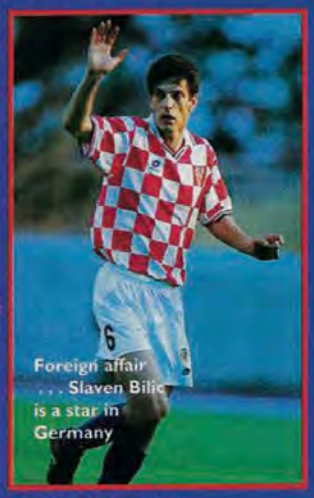
Drazen LADIC (1.1.63)
FC Croatia. 17 caps. The first-choice goalkeeper. Holds the record for national team appearances.

Tonci GABRIC (11.3.61)
Hajduk Split. 4 caps. Helped Hajduk Split to the double last season. Five season with Rijeka, before spells with Cibalia Vinkovic and PAOK Salonika.

Marijan MRMIC (6.5.65)
FC Varteks. 1 cap.

Defenders

Slaven BILIC (11.9.68)
Karlsruhe (Ger). 14 caps. First-choice centre-back who left Hadjuk Split for Germany in 1993. A key member of the Karlsruhe team who reached the 1994 UEFA Cup semi-final.



Foreign affair . . . Slaven Bilic is a star in Germany

Igor STIMAC (6.9.67)
Vicenza (Ita). 11 caps. Central defender. Member of Yugoslavia's 1987 World Youth Championship-winning squad. Joined newly-promoted Serie A side Vicenza from Hajduk Split this summer.

Nikola JERKAN (8.12.64)
Real Oviedo (Spa). 12 caps, 1 goal. The national team libero. An experienced defender who has played in Spain for since 1990. Previously wth Hajduk Split.

Robert JARNI (26.10.68)
Real Betis (Spa). 14 caps. A very quick left-back who likes to get forward. Moved to Italy from Hajduk Split in 1991. Had spells with Bari, Juventus, Torino (on loan), before returning to help Juve win the scudetto last season. Moved to Spain for £3m this summer.

Zvonimir SOLDO (1.11.67)
FC Croatia. 5 caps.

Darko BUTOROVIC (12.8.70)
Hajduk Split 1 cap.

Dzevad TURKOVIC (17.8.72)
FC Croatia. 5 caps.

Dubravko PAVLICIC (28.11.67)
Hercules Alicante (Spa). 11 caps.

Elvis BRAJKOVIC (12.6.69)
Munich 1860 (Ger). 5 caps.

Midfielders

Aljosa ASANOVIC (14.12.65)
Hajduk Split. 13 caps, 1 goal. Experienced midfielder with great vision and goalscoring ability. A youth, Olympic and full international for Yugoslavia. After 200 matches for Hajduk, he had spells with Metz, Cannes and Montpellier in France. Returned home in July 1994.

Zvonimir BOBAN (8.10.68)
Milan (Ita). 12 caps, 1 goal. Influential captain and widely experienced although still only 26. Boban was signed by Milan in 1992, after missing the World Cup two years earlier because of suspension for kicking a policeman during a disturbance at a match between his club, Dinamo Zagreb, and Red Star Belgrade. Played in Milan's superb 4-0 victory over Barcelona in the 1994 Champions Cup Final. He also was on the losing side when they lost the trophy to Ajax earlier this year.

Robert PROSINECKI (12.1.69)
Barcelona (Spa). 8 caps, 3 goals. Vastly talented player who was a member of Yugoslavia's 1990 World Cup finals squad and won a Champions Cup medal with Red Star Belgrade in 1991. Joined Real Madrid from Red Star in 1992. Spent last season on loan to Oviedo, before joining Barca in the close season.

Nikola JURCEVIC (14.9.66)
Casino Salzburg (Aus). 8 caps, 1 goal. First came to prominence as a key member of the Casino Salzburg team who reached the 1994 UEFA Cup Final. Right-back for the national side.

Goran VUCEVIC (28.5.71)
Barcelona (Spa). 3 caps. Talented midfielder signed by Barcelona from Hajduk Split in 1992, but had few first-team chance and missed nearly all of the 1993-94 season with a knee ligament injury. Returned home on a year's loan to Split last year.

Robert SPEHAR (13.5.70)
Osijek. 5 caps. Recently back home after a spell in Belgium with Club Brugge.

Josko JELICIC (5.1.71)
FC Croatia. 1 cap.

Stipe ANDRIJASEVIC (7.2.67)
Rayo Vallecano (Spa). 5 caps

Ante MISE (14.6.67)
Vitesse Arnhem (Hol). 7 caps.

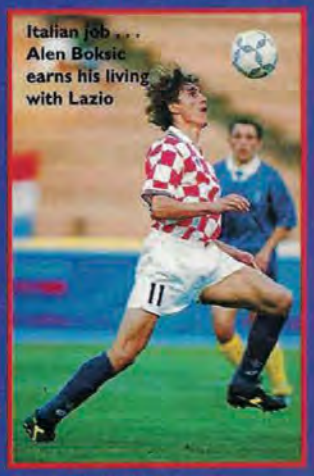
Mladen MLADENOVIC (13.9.64)
Casino Salzburg (Aus). 12 caps, 2 goals.

Nenad PRALIJA (11.12.70)
Hajduk Split. 1 cap.

Forwards

Davor SUKER (1.1.68)
Sevilla (Spa). 12 caps, 11 goals. A prolific scorer who started his career with Osijek, before moving to Dinamo Zagreb, and then on Spain in 1991, where he has become one of country's hottest goalscoring properties.

Alen BOKSIC (21.1.70)
Lazio (Ita). 9 caps. Signed by Marseille from Hajduk Split in 1991 and a Champions Cup-winner in 1993. Joined Lazio in 1993. Has not been a big hit on the international stage for Croatia – yet.



Italian job . . . Alen Boksic earns his living with Lazio

Goran VLAOVIC (7.8.72)
Padova (Ita). 4 caps. Top scorer in the Croatian League in 1992-93. With Padova since summer 1994.

Ivica MORNAR (12.1.74)
Hajduk Split. 2 caps. The most promising young striker in Croatia.

Milan RAPAIC (16.8.73)
Hajduk Split. 1 cap. A skilful left-sided player, considered by many to be the most talented player in Croatian football.

Ardian KOZNIKU (27.10.67)
Cannes (Fra). 3 caps, 1 goal.

Igor CVITANOVIC (1.11.70)
FC Croatia. 6 caps, 2 goals.

HOW THEY LINE UP

Christm
won't come

Gavin Hamilton reports from Amsterdam on the problems facing Dutch champions Ajax

AMSTERDAM is a city full of contradictions. A city steeped in history and culture but host to Europe's most notorious red light district. A city so different from the rest of Holland that it hardly merits the label Dutch. And the home to a football club which, despite its modest means, has scaled the heights of European and world club football.

This time last year Ajax, as European champions, were preparing to travel to Tokyo to play Gremio of Brazil in the World Club Cup. A few days earlier they had entered the Estadio Bernabeu in Madrid and outplayed and outclassed Real, winning 2-0, although it could have been five or six. They returned victorious from Japan after beating the Brazilians in a penalty shoot-out. Ajax, Europe's friendliest footballing giant, were on top of the world.

Crucial to Ajax's success, as we all know, has been their ability to blood youngsters with little experience, but steeped in the club's values, reflected in the training acronym TIPS: technique, intelligence, personality and speed.

Ajax's heady mix of youth with intelligent, skilful football proved intoxicating and had commentators everywhere reaching for the superlatives. In a game where commercial interests were coming to dominate, Ajax were not so much a breath of fresh air as a force 10 gale.

on, Ajax are struggling. The hich they strutted around Europe's has at times become a stagger this ogance (Chief prop. L. Van Gaal) teams were swept aside has been uttering lack of self-belief. diocre peformances, characterised by a lack of goals, has left the champions playing catch-up in the domestic title race – at one point they were in ninth place. Meanwhile, only wins against Rangers, those spectacular continental underachievers, have put Ajax back on course for a quarter-final place in the UEFA Champions League.

On top of the bad results came the announcement that head coach Louis Van Gaal will leave the club next summer when his contract runs out.

It would be wrong to suggest that Ajax are a club in crisis, but the story of their season so far does offer a cautionary tale about the changing nature of European football in the 1990s.

Two things happened last summer which have altered the character of Ajax for good.

The first was the move to the new Arena. The second was the departures to Italy on free transfers, a result of the Bosman ruling, of three of the club's brightest young talents. Edgar Davids and Michael Reiziger joined Milan. Nwankwo Kanu moved to Inter, though, sadly, he has since been found to have a heart complaint and is unlikely to play again. Nigerian winger Finidi George also left, sold to Spain's Betis for £4.8million.

Van Gaal does not single out any one reason for the problems. "The difficulties are down to a combination of factors," he says. "When you see so many players leave the club and when six from last season's line-up are injured, you have to build a whole new team.

"That's a problem because that takes time, and we have no time."

Injuries have denied Ajax some of their best players. Captain Danny Blind, the Finn Jari Litmanen and teenage striker Patrick Kluivert have struggled all season. Winger Marc Overmars has overcome serious knee problems but is clearly not returned to full fitness, while many of the players brought in as replacements – Tijani Babangida, Peter Hoekstra, Mariano Juan, Ivan Gabrich, Richard Witschge – also have struggled with injuries.

However, for all the talk of the casualties (and there's no doubt Ajax have missed Kluivert, Litmanen and Blind), it is the players now in Italy and Spain who have been missed the most. The club could do nothing about the departures of Davids, Reiziger and Kanu – they were simply offered money which Ajax could not or were not prepared to match.

A club official once joked to me that when they wanted another young player for the first team, "we just go along to the pond and hook another one out." Yet when faced with this summer's departures the club turned to the transfer market, not the youth team, to plug the gaps.

The summer move to the Amsterdam Arena, the new 52,000 futuristic superstadium, was supposed to herald a new era for Ajax as the club joined the ranks of European superpowers.

Yet the new stadium is universally unpopular. Supporters travelling away to see their team play Vitesse Arnhem were unanimous in their dislike of the Arena. It lacks atmosphere and the air of invincibility of the old De Meer Stadion, they said.

Many teams arrived at De Meer, but few conquered.

Open and shut case . . . Ajax at the new Amsterdam Arena, with the roof opened (above) and closed (left)

'When so many players leave the club, you have to build a whole new team. That takes time and we have no time' – Louis Van Gaal

as early

At the Arena, it has been hard to establish a presence when the club share the venue with visiting rock stars such as Tina Turner. The use of the stadium for other events has damaged the pitch, and that has hindered the team's performances.

Early Ajax displays were so badly received that the Arena quickly earned the nickname The Birdcage because of the way fans' whistles reverberated around the stadium's much-heralded retractable roof.

Van Gaal has been chief among the critics. "In the old place you could smell the football," he says. "In the new stadium the pitch is very difficult to play on, especially for an attacking team like Ajax. But it's a fact of life and we have to deal with it."

Ajax have soldiered on as best they can. Recent results in the League, notably the victory at Arnhem, when they recovered from a sluggish start to win 4-1, suggest all is far from lost.

Kluivert returned to action in that game, after struggling with a knee problem since the spring, and scored Ajax's opening goal. "I wanted to play at Euro 96 and help my country," he says. "Looking back, I should not have done so. It meant I was not ready to play for Ajax at the start of the season and with a lot of others injured, we struggled."

"I am satisfied with our progress in the League and Champions League," Van Gaal said after the Vitesse game. "It's important we keep everything in our own hands until the winter break. It's important we play like we did today and keep up with our competitors. I am still hopeful.

"Today was a big match for Ajax and it will give me and the players a lot of confidence. Injuries forced us to play without seven players. Of these seven, six are automatic first-team choices."

Van Gaal insists that his side should be judged after the winter break, when the wounded will be walking again. "It will be difficult until the winter break, but then we can have a rest for six weeks. Then I believe the injured players will be back."

Unfortunately for Van Gaal, Christmas won't come early. His team face two crucial tests in the Champions League, against Auxerre at the Arena (Nov 20) and against Grasshopper in Zurich (Dec 4). Victory over the French champions would secure a place in the quarter-finals.

Four days after the Auxerre tie, they travel to Rotterdam to face Feyenoord, early pace-setters in the League, and on December 22 comes perhaps the biggest test, at home to current leaders PSV, who won 8-0 on the weekend Ajax beat Vitesse and already have beaten Feyenoord 7-2.

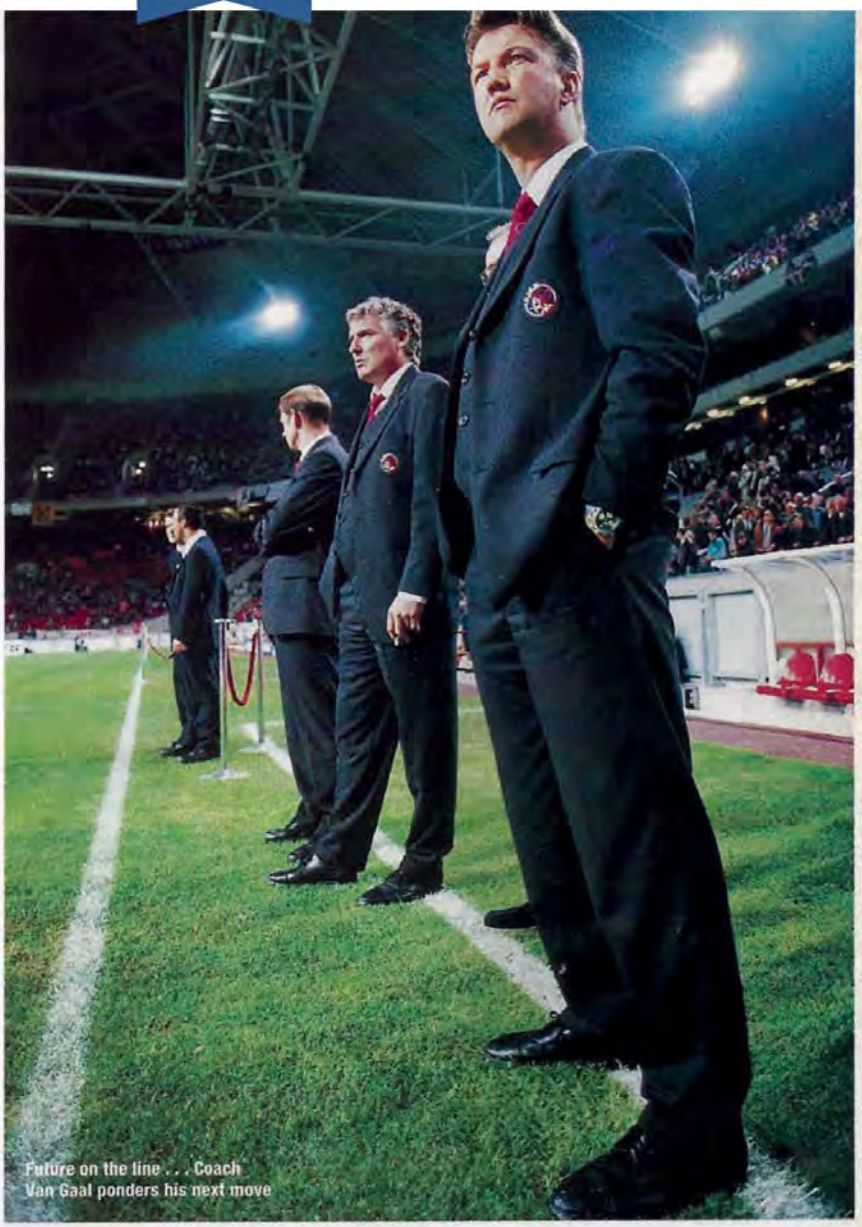
Van Gaal will be on the bench for these vital games, but insists he will leave the club next summer. He refuses to comment on speculation that he is bound for Barcelona, possibly with Ronald Koeman as his assistant, to replace Bobby Robson "It doesn't matter," he says. "What matters is the present. I hope to manage a big club, but I don't know if there are many clubs as big as Ajax."

Van Gaal's comments about Ajax's place in the scheme of things, however misplaced, raise important questions about the Bosman ruling and the way in which clubs like Ajax should respond to it.

Ajax are not Barcelona, or Milan, or even Manchester United. Holland is a small country and will not see the sort of crazy money that is likely to be generated by pay-per-view TV in Italy, Spain, Germany and England. The new stadium will provide Ajax with more income than in the past, but they will still have to rely on producing their own talent to compete at the very top.

The biggest litmus test of Ajax's ability to hang in with the big boys will be Kluivert, whose contract expires next summer. The teenager has yet to put pen to paper on a new deal and the danger is that Ajax could lose him on a free transfer to Milan. Even if he is persuaded to stay in Amsterdam there will still be the temptation to cash him in on the transfer market.

Either way, Ajax could lose their biggest talent of recent seasons. But then they are used to doing things differently in Amsterdam.



Future on the line . . . Coach Van Gaal ponders his next move

AJAX'S SEASON SO FAR

Aug 14	Friendly	Ajax 0 Milan 3
Aug 18	Dutch Supercup	Ajax 0 PSV Eindhoven 3
Aug 21	League	Ajax 1 NAC 0
Aug 24	League	Heerenveen 2 Ajax 0
Aug 28	League	Ajax 1 AZ 0
Sep 4	League	Roda JC 0 Ajax 0
Sep 8	League	NEC 2 Ajax 0
Sep 11	Champions Lge	Auxerre 0 Ajax 1
Sep 15	League	Ajax 2 Sparta 0
Sep 22	League	Ajax 1 De Graafschap 1
Sep 25	Champions Lge	Ajax 0 Grasshopper 1
Sep 29	League	Twente 1 Ajax 1
Oct 9	League	Ajax 3 Willem II 0
Oct 13	League	Utrecht 1 Ajax 1
Oct 16	Champions Lge	Ajax 4 Rangers 0
Oct 20	League	Ajax 1 Volendam 1
Oct 24	League	Ajax 2 RKC 0
Oct 27	League	Vitesse 1 Ajax 4
Oct 30	Champions Lge	Rangers 0 Ajax 1

Reborn of Rio

Last year Romario was overweight, overpaid and over the hill. Now he's back for Brazil and playing better than ever. Tim Vickery profiles the bad boy who cleaned up his act

THERE were times when Romario did not turn up for work; now he arrives at Flamengo's training ground in a helicopter and leaves in a Porsche.

After two years away, Romario is once more taking care of business. "He is still in the elite of world football," said the *Jornal do Sports* after his man-of-the-match performance in Brazil's 4-2 win over Poland earlier this year, his first game for the national team since the World Cup Final. Just a few months after seeming to be nearing the end of his career, Romario has his sights fixed on another World Cup, and is working hard on his fitness.

At the Flamengo training ground he warms up on the exercise bike, before taking to the field for some finishing practice. One of his eyes is red and swollen – the result of an exchange of kicks and punches in a recent game. His opponent was suspended for four matches, but Romario went unpunished. There was an outcry in the media, but Romario was unbothered; controversy always marked him closer than any centre-back.

Ronaldo's tone is cold and defiant, his voice a Tysonesque lisp. "I went through an insecure phase, where I couldn't find the right path," he says.

"Then, I decided to overcome my personal problems. I promised myself I would return to the Brazil team. I trained hard and went to sleep early. Zagallo gave me a chance and I couldn't blow it."

Not too many people can claim to understand Romario de Souza Faria. He has been his own man ever since his birth 31 years ago in a Rio slum, Jacarezinho (it means 'little alligator', appropriate since he's snapped the patience of many of his coaches). Doing things his way led him to a World Cup medal and the accolade of the world's best player. But then it led him astray.

When he moved back from Barcelona to join Flamengo at the start of 1995, a few dark voices said that football was the last thing on his mind, that he wanted to live like a beach playboy. A messy separation from his wife (soon to launch her memoirs) and a host of 'nightclub incidents' lent weight to this view. He pulled out of the Brazil squad for a game against Slovakia in February 1995. Coach Zagallo was not pleased.

At club level, Romario got by on natural ability. He hardly trained, and his lack of physical preparation showed in muscle injuries. He still scored goals, but his contributions were fitful. He had become a luxury player, memorably compared by one journalist to the owner of a sauna ("He makes money from the sweat of other people.")

Match-winner...Romario starred against Poland

An ill-judged move to Valencia last summer ended with him soon being loaned back to Flamengo; in his first game back he limped off with a muscle strain after 35 anonymous minutes, and the end was in sight.

"I've known Romario for seven years," says Nilton Petrone, a physiotherapist who has played a big part in his comeback. "With his talent and his exceptionally strong physique, he's a genius. He used to say that he would retire at 28. I always told him that he could play until 35 or 36. He's always played within himself, never used 100 per cent of his physical capacity, so he still has a lot left to give.

"Two factors have been fundamental. His family life is returning to normality [he has married again, and his new wife is expecting a child] which gives him an emotional balance. Also, he had a strong desire to return to the national team."

Perhaps Ronaldo's rise was a blow to Romario's vanity. At any rate, he decided that he had plenty more to show, and set about developing a new role, tailor-made to combine with Ronaldo in the national team. After a career spent hanging on the shoulder of the last defender, Romario dropped back a few yards.

Junior, the flying left-back from the 1980s, is now Flamengo's coach, and helped Romario adapt to his new position. "He's been playing this way for Flamengo since the turn of the year," explains the now white-haired Junior. "He has other talents as well as finishing ability and his burst of acceleration over 10 or 15 metres. He also has good vision, and can pass with extreme precision.

"He was being marked very tightly, so he decided to drop deeper, from where he can slip through passes for someone else to carry out his original function as goalscorer."

Against Poland it worked to perfection. The goals were shared between the Barcelona duo of Ronaldo and Giovanni, but the platform was provided by Romario. He excelled in his new role of waiter, serving up sumptuous dishes for Ronaldo to finish off.

Romario says: "In training I saw how Ronaldo moves, so everything was in my head for the game. It's easy to play with him – and he showed that he wanted to play with me."

One goal came from a quickly taken free-kick, a replica of a Maradona-Caniggia goal in the 1994 World Cup. The comparison with Maradona is valid. With his strength on the ball, low centre of gravity, feints and first-time touches, Romario occasionally brought back memories of the great Argentinian.

Zagallo was ecstatic, praising "his participation in the team's movement" and the way "he opened up spaces and gave passes to his team-mates". Junior says: "I have no doubt that Romario could play another World Cup in this new position. He's at the stage where he knows all the secrets of the game, the trajectory of the ball and the positioning of his opponents. He's at the peak of his maturity. The best could be yet to come."

The Fall and Rise of Romario

- July 94 – Wins World Cup with Brazil in USA
- December 94 – Voted world's best player by FIFA.
- January 95 – Returns to Brazil to join Flamengo.
- February 95 – Makes a tame debut in a 0-0 draw with Fluminense; begins process of separation from his wife, Monica; pulls out of Brazil squad for friendly against Slovakia.
- June 96 – Flamengo lose Rio Championship after a last-minute defeat by Fluminense.
- August-December 95 – So-called 'dream attack' of Romario, Savio and Edmundo is a complete flop in the Brazilian Championship.
- June 96 – A Rare high spot. Flamengo win Rio State championship.
- July 96 – Returns to Spain to join Valencia.
- October 96 – After losing his place, Romario is loaned back to Flamengo; limps off in return game, as Flamengo crash out of the Brazilian championship.
- January 97 – After working hard in pre-season, Romario returns to form in spectacular style in the Rio-Sao Paulo tournament.
- February 97 – Recalled by Mario Zagallo to the national team for the first time since the 1994 World Cup Final; gves an outstanding performance as Brazil beat Poland 4-2.

'Romario could play another World Cup. He's at the peak of his maturity. The best could be yet to come' – Flamengo coach Junior

Still hungry for su

Paolo Maldini is on the verge of becoming Italy's most capped player but tells Paddy Agnew he has a more important goal in mind

HE MIGHT be about to become the most capped Italian player of all time but the hunger still burns. Sometime this autumn, in all probability, 32-year-old Paolo Maldini will make his 113th appearance for Italy, thus taking over from his Euro 2000 team coach Dino Zoff at the top of the charts.

For some, it might be the logical moment to think of hanging up your boots, at least as far as the international team is concerned. Not for Maldini. He still feels that fate has cheated him, tantalisingly dangling big-time success in both World Cup and European Championship finals in front of his nose, only to snatch it away at the last moment.

Talking to *World Soccer* at Milan's Milanello training ground, the Italy captain candidly admitted that the pain of his most recent disappointment with the *Azzurri*, that golden goal defeat by France in the Euro 2000 Final in Rotterdam, still lingers. It is a pain that will drive him on to go one better at the 2002 World Cup finals in South Korea and Japan.

"Our disappointment in Rotterdam wasn't the first time for us. Remember, we lost the World Cup Final in America in '94, we were beaten in the 1990 semi-finals here in Italy. Even if I'm happy with our showing at Euro 2000, where the team played well, it's definitely true that the fact that I've never actually won a competition with Italy gives me the motivation to try again."

Tall, blue-eyed and dashingly handsome Maldini has for long been a media darling. He looks so good that fashion mogul Giorgio Armani once said he would love to use him as a model. He plays football so well that professionals and fans all around the world have regularly penned him into the left-back position when selecting their fantasy 'world XI'.

'I want to go on to the next World Cup. It will be my last chance to win something with Italy'

Maldini could be forgiven for deciding to take his foot off the accelerator. He has known many triumphs – at least at club level with Milan, the one and only club of his career. Winner of six Italian titles, three Champions Cups and two Intercontinental Cups, Maldini is now a settled family man, happily married to Venezuelan ex-model Adriana Fossa and the proud father of three-year-old Christian.

The pain of close-run defeats at international level, however, still runs deep.

Curiously enough, when it comes to the World Cup, his worst experience was not the 1994 Final defeat by Brazil but rather Italy's 1990 penalty shoot-out, semi-final exit at the hands of Diego Maradona's Argentina.

"That is one of the saddest memories because we had everything you need to go on and win the tournament. The 1994 Final in the United States was different because there we came up against a Brazilian team that was stronger than us. The Final didn't go our way and maybe that was the right result.

"But Italia 90 was different. Against Argentina we were the favourites, we still hadn't conceded a goal, logic suggested that the Final would be between Italy and Germany, everything seemed to be in our favour, we were playing at home, we looked like the strongest side, and yet…

"That defeat was just as bad as Rotterdam this summer, which is still a bitter memory. I keep on thinking about those final 30 seconds and the hundred different ways we could have handled things and become European champions."

Maldini confesses that had things gone differently in Rotterdam, he might have been tempted to retire from the international scene. Given his disappointment, however, he is determined to go all the way to the 2002 World Cup finals.

He says: "There's no question of me having hung on in the Italian team just so that I can beat the caps record and then wave everybody goodbye. No, I'm here because I want to go to the World Cup again. A major title win with Italy is the one thing I'm missing."

Maldini's extra-long international career began in a 1-1 draw with Yugoslavia in a friendly in Split in March 1988. He still recalls that game all too well.

"It was strange, really," he says. "Their fans, who were obviously all Croats, kept whistling and jeering at the Yugoslavia team and at the Serb player Dragan Stojkovic in particular. At the time, we couldn't understand why. Later, of course, the whole world understood."

In that long career, Maldini has had five different national team coaches, including, of course, his father Cesare. Azeglio Vicini (1986-91), Arrigo Sacchi (1991-96), Dino Zoff (1998-2000) and current coach Giovanni

lier...Maldini hurdles France's Didier Deschamps during the Euro 2000 Final

NOVEMBER 2000 Paddy Agnew interviews Paolo Maldini as World Soccer celebrates its 40th anniversary

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Trapattoni are the others. His assessment of the different coaches is enlightening.

"Vicini, my father and Zoff were all calm, steady people, whereas Sacchi was an obsessive perfectionist, always anxious.

"Sacchi's idea of asking us whether Luca Vialli should be allowed back into the squad [in 1995] was hardly a brilliant one. Certain decisions have to be taken by the coach, not the players.

"As for Trapattoni, he is as you see him, a straightforward, likeable guy with a profound knowledge of football and huge enthusiasm."

If only...runner-up in Rotterdam

Maldini junior makes no bones about the admission that the period between December 1996 and July 1998 when his father was coach to the Italian team, of which he was already the captain, was his most difficult time with the *Azzurri*.

"My mother aged 10 years during that period. In the dressing room, my team-mates were more embarrassed than me. In a dressing-room, it's normal for players to jeer the coach and poke fun at him but as soon as I would walk in, the lads would change the subject. My father was very disappointed when he was sacked, so too was I.

"I tell you, I don't think I'll ever become a coach, after seeing how upset he was then."

Looking back on his long career, Maldini has no doubt about who was the best player he came across – Diego Maradona. Their Serie A duels in Napoli-Milan games provided both legendary fare and intense memories.

"After you have played against Maradona, all the rest seem small fry. Diego was the greatest, not just because of his outstanding ability but also because of his charisma, his ability to inspire team-mates. He had an extraordinary desire to win, he was capable of setting a stadium alight and yet he never ever said anything bad about his opponents.

"If he lost, he was always the first to hold out his hand and say well done. Perhaps the English don't see him that way but, for me, Diego was a great sportsman."

As he prepares to lead Italy through a seemingly 'easy', all-East European qualifying group that contains Romania, Hungary, Georgia and Lithuania, Maldini realises all too well that the 2002 World Cup will represent his swansong. He says: "Obviously, I realise that the next World Cup finals, if we qualify, will be my last chance. I don't want to go on for too long. I want to leave behind a good memory of myself, I don't want to find myself being dropped rather than retiring of my own accord."

In a 17-year professional career, being dropped has never been a problem for Paolo Maldini. As for the "good memories", he has left behind plenty. Perhaps, however, there are still a few more to come – in two years' time.

Lip service...Brazil captain Cafu kisses the Cup

THE FINAL

June 30

GERMANY 0 BRAZIL 2

Ronaldo returns in triumph

Brazil claim their fifth World Cup as 'Phenomenon' erases memories of 1998. Keir Radnedge reports from Yokohama

THE fireworks exploded and the paper glitz snowstormed down from the roof to salute a historic achievement, as Brazil set off on a lap of honour to celebrate their fifth World Cup.

On a personal level it was a triumph for Ronaldo, the victim of 1998, who had returned on a mission of revenge and had scored both goals in the 2-0 defeat of a German side who had never expected to share in the Final party in the Yokohama International stadium.

Gold and green were the colours of glory, black and white the colours of what might have been. The 2002 World Cup had ended with world football's hierarchy vindicated and the shocks and upsets of the past four weeks almost a trick of the memory.

When it came down it, when push came to shove, when reality cut in, then it was the traditional giants of South America and Europe who had taken the last curtain call. It was almost as if the passion and ecstasy of South Korea, the dynamism of Japan, had been factors in a different tournament.

When fans and football historians look back through the game's bibles they will see only Brazil beating Germany. The real tale of the first co-hosted World Cup will be enshrouded in the mists of football folklore.

Yet this first World Cup in Asia has been full of delight, not only for the home fans in South Korea and Japan but also for the record 45 billion international tele-viewers. For one thing, co-hosting worked exceptionally, despite the countries' uneasy history. For another, hooligans were conspicuous by their absence from the 20 superb, mostly new, stadia. The only snags concerned those perennially problematic issues of ticketing and refereeing standards. *Plus ça change.*

Senegal, appearing in the finals for the first time, had provided the tournament with a sensational start by defeating holders France 1-0 in the Opening Match in Seoul. But the Final rarely threatened to surprise.

Germany, despite the absence of suspended Michael Ballack, did take the game to Brazil as the best form of defence, and it was a tactic that had the Brazilians baffled for much of the first half. However, the mental and physical concentration demanded of such a tactic is enormous, and in the five minutes before the interval Rudi Voller's men began to wilt.

In terms of chances, Brazil, for all the Germans' impressive efforts, could have been four or five goals clear, and no one could have argued. But then this Brazil, for all the wonderful reputations of their forwards, had not proved themselves so ruthless around the goal area.

The initial exchanges brought yellow cards for Roque Junior for a trip on Oliver Neuville and Miroslav Klose for an elbow into Edmilson's neck. But Edmilson proved he was not too badly hurt a minute later with a sharp clearance for a corner as the superb Bernd Schneider arrowed in a cross.

Schneider, Neuville and Torsten Frings were all lively down the German right, giving Roberto Carlos little chance to enjoy himself in attack. But Brazil should have taken the lead in the 19th minute when Ronaldinho unhinged the German defence. However, Ronaldo shot wide of both keeper Oliver Kahn and his left-hand post. On 30 minutes Ronaldo had another chance. This time Kahn was quickly forward to save the one-on-one opening.

The only German shot of the first half came in the 41st minute when a Jens Jeremies drive flew safely high over Marcos's bar. The remaining five minutes were all Brazil. First, the German defence stood still, allowing Kleberson to stride through the middle, but fortunately for them he shot horribly wide. Three minutes later the midfielder fired a 25-yard drive against the bar. Then, in first-half overtime, Ronaldo went clear, only to be foiled again by Kahn, this time with his legs.

The Germans revived briefly after half-time. Marcos dived to defy a Jeremies header, then the keeper tipped Neuville's hard-driven free-kick on to a post after Schneider had been fouled by Gilberto Silva. And that was it.

Once Ronaldo had punished a rare error by Kahn, spilling a low drive from Rivaldo after 67 minutes, it was all over. Germany did not have the attacking verve to score themselves and their vain attempts only exposed them, 12 minutes later, to a further killer blow from the player even his team-mates address as 'Phenomenon'.

No doubt Ronaldo, the World Cup's eight-goal top scorer, will go on to collect end-of-year awards as FIFA World Player of the Year and the European Footballer of the Year (on the grounds that he plays for Inter of Italy). But his revival after an injury-scarred four years was a gesture exclusively for the people of Brazil. Four years ago, Brazil retreated from the Stade de France amid all sorts of controversies over Ronaldo's collapse and their team's similar failure.

Then, it did not matter in the greater scheme of things as the rest of the world rose to salute France. This time around, the World Cup needed Brazil to rise to the occasion.

Ronaldo and his team-mates did not let the game down.

Phenomenal...two-goal hero Ronaldo is carried aloft by his team-mates

'Ronaldo, the victim of 1998, who had returned on a mission of revenge, scored both goals in the 2-0 defeat of a German side who had never expected to share in the Final party'

JUNE 30 - YOKOHAMA, JAPAN
Germany 0
Brazil 2 (Ronaldo 67, 79)
HT: 0-0. Att: 69,029. Ref: Collina (Ita)

GERMANY (4-4-2)	BRAZIL (3-4-1-2)
Kahn (c)	Marcos
Frings	Lucio
Linke	Edmilson
Ramelow	Roque Junior
Metzelder	Cafu (c)
Schneider	Kleberson
Jeremies (Asamoah 77)	Gilberto Silva
Hamann	Roberto Carlos
Bode (Ziege 84)	Ronaldinho (Juninho Paulista 85)
Neuville	Rivaldo
Klose (Bierhoff 74)	Ronaldo (Denilson 90)
Booked: Klose 9min	**Booked:** Roque Junior 6min
12 shots (4 on target)	9 shots (7 on target)
21 fouls	19 fouls
13 corners	3 corners
1 offside	0 offsides
56% possession	44% possession

Sold out...but the vast majority of fans who packed the rafters to watch United's US tour games consider MLS too inferior to take any interest

Fighting the Euro

PAUL GARDNER
in New York

Manchester United's tour only served to highlight the challenges facing Major League Soccer

"WE NEED to be more important. We need to have more credibility." The words of MLS commissioner Don Garber. And they are true enough – so true that they add up to The Great Soccer Platitude.

Soccer's comparative lack of importance when set alongside the other major pro sports – baseball, American football, ice hockey and basketball – is at the core of its struggle for acceptance in the USA.

The not unreasonable hope is that time will take care of that problem. As the sport grows among kids – and it is arguably the leading participant sport at that level – logic says that this country's future adults will be much more familiar with, and more receptive to, the sport.

So goes the accepted wisdom. There has, however, been a glitch in the process. The great US soccer youth boom started in the 1970s. Already, by 1981 the total of under-19 boys and girls playing had reached two million.

So, here we are 22 years later, and the question needs to be asked: where is that huge group now?

It's easy to come up with an answer. If those people became fans and wanted to follow pro soccer, they could do it only until 1984. That was when the North American Soccer League collapsed.

The vacuum lasted for 12 years. So maybe that generation lost interest, turned to other things. It's quite possible. There's never any shortage, in the USA, of activities and entertainments clamouring to get hold of the leisure dollar.

Besides, maybe that generation wasn't soccer-savvy enough. They went to NASL games, but what else did they know? The international game was largely a closed book because there was virtually no soccer on television. On top of that, the performances of the national team throughout the 1970s and 1980s were embarrassingly feeble, so there wasn't even a patriotic handle to grasp.

SEPTEMBER 2003 Paul Gardner reports from the United States on a peculiarly American problem

Things have moved onwards and, it seems, upwards. The new US soccer fans are pretty sophisticated in the ways of global soccer. The number of games available on television – terrestrial, cable, dish – is more than any one person can cope with (GolTV, a soccer-only channel, has recently arrived), while the world's soccer powers now see marketing opportunities in the States.

The vastly-trumpeted Manchester United circus (albeit without shirt-seller supreme David Beckham) has visited the USA this summer and played to sell-out crowds. And the nomadic Italian Supercup (in Libya last year) descended on New York in August. The top Mexican clubs love to play exhibition games in the USA, particularly in Los Angeles, where crowds of over 70,000 are pretty much guaranteed.

Add in the fact that the United States had a pretty good World Cup in Korea and are now ranked 10th in the world (ahead of Italy!) by FIFA, and the fan is likely to have a much stronger grounding in the game than did his counterpart of 20 years ago.

But if the future looks bright, the present is where the problems lie. Commissioner Garber's words about becoming "more important" betray the frustration felt at all levels of the game in the USA.

Garber says there are 50 million players in the country. This has to be an absurdly inflated number, but even half that figure is a formidable total. How is something that big unable to gain the attention, never mind the respect, of the mainstream American media? It gets even more baffling when you realise that a huge percentage of those players are from white, middle-class, suburban families.

American soccer has only itself to blame for this damaging failure. The culprit is not so much MLS, or its predecessor NASL, as the governing body, United States Soccer Federation. The USSF has never made any attempt to mobilise and organise this massive constituency, and have it work systematically as a pressure group on the local and national scene.

Soccer's weakness in this area is internal, but far too often the outside world is blamed. There are those who can find no other explanation for this anomaly than to cry foul and accuse the media of a conspiracy to kill off the sport. This is highly unlikely. But there is enough evidence of an almost pathological dislike of the sport among many American journalists.

A number of columnists, evidently irritated by soccer's refusal to go away, regularly savage it. These people speak with awesome certainty for the whole country – "Americans don't want soccer" – and back up their assertion with pseudo-scientific hogwash about Americans only appreciating 'hand-eye co-ordination' in their sports.

The shrill and xenophobic nature of these attacks suggests that the writers are worried. They fear soccer – heaven knows why; they find they can't ignore it, so they trash it.

Yes, there are all those games on TV – but only a handful are on the main networks. Hardly any American newspapers have full-time soccer writers. Coverage, in short, is grudging, often ill-informed and swamped by baseball or gridiron stories.

Garber needs to tread carefully when the matter of TV comes up. Truth to tell, the MLS ratings on ESPN are poor. Very poor. In an interview with the *Oneonta Daily Star*, Garber explained, with smooth marketing talk, why the ratings were not as bad as they looked. "Today, it's less a matter of ratings as much as the potency of the people watching," he said. "And we have a very, very important core of people, young people from 18 to 35 years old, that watch our games. That demographic is very desirable for advertisers. We also have a very ethnic audience, and that audience is also very important for advertisers."

For sure, the ethnic audience factor is increasingly important. At the beginning of the year, the US government announced that the number of Hispanics in the country – 37 million – made them, for the first time, the largest minority group, ahead of the 36 million blacks. That huge total demands attention. A population approximately equal to that of Argentina or Colombia. Greater than the combined populations of Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile and Bolivia.

Of vital interest to Garber and US soccer in general is the news that two-thirds of the Hispanics are of Mexican origin, and therefore presumably highly soccer-susceptible.

Yet the matter of integrating the Hispanics into the American soccer scene remains dismayingly incomplete. Consider the following:

- For six years MLS had a Game of the Week telecast with one of the main Spanish-language television networks. In 2002 that outlet was lost when Telemundo refused to renew, saying its viewing figures indicated that MLS was not an attraction for Hispanic fans.
- MLS employs 10 head coaches, plus 37 assistant coaches. Only three Hispanics figure in that total, none of them a head coach.
- MLS runs a nationwide network of summer soccer camps for kids aged six to 18. More than 500 coaches are employed – and nearly 90 per cent of those are British, actively recruited in England and imported for the summer.

This is a tricky area for Garber and MLS. The kids of those wealthy white suburban families are an obvious target, but that is a long-term aim. For immediate support – and MLS would dearly love to increase its 15,000 average attendance (a questionable figure anyway) – the Hispanic fans are a more credible option.

But Hispanic fans like Hispanic players and Hispanic-style soccer. MLS gives them too little of both. It is also finding that its new-found energy to build soccer stadiums – a huge step in the right direction – doesn't always work well for Hispanic fans. Those fans tend to be working class, inner-city dwellers. The new stadiums are built where land is cheap – out in the suburbs, often way out. Dallas Burn's switch from the centrally-located Cotton Bowl to a temporary home in suburban Dragon stadium has resulted in attendances slumping from 13,000 to under 7,000 per game – with a large part of the missing 6,000 being Hispanic fans.

A new, soccer-specific home is being built for Burn – but again it is in an area, the city of Frisco 25 miles north of Dallas, that may well not be ideal for Hispanic fans. A similar problem may yet affect Los Angeles Galaxy, with their switch from the Rose Bowl to the state-of-the-art Home Depot Center, just opened in suburban Carson, California.

'These fans wouldn't be caught dead attending an MLS game. It is unworthy of their attention'

Snobs

An enigma for Garber to wrestle with – the League's essential move to build soccer stadiums, a move that will greatly help the push for more importance and more credibility, may at the same time estrange it from a vital set of supporters.

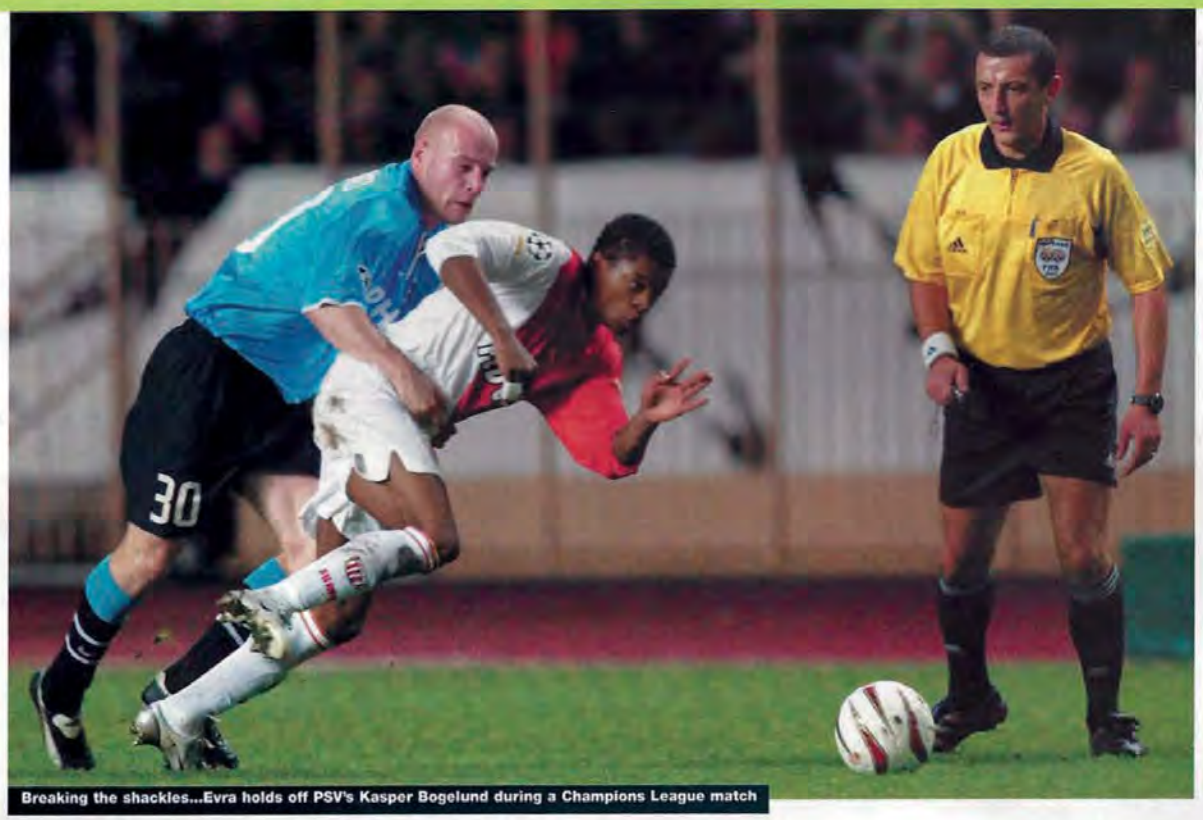
A similar problem arises for Garber when he surveys – with a certain amount of envy, no doubt – the sold-out Manchester United games. The fans who stormed the stadiums for those events were not Hispanic. But most of them belong to a highly irritating group known as EuroSnobs. Fans who will watch only the Premiership and Serie A and La Liga and the World Cup on television. Fans who wouldn't be caught dead attending an MLS game, fans who consider MLS so inferior as to be unworthy of their attention.

The United contingent – all beaming smiles at their unarguable success on the field and at the gate – were careful and diplomatic enough to state that they felt they had helped the growth of American soccer. Possibly – though definitely not if their main influence has been to bolster the insufferable EuroSnobs (of whose existence United seemed blissfully unaware).

TALENT SCOUT

TOMORROW'S STARS TODAY

Patrice EVRA



Breaking the shackles...Evra holds off PSV's Kasper Bogelund during a Champions League match

Monaco full-back considered the heir apparent to Lizarazu

DESPITE HIS INITIAL misgivings, redeployment has proved key to the success of Monaco left-back Patrice Evra.

When ex-Nice boss Sandro Salvioni informed Evra three years ago that he wanted to move him from the left side of attack to full-back, the youngster's first reaction was to dig in his heels, arguing that he was a creator, not a destroyer.

How wrong he was. His tenacity, speed and good use of the ball made him ideally suited to his new brief. As well as being voted the best left-back in the French Second Division in 2001-02, word of his talent began to spread around Europe, with Barcelona, Juventus and Auxerre among the growing band of admirers.

Evra eventually plumped for Cote d'Azur neighbours Monaco, however, and although he mpetition from Belgian Philippe l Givet and Franck Jurietti, he lished himself as first-choice. Evra part of a young, vibrant Monegasque e shown strong recent form at the Champions League.

"At first I was tempted to join Auxerre but what impressed me about Monaco was the attitude of coach Didier Deschamps," says Evra. "He told me he would always give a chance to promising youngsters who showed commitment. He doesn't care who you are, if you live up to his expectations, he sticks by you.

"He's made me more disciplined. For the first few games I was camped in the opposition half and he had to tell me some home truths. He said that if I wanted to stay in the team, I must make defending my priority."

Evra, still only 22, has already amassed a great deal of experience, including a two-year spell abroad. After playing for Parisian amateur sides Ulis – from where Thierry Henry set out on the road to superstardom – and Bretigny, he joined the Paris Saint-Germain youth team. He was then spotted in 1998 by Italian Serie C club Marsala and jumped at the chance of winning his first professional contract with the Sicilians.

"I was tired of waiting for opportunities in France," says Evra. "I knew it could all go wrong for me in Italy but was prepared to take the risk."

He need not have worried. His form on the left flank for Marsala was excellent and after a stint with Serie B Monza, he was lured back across the Alps by Nice early in 2001.

Thanks to his outstanding work for Monaco and the French Under-21s, he is widely considered the heir apparent to Bixente Lizarazu in the senior France side. But a future with *Les Bleus* was not the only international avenue open to him. Senegal-born Evra was asked whether he would like to play for the African nation in the 2002 World Cup but turned them down.

"While I'm proud of my Senegalese roots, my dream was always to play for France," he says. "Euro 2004 would be a bonus for me but I hope to be a full international in two or three years. I have the potential. Step by step I'm getting closer to the France team."

Nick Bidwell

FACT FILE

Club: Monaco
Country: France
Born: May 15, 1981, in Dakar, Senegal
Previous clubs: Ulis, Bretigny-sur-Orge, Paris Saint-Germain, Marsala (Ita), Monza (Ita), Nice
Honours: French League Cup 2003 (Monaco)

TALENT SCOUT

Colombian gold

Tim Vickery selects 12 eyecatching talents from the recent South American Under-20 Championship

Fluid style...Messi

Lionel MESSI

Born 24.06.87 Club Barcelona (Spa) Country Argentina

Playmaker who arrived in Colombia with a reputation and more than lived up to it. Looks more like a pigeon-toed runt of the litter than a footballer – until he gets the ball, when he runs with the fluidity of the truly gifted, and shows flashes of class with his left foot. Has been at Barcelona since he was 13.

Ezequiel GARAY

Born 10.10.86 Club Newell's Old Boys Country Argentina

Another accomplished defender from the Newell's production line. The giant centre-back, hardly beaten during the tournament, engendered a sense of security throughout the defence. Has a cannon in his right foot, useful for clearing his lines or for belting free-kicks – he scored three goals in Colombia.

RAFINHA

Born 07.09.85 Club Coritiba Country Brazil

After a long lean spell, Brazil is suddenly churning out plenty of right-backs. This one has terrific lung power, good close control and can cross well. If anything, he started too well in Colombia. After Rafinha set up two goals in the first six minutes of game, opponents took steps to block him.

FERNANDEZ

Club Colo Colo Country Chile

a-born cutting edge of Chile's dynamic ive midfield, he is excellent at receiving the ball with his back to goal, turning and launching surging runs at the heart of the opposition defence. Strikes the ball well, too, and hit six goals in Colombia. Has the talent to be pitched into the World Cup qualifiers.

Jose FUENZALIDA

Born 22.05.85 Club Universidad Catolica Country Chile

Another bright and sparky member of the Chilean midfield. Scampers down the right flank, stretching the opposition and supplying intelligent service into the box. Calm in possession. Scored two goals by cutting in to get on the end of crosses from the left. Also has a long throw.

Hugo RODALLEGA

Born 25.07.85 Club Deportes Quindio Country Colombia

Arrived from nowhere to become Colombia's new national hero. He came off the bench in the opening game and scored four goals, and proceeded to hit the net in every game he played, finishing with a record 11 goals to help the hosts take the title. Free-kicks, first-time shots off either foot, overhead kicks, penalties – they all went in for the whippy, wiry striker. Now can he cope with the euphoria?

Camilo ZUNIGA

Born 14.12.85 Club Atletico Nacional Country Colombia

Colombia has hardly been renowned for producing full-backs, but both Mauricio Casierra on the left and especially Zuniga on the right seem equipped to take on the role at senior national team level. Zuniga defended soundly for the hosts but really came into his own when pushing forward. Made a splendid contribution with his speed, lithe dribbles, crosses and sharp passes behind the opposition defence. A real find.

Goals galore...Rodallega

Juan Carlos TOJA

Born 25.05.85 Club Independiente Santa Fe Country Colombia

Both his grandparents (one a Uruguayan) were professionals, and this long-haired midfielder plays as if to the manor born. The tall, strong left-footer pops up all over the pitch and has quick feet in tight situations.

Wason RENTARIA

Born 04.07.85 Club Chico Country Colombia

Made a brief but vital contribution in the second round. The burly striker is awesomely strong, good in the air, can hold the ball up, dribble with pace and has an excellent change of direction. Add to that the fact he is a great team player and it's not surprising that River Plate were sufficiently impressed to want him on loan.

Diego GODIN

Born 16.02.86 Club Cerro Country Uruguay

Lean, lanky centre-back who was one of the most consistent players in the tournament. From the discreet school of defenders – rarely noticed but hardly putting a foot or a head wrong for Uruguay.

Juan ALBIN

Born 17.07.86 Club Nacional Country Uruguay

Attacking midfielder who still needs to improve his movement and overall contribution but showed there is pure magic in his left foot. His four goals for Uruguay were magnificent efforts.

Engalberth PEREZ

Born 04.02.86 Club Trujillanos Country Venezuela

Busy, left-footed Venezuelan central midfielder who kept on running at goal, trying to release his strikers with a pass or bursting behind the opposition midfield in search of a shot. Scored one goal and deserved more.

● And a mention in dispatches for PARAGUAY. An extraordinary nine of their 20-man squad will still be eligible for the next Under-20 championship, in 2007. They paid the price for including so many very young players by narrowly failing to make it to the second round. Even so they left an excellent impression. The youngest players in the tournament – playmaker German Segovia and striker Carlos Acuna (both 16) – have fantastic potential, while the slightly older left-footed duo of midfielder Cristian Bogado and winger Ivan Gonzalez Ferreira also showed promise.

MAY 2005 The first mention of Lionel Messi in World Soccer

Don't stop me now...Leo Messi starts an amazing personal goal rush by scoring in Barca's Champions League victory over Lyon

NOVEMBER 2007 Sid Lowe reports on Messi's impact at Barcelona

Messi mania

The Argentinian's eight goals in six games over 18 days allowed Barcelona to forget all about their troubles with Ronaldinho

WHO NEEDS Ronaldinho when you've got Leo Messi? That's the verdict from plenty of Barcelona fans right now after the Brazilian provoked a mini-crisis at Camp Nou and the Argentinian resolved it, helping the team refind their form and presenting his candidacy for the end-of-year player awards with a string of outrageously good performances. Messi is only 20 but already arguably the best player in the world, and those "new Maradona" claims look less of an exaggeration with each passing day.

It all started in week four of the league campaign. Barca had managed only 0-0 draws in their first two away games, at Racing Santander, when Messi was substituted, and Osasuna, when he did not play at all. Although the Catalans had beaten Athletic Bilbao 3-1 at home in between, they trailed champions and leaders Real Madrid by four points in mid-September and the only goal of their paltry league tally that had come from open play had not even crossed the line.

But if Barca as a whole looked slow and uninterested, strangely lacklustre, Ronaldinho looked even worse. Despite getting the break over the summer that he had been pleading for after four successive close seasons taken up with international tournaments, the Brazilian looked no closer to refinding his fitness or form, and patience was wearing thin at the club. Then, on the morning of Barca's match with Sevilla on September 22 he mysteriously pulled out of the squad, claiming a "minor injury", which no one believed.

Minor injury? Major strop, more like. Ronaldinho had already been irritated by president Joan Laporta's support of Samuel Eto'o following the Cameroonian's anti-Ronaldinho rant last season and at having been substituted in three successive games this term. The Brazilian then awoke on the Thursday morning before the Sevilla game to stories accusing him of having been out on the town 48 hours before a recent match, thus breaking Barcelona's new code of conduct. Meanwhile, an anonymous member of the coaching staff admitted the player could "no longer outrun his opponents".

Suddenly, all hell broke out. Alongside a picture of a shattered-looking Ronaldinho with his tongue hanging out, the following day's headlines screamed: "Crisis!" Chelsea seemed to be reaching for their chequebook. More importantly, Barcelona seemed to be waiting for them to reach for their chequebook.

Nor did Ronaldinho seem all that keen to stay: he was furious about a sly boardroom leak concerning him and upset that a member of the coaching staff had talked about him behind his back. His brother Roberto, meanwhile, accurately denounced the situation as a "conspiracy", an attempt by the club to make sure fans knew Ronaldinho's lack of fitness and expanding belly was his fault, not theirs.

That was exactly what fans now believed. And that was why, most insiders felt, Ronaldinho did not want to play: he did not fancy a barracking from the fans after three dreadful performances, especially not against a side of Sevilla's quality.

Only it wasn't a crisis, because while Ronaldinho was out, Messi was back. The Argentinian had scored in a 3-0 Champions League victory over Lyon three days earlier and hit the opening goal against the Andalucians, flicking the ball into the air and swivelling to hit a perfect shot into the corner, running to the fans and performing Ronaldinho's famous surfer celebration. It was meant as an act of solidarity, but if anything Messi's display convinced fans that with him around it didn't matter if Barca did lose Ronaldinho. After all, Messi went on to roll in a ridiculously cool penalty to make it 2-0 (Frederic Kanoute scored a late consolation), and his superb performance had Sevilla coach Juande Ramos, never a man to get excited without reason, proclaiming him the best player on the planet. "When Messi plays like that," Ramos said, "there is nothing you can do to stop him."

SID LOWE
in Madrid

Phenomenal goal

But that was just the start. Four days later, Messi tore Zaragoza apart, scoring twice in the first 10 minutes, one of them a phenomenal goal, and leading his side to a 4-1 victory. Three days after that he scored another superb goal after dashing beyond the Levante defence, as Barca won 4-1 again. He was again on the scoresheet in a 2-0 win in Stuttgart in the Champions League and five days later put Atletico Madrid to the sword, scoring another excellent goal in a 3-0 win.

Eighteen days, six matches and eight goals – as La Liga went into the international break, Messi was top of the league scorers' table and he's by no means a No 9. But then it shouldn't really have come as a huge surprise. After all, the Argentinian scored 14 league goals (17 in total) last season despite missing a third of the campaign with injury.

After returning to fitness at the back end of the season, he hit a stunning hat-trick against Real Madrid, and his too-good-to-be-true goal against Getafe in the Spanish Cup was a virtual carbon copy of Maradona's great goal against England at the 1986 World Cup (although, meticulously Maradona-esque, Messi emulated the Hand of God one, too, in a later game). In fact, since his return, he has scored 15 in 21 games. This season's run is no fluke, and he is also top of the player ratings table in the pro-Real Madrid daily *Marca*.

The Catalan press has taken to calling him the Messi-ah, Franz Beckenbauer described him as "a spectacular footballer with the rare ability to do things that few players can do – and do them at a dizzying pace", and Michel Platini said "watching Messi play is a real pleasure".

Understandably, Atletico's tormented side did not agree with the UEFA president. "It's fantastic seeing Leo Messi on telly," conceded striker Luis Garcia, "but it's not much fun seeing him on the same pitch." ●

> **"Fans believed Ronaldinho didn't want to play against Sevilla because he didn't fancy a barracking after three dreadful displays"**

Read daily dispatches at worldsoccer.com

Khartoum character

English coach Stephen Constantine has taken on his toughest assignment yet, in charge of the national team of the world's No1 pariah

SUDAN

JAMES MONTAGUE

THERE ARE PLENTY of contenders for the crown of the hardest job in football, but things don't get much tougher than being the coach of Sudan.

Wracked by civil war and with a government accused of complicity in genocide, Sudan has been split between its Arab Muslim north and its black Christian south for decades.

To the west, Darfour has seen the internal displacement of some one million people according to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, with anywhere up to 300,000 deaths since 2003. To the east, a nascent insurgency has tried to disrupt Sudan's abundant oil supplies. And in March the president, Omar al-Bashir, was issued with an arrest warrant by the International Criminal Court for war crimes and crimes against humanity in Darfur.

This isn't exactly the best environment to try to secure the country's first appearance at a World Cup finals. But somehow the Desert Hawks have found themselves just six games away from qualifying for South Africa 2010. And the man charged with getting them there is an Englishman, Stephen Constantine.

Constantine is used to coaching in tough environments – Nepal, India and Malawi, not to mention England's Millwall, where he was first-team 05 before being sacked egation.

being turned down for a h non-league side Woking he was unexpectedly te back into international football. And it's his hardest assignment yet.

"There are some problems here," says Constantine. "Just before I got here the British embassy said: 'Are you sure you want to come?' A few days after I arrived Al-Bashir was indicted. But football brings people together. I can't do anything about the political situation, but I can do something about the footballing situation."

Constantine has grown accustomed to finding himself in places where bad things happen.

He coached Nepal's national side during the Maoist insurgency and used to play football with Crown Prince Dipendra. In 2001, a month after Constantine left, Dipendra massacred the entire Royal Family. A subsequent job with India required armed policemen brandishing machine guns to accompany him when he visited training camps in Assam, where a violent separatist struggle still rages.

Sudan, though, presents some very different challenges and the importance of the national team cannot be understated. Like the Iraq national team, who managed to unite a fractured country when they lifted the 2007 Asian Cup, Sudan has an equally divisive domestic situation with few institutions strong enough to provide any meaningful symbols of unity.

The Desert Hawks, though, buck the trend. "If the national team is doing well they are happier about their everyday lives. There are eight daily newspapers on football here, after all," Constantine says. "The national team is a symbol of reconciliation [because] it's representative. You have boys from Juba and Nimule [in the South] and Port Sudan [in the East]. The first squad I picked I didn't care where they were from: north or south, east or west. If they're Sudanese, I'll pick 'em."

Sign of the times... president Omar al-Bashir (centre, on vehicle) greets his troops at a rally of allegiance

> "I don't know if I'm in any danger. I haven't got any security guards or a bulletproof vest just yet"
>
> *Stephen Constantine*

Aside from some tactical and nutritional problems that Constantine spotted on his arrival, one of the big problems is the concentrated nature of the Sudanese league. Almost all the national team play for Al Hilal and Al Merreikh, from the town of Omdurman, next to the capital, Khartoum. "My job is to go out of Khartoum to find other players," says Constantine. "I will go to Port Sudan, I will go anywhere."

Constantine has been as good as his word and despite finding himself in a nation rated second on the 2008 Failed States Index – below Somalia, one above

Bundle of joy...Sudan celebrate a 3-2 win over Mali in a preliminary qualifying round tie last season

Zimbabwe – he has toured the country looking for players outside of the big two clubs, an act that has put him at risk of kidnapping or worse.

"When I said I was going to a game south of Khartoum they [the FA] said: 'Are you sure you want to go?'" he says. "It's a couple of hours down the road and the people there were amazed I made it. I don't know if I'm in any danger. I didn't think about it. Maybe I should.

"The recent kidnappings [of three western aid workers] haven't helped. I can't just stay in Khartoum though. I haven't got any security guards, not just yet. I haven't got a bulletproof vest or anything."

Search abroad

The search has taken him abroad, too, with Constantine looking at the Sudanese diaspora for help in bolstering his team, currently ranked 88th in the world. He hopes that 18-year-old Osama Malik, an Australian midfielder with Sudanese parentage who has just broken into the Adelaide United side, can be persuaded to join the campaign.

It will be a big ask to finish top of a qualifying group that includes Ghana, Mali – with whom they drew 1-1 in their opening game – and Benin, but Constantine believes Sudan have a chance and says: "It's every manager's dream to go to the World Cup. This is my fourth national side but this would bring happiness to everyone. They need it more than anyone."

Qualification would bring a whole new set of problems. When Iran reached the finals in 2006, the team was dogged by political controversy as politicians and campaign groups lobbied to have Team Melli thrown out in response to president Ahmadinejad's flagrant anti-Semitism. There were protests wherever the team played in Germany and those voices of dissent would be even louder if Sudan reached the finals.

"I know what it would mean for me and the people of Sudan," says Constantine. "So, please God, I hope we have that problem to deal with because it will mean that we are at the World Cup finals."

If that happens Constantine will be the only Englishman leading a team out to South Africa next year. Others who have made their names with unfancied African teams at the World Cup – such as Bruno Metsu (Senegal), Henri Michel (Ivory Coast) and Winfried Schafer (Cameroon) – were rewarded with lucrative contracts elsewhere. Constantine, on the other hand, has more modest desires for where he wants to go next. "Back to Millwall," he replies quickly. "It was a fantastic experience and the fans were great. I don't care what people say. No one likes us, we don't care!"

If Sudan were to qualify, against all the odds, for the 2010 World Cup, Constantine will have to grow equally as thick a skin in South Africa as he did in South London. ●

by Sid Lowe

The history makers

The one-time dark horses are now indisputable favourites

HERE WE GO again, then. We've reached that familiar point, the one that pops up every two years. At the start of every major tournament, the Spanish allow themselves, almost unwillingly, to believe that this year can at last be their year. And, at the end of every major tournament, they're forced to face the truth that this year, like all those other years, wasn't their year after all. At the start of every tournament everyone else says, "Spain? Yeah, maybe". But at they same time they're guffawing up their sleeves, adding: "No chance." Once everyone's dark horses, Spain have become a byword for failure. Yes, they might win it, but, no, they won't...

Oh no, hang on. Sorry, my mistake. That was the old introduction – the file marked "Spain at a Major Tournament". But that's no use any more. It's no longer valid. Spain are no longer doomed to failure. At long, long last they are the country who are every bit as good as they and we thought they were. Brilliant European champions too, winning in a way that was utterly incontestable.

Dark horses? Not any more. This time, Spain are favourites; proper favourites. Fernando Torres' goal did not just bury Spain's past, it opened up their future. It gave them an unshakable identity – something that has often been lacking – and a new mindset.

Spain believe now; the weight of history no longer drags them down. The media believes, the fans believe. There is a confidence and an excitement about the build-up. It's not the first time but it is different, more real. This time clinching a first World Cup, not just having a good World Cup, seems genuinely possible. Some would say probable.

Fitness of Torres

Vicente Del Bosque, demonstrating typical reserve and calm, has urged caution. Being favourites, he says, is a "terrible trap". And then there is the concern over the fitness of Torres, who missed the end of the season after surgery on his right knee. However, Spain's low-key approach – and, Del Bosque hopes, their reverse at last summer's Confederations Cup – should prevent cockiness.

Besides, Spain's record is genuinely stunning. Since Andres Iniesta gave them

Picture this, we're winners...Fernando Torres and Ruben De la Red hail European Championship triumph but can Spain now go on and conquer the world?

THE VIEW FROM SPAIN

"This is the best national team Spain has had in their entire history. There is one thing that could be problematic and that's the injuries. If Torres isn't ready, or Cesc doesn't make it, or Marcos Senna and Andres Iniesta, who have both picked up injuries, aren't fully fit, then that will be an important setback. But if they are all ready then this is a unique opportunity for Spain to win the World Cup. There has not been a generation of players like this before and I am not sure there will be one again."

Emilio Butragueno, former Spain striker

"At long last, Spain are genuine favourites for the World Cup. They are on an incredible run of results and will be taking virtually the same squad of players that won the European Championship. The few changes they have made are not a problem either. Santi Cazorla will lose out to Jesus Navas but no one can doubt that he's an exceptional player. The one thing that concerns [illegible] injuries that they might [illegible] m not sure if Spain will [illegible] er cent."

[illegible] Amavisca, former Spain winger

SUMMER 2010 Eventual winners Spain profiled in the World Cup preview edition

4-1 TO WIN THE WORLD CUP

William HILL

a 1-0 win against England in 2007, Spain have played 45 games and lost once, winning 41 times, scoring 103 goals. They won 10 out of 10 in qualification, a record, and have been victorious in 33 of 34 competitive matches, as well as beating Argentina, England and France in friendlies – in Paris the French fans greeted them with *olés*, the French players with resigned shrugs. You just can't get the ball off them.

This is a different Spain now. They no longer need to escape history. This time they can make history. ●

PRE-TOURNAMENT SCHEDULE

May 29	Friendly v Saudi Arabia (Innsbruck, Aut)
June 3	Friendly v South Korea (Innsbruck, Aut)
June 8	Friendly at home to Poland (Murcia)
June 9	Depart for South Africa

THE COACH VICENTE DEL BOSQUE

Preaching caution...Del Bosque

● Are Spain favourites for the World Cup?
Being favourites is a terrible trap. Spain are definitely among the group of countries that can be considered favourites but the risk is creating a dichotomy in which you either win the World Cup or you're a failure. It should not be seen as an obligation for us to win the tournament. The Confederations Cup is a good example: we were favourites there and one bad game saw us get knocked out. There are so many variables, so many factors that can influence the eventual outcome – some of which are out of your control. At the European basketball championships, Spain lost two or three games and still won the competition. At the football World Cup, lose one and you're out.

● Is there a chance of overconfidence being a problem?
No, I don't think so. The good thing is that we have a very down-to-earth, humble group of players who are able to resist the pressure and not allow themselves to be carried away. They have to have what I call a marathon approach to motivation – consistent, unwavering. A game against Macedonia has to be the same as one against, say, England.

● It's a long season in Spain and in England. Do you fear player burn-out?
Not especially. In the past, players were much more selective over their games; these days, footballers are used to maintaining a rhythm of competition and a consistency of performance. Players are used to a packed fixture list and have better stamina and resistance.

● Will you play with two up front or just one?
We have two basic models but the approach is much the same. We're talking about the same essential models as were used at the European Championship – we haven't altered things much. I have made changes, but softly. Our models are a reflection of what is done at club level too – Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Villarreal and Liverpool are the five clubs that basically provide the basis of the national team and the way they work serves as a model for us. The way we play has to make sense to the players we have, it has to fit with what they are used to at club level as well as for their country.

● It looks like Villa and Torres up front. When one of those is missing you tend to play five in midfield. Is that partly a comment on the other strikers?
No. It shows the variety we have. It is true that Guiza has Torres and Villa ahead of him but he is playing very well and always performs for Spain. Negredo is strong in the air, and good with the ball at his feet. Like Llorente, he's the typical striker that can be very useful to us. Silva and Mata can be considered attackers too, depending on how we set up – they're both virtually strikers.

● Spain have a very young squad...
Yes, and that means that we can grow further. They are very keen to learn and keep improving. It gives freshness too. We have added a few newer players. Spain's youth development has been superb over the last 15 years, there have been lots of options. I have tried not to change much but you see the impact players like Pique, Busquets and Mata have had. It's not good to be stuck in the past or to keep things as they are just for the sake of it.

● Real Madrid and Barcelona dominated the league. Is that a problem?
Well, it happens in every country. In Portugal it's Sporting, Benfica, Porto. In England – Chelsea, Arsenal and Manchester United. In Italy there are three or four... Spain is not an exception. I would love there to be more clubs involved but it is an economic reality in the end.

● Has football changed too much?
It has changed a lot but the essence is the same. The joy, the hope, the emotion are still there. Life changes but some things remain.

Interview by Sid Lowe

More from Vicente Del Bosque at www.worldsoccer.com/competitions/worldcup

SPAIN SQUAD

GOALKEEPERS

Iker CASILLAS

20.05.81
Real Madrid
102 caps (0 goals)
The man called "Saint Iker" for his collection of miraculous saves has had arguably the poorest club season of his career. However, his leadership as captain and astonishing reflexes make him arguably the world's best No1.

Diego LOPEZ

03.11.81
Villarreal
1 cap (0 goals)
Rumoured that when he was youth team keeper at Real Madrid, then-boss Fabio Capello rated him even more highly than Casillas. However, a lack of opportunities saw the raw understudy join Villarreal in 2007.

Pepe REINA

31.08.82
Liverpool (Eng)
19 caps (0 goals)
Spain could hardly ask for a better back-up goalkeeper: reliable when called upon, focused despite knowing he'll be sitting on the bench, and not a single complaint. Universally liked within the squad.

COACH

Vicente DEL BOSQUE

23.12.50
Spain coach since July 1998
Former international defender who was capped 18 times and appeared at Euro 80, he replaced Luis Aragones as coach of the national team following their victory at Euro 2008. Has also been coach of Real Madrid and Besiktas in Turkey.

DEFENDERS

Raul ALBIOL

04.09.85
Real Madrid
22 caps (0 goals)
Ruptured his spleen in a car accident when travelling from Valencia to sign for Getafe five seasons ago. Unfussy defender who is extremely quick and reads the game well, he joined Real Madrid last summer.

Alvaro ARBELOA

17.01.83
Real Madrid
13 caps (0 goals)
Comfortable on either flank, he would also be reliable in the centre too if ever called upon to play there. Having never scored a Spanish league goal in his career before, he has now added finishing to his repertoire at Madrid.

Joan CAPDEVILA

03.02.78
Villarreal
42 caps (4 goals)
He may be technically limited and not as fast these days, but he remains reliable and still has a fearsome shot. Once asked what his first measure would be if he became Spanish prime minister, he replied: "Resign."

Carlos MARCHENA

31.07.79
Valencia
56 caps (2 goals)
Joint holder of the world record, alongside Garrincha for the longest unbeaten run with a national team, currently on 49. Uncompromising but talented too, he likes to paint and collects bonsai trees.

Gerard PIQUE

02.02.87
Barcelona
14 caps (4 goals)
Intelligent central defender with a good range of passing. His grandfather was a Barca director. Picked up successive Champions League winners medals (with Man United in 2008 as a non-playing sub and Barcelona last year).

MIDFIELDERS

Sergio BUSQUETS

16.07.88
Barcelona
11 caps (0 goals)
Son of former Barcelona goalkeeper Carlos Busquets, he has performed with unfussy effectiveness in the middle of the pitch since making the Barca first team 18 months ago. Six trophies and a Spain call-up followed.

Cesc FABREGAS

04.05.87
Arsenal (Eng)
48 caps (5 goals)
Broke a leg against Barcelona in Champions League quarter-finals. Not guaranteed a starting place even if fit, he is still vitally important to Spain – as he proved during Euro 2008. A wonderful eye for a pass.

Andres INIESTA

11.05.84
Barcelona
40 caps (6 goals)
The man Wayne Rooney called the world's best player after last year's Champions League Final. Shy, quiet, and unpretentious, he has not had his best season but is still the finest ball-playing attacking midfielder about.

Marcos SENNA

17.07.76
Villarreal
28 caps (1 goal)
Arguably the outstanding player at Euro 2008, the Brazil-born midfielder has had a difficult season with injuries and looks set to lose out to Xabi Alonso for the deep-lying role. Tidy on the ball, with a good shot.

David SILVA

08.01.86
Valencia
33 caps (6 goals)
Fleet-footed, tough and creative, he is capable of playing on either wing or as a supporting striker. His maternal grandfather was a fisherman from South Korea who settled in the Canary Islands in the 1960s.

RDS

FERNANDO TORRES

20.03.84
erpool (Eng)
caps (23 goals)
uggling to be fit after a second op year on his right kneee. Scored nty of goals at club level this season pite the injuries, but didn't score in lifying for Spain. Only got one at o 2008 – but it was the winner.

Dani GUIZA

17.08.80
Fenerbahce (Tur)
21 caps (6 goals)
Got his chance for Spain off the back of a superb season for Mallorca and left for Turkish football after Euro 2008. Admitted he had a problem resisting the pull of "nightlife" but now seems to have settled down.

Juan MATA

28.04.88
Valencia
7 caps (3 goals)
Yet another one in a long line of quick, clever and small Spanish attackers, able to play anywhere across the front three or behind the striker. Combines superbly well with Valencia and Spain team-mates Davids Villa and Silva.

Jesus NAVAS

21.11.85
Sevilla
3 caps (0 goals)
Another new arrival in the Spain team under Del Bosque, he would have made the national squad years ago but for an anxiety problem. Adds real pace and skill on the right. Likely to play a big part coming off the bench.

Alvaro NEGREDO

20.08.85
Sevilla
4 caps (2 goals)
Returned to Real Madrid last summer after two great seasons at Almeria only to be sold on to Sevilla. Strong, skilful, an impressive target man and a tidy finisher, this has nonetheless not been his best season at club level.

SUMMER 2010 Sid Lowe's pen pics of the Spain squad

WORLD CUP 2010

LINE-UP

Carles PUYOL

13.04.78
Barcelona
81 caps (2 goals)
Barca's captain is having the season of his life after many thought that he would not even still be at Camp Nou after signing a new deal that allowed him to walk away if he didn't play. Fast, aggressive and fearless.

SERGIO RAMOS

30.03.86
Real Madrid
57 caps (5 goals)
One of the finest athletes in the Spanish league, he is back to his best after a couple of seasons of criticism for occasional lapses of concentration and poor positioning. Good in the air, he can play centre-back or right-back.

XABI ALONSO

25.11.81
Real Madrid
66 caps (7 goals)
Son of former Real Sociedad and Barcelona midfielder Periko Alonso and brother of Tenerife player Mikel Alonso. Del Bosque immediately gave the then Liverpool midfielder a starting role on becoming coach.

XAVI

25.01.80
Barcelona
84 caps (8 goals)
Third in the FIFA World Player awards, one of the finest midfielders Spain has ever produced is finally getting his dues. The metronome that keeps the best Barcelona and the best Spain sides in history ticking over.

David VILLA

03.12.81
Valencia
55 caps (36 goals)
Top scorer at Euro 2008, no one has scored more goals over the last six years in Spanish football. Quick, clever, two-footed and deadly in front of goal, only Raul has scored more times for the national team.

TACTICS

AFTER SPAIN beat France at the Stade de France in March, Thierry Henry exclaimed: "It's lovely to watch Spain on the television, but when you play against them you simply can't get the ball off them." And that, in a nutshell, defines the Spanish approach.

The key is possession; what is known in Spain as *tiki-taka* – a nonsensical phrase that roughly means "touch, touch". There will surely be no side in South Africa that completes as many passes as *la seleccion*, and they move the ball with pace as well as precision.

Direct when need be

Amid the eulogies surrounding Spain's ball retention and the team's creative qualities, two things have been overlooked: firstly, possession has been as valuable defensively as when attacking – opposition teams simply cannot get the ball to test the theory that Spain's defence is vulnerable. And secondly, Spain are prepared to be direct if need be – Torres and Villa are both happy playing on the break, as they proved during Euro 2008. If either are missing, Del Bosque's preferred option has been to switch to a five-man midfield, giving Fabregas an advanced role.

Under Del Bosque, Spain have also added another dimension to their game with Navas giving them pace on the right. Then there's the direct route, with the strength and ability to hold the ball up with Negredo or Llorente. Spain, in short, have it all.

Strike force...Villa (far left) and Torres

ALSO IN CONTENTION

GOALKEEPER

David DE GEA
07.11.90
Atletico Madrid
0 caps
Ever-maturing, and one for the future.

Victor VALDES
14.01.82
Barcelona
0 caps
Catalonia is up in arms at his failure to be Spain's third choice when he has been La Liga's best keeper this season.

DEFENDER

Andoni IRAOLA
22.06.82
Athletic Bilbao
4 caps (0 goals)
Talented and tidy right-back who can also play wide in midfield. Made his international debut in August 2008.

MIDFIELDER

Javi MARTINEZ
02.08.88
Athletic Bilbao
0 caps
Driving central midfielder with an outside chance of making the squad.

FORWARDS

Sergio CANALES
16.01.91
Racing Santander
0 caps
Spain's newest star. Five sparkling games for Racing Santander were enough for Real Madrid to buy him.

Diego CAPEL
16.02.88
Sevilla
2 caps (0 goals)
Head-down left-winger who likes to run at defenders.

Fernando LLORENTE
26.02.85
Athletic Bilbao
5 caps (2 goals)
Target man and goalscorer who is enjoying his best-ever season.

PEDRO Rodriguez
28.07.87
Barcelona
0 caps
Goals, goals and more goals have made him a fans' favourite at Barcelona but a Spain call-up looks unlikely.

Albert RIERA
Liverpool (Eng)
15.04.82
16 caps (4 goals)
Winger whose move to Spartak Moscow earlier this year fell though after the Russian side refused to meet his wage demands.

Facetoface

CRISTIANO RONALDO

"I've not changed over the years. My thought is still the same: I want to be the best"

The winner of UEFA's Best Player in Europe award on his past, present and future

Last season you scored 32 goals in La Liga, you won the Golden Shoe and there were 17 goals in the Champions League – something that nobody has ever done before. How do you feel about winning this award?
Individual awards are the result of having achieved your targets as a collective. Fortunately, we had a fantastic season. We won the Champions League, the Spanish Cup and the European Super Cup. An individual trophy is the prize for playing well as a team but obviously, I'm not going to lie, I really wanted to win this trophy.

You've twice been named best player in the world and won the Ballon d'Or three times. What is left for you?
To remain the best. I've not changed over the years. My thought is still the same. In my work I want to be the best.

You seem to be a very contented man...
I am a person for who, thank God, things have gone all right. I lack nothing. I have good health, my family is well, I have plenty of friends, so it would be unfair of me to say I'm sad. My football career is in full swing, I feel good.

Did you play the Champions League Final in Lisbon and the World Cup with a knee injury?
Obviously yes. Maybe if I had stopped, I would have been fine. It was not easy after the season we had, when things had gone very, very well. But I did not want to miss the Champions League Final and also the World Cup. I was not in perfect condition but I forced myself and it went well at club level. We won the Champions League, I scored a goal and the team won *la decima* (10th European Cup), which was what we expected in Madrid. With Portugal it was more complicated because things did not go quite right, but it cannot always go well.

What hurts more: the knee – or the head for all the things that have been said about the knee?
The head always hurts more.

Last year doctors advised you to rest. Was there a point when you risked more than you should, that you could have jeopardised your career?
Obviously yes. In life you don't win without making sacrifices and sometimes you have to take risks. Perhaps in other circumstances I would have behaved differently, but we were involved in major competitions so it was more difficult. Things went well, I beat the record for goals in the Champions League. On vacation I rested for one month and did nothing other than treatment and care for my body. Sometimes I take my body to the limit, but all competitive athletes are the same. I feel better now, though. In pre-season you have ups and downs. When you tour with Real Madrid, you suffer travel fatigue and jet lag.

Everyone says winning *la decima* has eased the pressure, but now comes the pressure of winning it for an 11th time...
Everybody who plays for Real Madrid knows the pressure at this club. It is not only within the club, but also outside, from the fans, the press. And it's natural, because we are talking about the best club in the world. Yes, I think that the pressure of *la decima* was huge. A club of our size believes we can win it every year, but I think this year we will be calmer psychologically. I do not think it will be the same.

Has 2014 been the best year of your career so far?
Maybe because of all the collective and individual successes, but I've been at the same level for the last six or seven years. Maybe the small difference is we won titles, but personally nothing has changed.

Carlo Ancelotti says Madrid have a better team than last year...
We will only know at the end of the season. You can buy the 40 best players in the world and still not make a great team. I'm not saying the players we have bought are not very good players; they are players who want to help Real Madrid. But you have to do the maths at the end of the season. See what we have won then. I am convinced that things will go well for them individually and for us as a team.

Is the relationship between the players and Ancelotti as idyllic as it seems from the outside?
It is perfect. The coach is doing a phenomenal job. He's an extraordinary person, a great coach and we are happy to have him.

Are you sick of the constant comparisons with Lionel Messi or have you learned to live with it?
It is part of my life. It is normal that people compare us. It's like in Formula 1, the comparisons between Ferrari and Mercedes. I'm used to it, not only after all these years in Madrid, but in Manchester it was the same, so I know how to live with it.

It's often said that you and Messi have a bad personal relationship...
Not at all. We're *companeros* (partners), work colleagues. Obviously, outside of football I have no relationship with him or with other players. He tries to do the best for his club and his country, and I try to do the same for mine. In that sense, it's safe to say, a certain rivalry exists. But we must face this rivalry in a positive spirit, because it is a good thing.

Interview by Miguel Serrano Cejas (Marca/ESM)

"I defend the Madrid shirt because it is the club that pays me and gives me everything, and I defend the colours of Portugal, because it is my country"

Glenn Moore

The Old Lady's new team

Juventus Women join Serie A

"The Old Lady" finally has a ladies' team and their debut campaign looks like being one of the stories of the new season. Juventus have been known as "*La Vecchia Signora*" since the 1930s, having been founded in 1897, but only this season have they had a female team.

In a surprise move, Juve bought the licence of established women's Serie A side Cuneo in the summer and moved the team 50 miles to Turin, bringing in Rita Guarino – an ex-Italy international and then coach of the Italian women's under-17s – to re-build the team.

Guarino has been very active, recruiting a core of players from the 2014 and 2016 champions Brescia, and adding a sprinkling of overseas talent such as seasoned internationals Ingvild Isaksen of Norway and Finland's Tuija Hyyrynen, along with some promising youngsters. These include Katie Zelem, who came through the youth ranks at Manchester United but then left for Liverpool as United do not have an adult female team.

Guarino's side play their home games at Juventus' Vinovo training complex and began with an Italian Cup derby against Torino, who are long-established but not linked with the men's team of the same name and play in the regional Serie B. Juventus demonstrated the huge gulf in class by winning 21-0 on aggregate.

Brescia, who are independent, and current champions Fiorentina, who are in their third season of being backed by the men's team and have signed 18-year-old Ellie Brazil from Birmingham City, will be als for the Serie A title.

olini, who took over from ni as national coach after ieves Juventus' involvement s game should be of great ating: "Juventus is a new important for the women's football movement. We can only thank the *Bianconeri* for their push into women's football."

Bertolini, who named six Juventus players in her first national squad, adds: "There has been more talk in the media in the past two months than in the last few years and the fact that a major club like Juventus has taken this opportunity to be at the forefront will surely push the entire movement on.

"In the past, conditions have been absent for girls to develop here in Italy. I think that may change."

> "The fact that a major club like Juventus has taken this opportunity to be at the forefront will surely push the entire movement on"
>
> Italy coach Milena Bertolini on Juve starting a women's team

Long term, Juventus are clearly aiming to make an impact in Europe, but they have some ground to cover to catch up with current champions Lyon. The French side have strengthened again this summer, bringing in Shanice Van de Sanden, one of the stars of the Dutch Euro 2017 title win from Liverpool, and Lucy Bronze, the impressive England and Manchester City defender.

Lyon will, however, be without Caroline Seger, who has returned to Sweden, and strikers Pauline Bremer of Germany, who was traded in part-exchange for Bronze, and USA superstar Alex Morgan. But there is still plenty of attacking excellence left, the more so with Ada Hegerberg "taking a break" from representing Norway due to dissatisfaction with the Norwegian FA's support of the women's team. There is also growing speculation that Morgan will ultimately be replaced by another American, Morgan Brian, who was the subject of a shock recent move from Houston Dash to Chicago Red Stars.

Lyon's strongest challengers, both at home and abroad, could be Montpellier, who were last season's Ligue 1 runners-up. Despite being absent from Europe this season, Paris Saint-Germain should also be in the mix domestically, having retained most of their squad and added Jenni Hermoso from Barcelona, with Natasa Andonova going the other way.

Andonova was one of several Barca recruits, along with Lieke Martens, the newly crowned Euro 2017 Player of the Tournament and UEFA Player of the Year, and England's Toni Duggan. Runners-up to Atletico Madrid last season, they have also signed French midfielder Elise Bussaglia from Wolsburg and Atletico defender Mapi Leon.

UEFA's odd seeding process meant Atletico faced German champions Wolfsburg in the Champions League round of 32, while Frauen Bundesliga runners-up Bayern Munich met Chelsea.

The English side, winners of the interim Spring Series, went into the first winter FA Women's Super League with a new home, Kingsmeadow in Surrey, shared with third-tier men's team AFC Wimbledon but now owned by Chelsea. Coach Emma Hayes added to her spring

Euro winner...Shanice Van de Sanden

Star signing...Arsenal's Vivianne Miedema

Derby...Katie Rood of Juventus (left) in action against Torino

recruitment by bringing in Swedish defender Magdalena Eriksson and Norway's Maria Thorisdottir.

The most spectacular signing was made by Arsenal, who are seeking a first title since 2012. Vivianne Miedema joined from Bayern before Euro 2017, but two goals in the Final have added to her lustre. The Gunners also recruited Sweden's Jessica Samuelsson from Linkopings and Lisa Evans of Scotland from Bayern, while Josephine Henning returned from Lyon.

Manchester City, winners of last summer's WSL, have trimmed their squad but that should give more space to young talent such as Georgia Stanway and Kiera Walsh.

Everton, who were Arsenal's main challengers a decade ago, are back in the top flight and have marked their return by moving towards full-time status. Tottenham Hotspur, promoted into WSL 2 are also showing signs of taking the women's game seriously.

That will please the FA as yet another re-vamp is on the way, with proposals to make inclusion in WSL dependent on being full-time and running an academy. This could be brought in as early as next season, which risks making relegation and promotion this season irrelevant.

Current WSL 1 clubs such as Sunderland, who have downgraded their women's team by moving them out of the men's club's training complex, are likely to struggle to fulfil such requirements, as are Yeovil Town. WS

Round-up

Gone...England's game against Russia was Mark Sampson's last as manager

SAMPSON SACKED BY FA

Hours after overseeing a 6-0 defeat of Russia to kick-off the 2019 World Cup qualifying campaign, England's Mark Sampson was fired after the Football Association had looked more closely at historic allegations of "inappropriate behaviour" in his previous role at WSL club Bristol Academy (now Bristol City).

Hew was said to have "crossed the boundaries" in relationships with players and the FA determined that, while he had done nothing illegal and was free to work in football, his conduct unbecoming of an England manager.

Sampson was already embroiled in allegations of bullying and racist behaviour made by 102-capped Eniola Aluko, a furore that rumbled on despite two investigations clearing him.

DIACRE TAKES CHARGE

Olivier Echouafni failed to survive France's premature Euro 2017 exit and was fired 10 days before completing a year as coach. He

National job... Corinne Diacre

was replaced by Corinne Diacre, a former international who came to prominence when appointed coach of Clermont Foot, a men's Ligue 2 club in 2014, a position she held successfully until joining *Les Bleues*.

DISPUTES AND RESOLUTIONS

Denmark cancelled a friendly against Holland in what would have been a repeat of the Euro 2017 Final after the players refused to appear due to a financial dispute with their FA.

Deal...Australian sides Northern Tigers (in stripes) and Blacktown Spartans

A temporary deal ensured they did play a subsequent World Cup qualifier in Hungary a few days later, winning 6-1.

Australian players, meanwhile, have secured a new deal for their domestic league which features a significant salary increase, minimum medical standards and a maternity policy

STEPPING DOWN

Several cap centurions quit international football after Euro 2017, including Germany's Anja Mittag (158 caps), England's Alex Scott (140), Elodie Thomis (141) of France, and Scotland's Gemma Fay (203), Ifeoma Dieke (122) and Leanne Ross (133).

NEW-LOOK HOLDERS BOOK HOME GAME IN PLAY-OFFS

Carolina Courage – defending the title they won last year in the guise of New York Western Flash – and Portland Thorns earned home games in the NWSL play-off semi-finals, with Chicago Red Stars and Orlando Pride making up the quartet.

Cross...Courage midfielder Makenzy Doniak

ZIDANE SIGNS OFF AT THE TOP

The Frenchman led Real Madrid to a record 13th title – their third successive victory – and then quit

Zinedine Zidane's decision to step down after two-and-a-half years of remarkable success on his coaching debut with world and European champions Real Madrid was a surprise – but not that much of a surprise.

After all, what was there left for a man who won everything as a player and then as a coach? Especially as the looming prospect was rebuilding a team replete with fading, battered egos and suffering all the unpleasant consequences of inconsistent results larded over with temper and impatience , fans and the media. taste of what is to utes of the final whistle y over Liverpool in Kiev, onaldo and two-goal hero h talking about what the future might hold. So the Frenchman's triumphal press conference was not about celebration but consternation.

"That's not what's on my mind," said Zidane tersely when asked about his star players. "We have to focus solely on this latest major achievement and then we'll see what happens." What happened was that he stole a march on both of them by telling club president Florentino Perez that the team needed a change.

Not that this would have been obvious to a stranger who had wandered in off the street and witnessed how events had unfolded on the pitch.

Liverpool had outscored Madrid in the tournament prior to the Final by 40 goals to 30, but there was no first-half goal to reward expectations. Marcelo delivered the first attempt on goal with a long-range, angled drive which scudded safely wide, after which 15-goal top scorer Ronaldo, having started on the left, suddenly emerged at speed on the right to unleash an angled drive over the top of Loris Karius' goal.

Up and away... Zinedine Zidane

Mistake...Loris Karius lets in Real's third

Then it was Liverpool's turn. Virgil Van Dijk headed a Mohamed Salah corner over the bar before a low drive from Trent Alexander-Arnold was superbly held by Madrid keeper Keylor Navas.

However, the 26th minute spelled trouble for Liverpool. That was when Salah needed initial treatment for an injury to his left shoulder after he had been dragged to the ground, by his right arm, by Sergio Ramos. The Egyptian returned to the action but went down again and left the pitch in tears, substituted by Adam Lallana.

Minutes later Madrid were forced into a change of their own. Dani Carvajal was

JUNE 2018 Report on Real Madrid's 3rd consecutive European Cup Final win

Injury...Sergio Ramos (far left) brings down Mohamed Salah

injured in a counter-attack which went wrong and had to be replaced by Nacho.

Madrid now began to enjoy significant periods of possession with Liverpool standing off them, perhaps nervous of being caught out on the counter. One such spell ended with Karim Benzema popping the ball into the net from close range but, fortunately for Liverpool, Ronaldo had been fractionally offside with his initial headed goal attempt.

Nacho stormed in from the right to hit the side net and Toni Kroos skimmed a shot narrowly wide on the left before a half-time whistle which could not have come soon enough for Liverpool to rethink, reorganise and regroup.

But the danger signs were there for anyone who wanted to see them. Madrid had dropped into a pitch-wide pattern and shape while Liverpool, even before Salah's departure, looked notably shapeless. Tactically, Zidane had also established an ascendancy by giving Isco licence to skip disturbingly between the Liverpool lines.

Whatever advice Liverpool's players received from manager Jurgen Klopp at the break did nothing to persuade them to refocus. They carelessly conceded possession in front of their own penalty box two minutes after the restart and Isco hit the bar. Worse followed in the 51st minute when Karius saw his throw-out ricochet off the extended leg of Benzema and pop back into the net.

Madrid's celebrations lasted only four minutes before Sadio Mane equalised from close range after forcing a corner. But that was the last sight of Liverpool as an effective attacking force.

> What was there left for Zidane – a man who has won everything, first as a player and then as coach?

Madrid returned to the attack with devastating effect. Isco had a shot saved for a corner by Karius and was then surprisingly substituted for what proved a masterstroke by Zidane. The newly arrived Bale almost immediately restored Madrid's lead by meeting Marcelo's left-wing cross with a sensational overhead bicycle kick.

Ronaldo should have increased the lead in the 72nd minute but, when clear through the middle, he hesitated just long enough so the recovering Van Dijk could stretch out a leg and deflect his shot for a corner. Not that it mattered. Bale struck again, decisively, in the 83rd minute. This time he drifted in from the right to strike a lofted drive that slipped through the hands of the hapless Karius.

Zidane knew it was time to go. Will Ronaldo, at 33, and 28-year-old Bale follow him out of the door this summer?

Keir Radnedge

WHAT THEY SAID

GARETH BALE ***(Real Madrid)***
"On the biggest stage in world football to score a goal like that is a dream come true. I've never scored a bicycle-kick goal before and it's something I've always wanted. I saw Marcelo clipping the ball in at the right height and thought: 'Why not give it a go?' and it was great to see it flying in the back of the net.

"I was very disappointed at being a substitute. I felt I'd been playing well but I know, as a professional, that the team isn't about 11 players it's about the squad, and when you have a chance you have to try to make an impact so that's what I did.

"But I feel I need to be playing every week and if that's not the case here I'll sit down in the summer with my agent and reflect on things."

ZINEDINE ZIDANE ***(Real Madrid coach)***
"There is no great secret to this success. It's the product of a lot of hard work and a lot of talent. This team are always hungry for more goals and more victories. This has brought us great successes with three wins in succession and nobody has done that."

JURGEN KLOPP ***(Liverpool manager)***
"The Salah injury was a big moment in the game. That always sounds like being a bad loser but it was a harsh challenge because it was like wrestling a bit and it was bad luck that Mo fell on his shoulder.

"It's a really serious injury and the shock for the boys was obvious.

"I really feel for Karius. Nobody wants that. The mistakes were obvious. He knows it. I know it. You all know it.

"He has to deal with it. We have to deal with it. We will be with him."

CHAMPIONS LEAGUE FINAL

REAL MADRID (Benzema 51, Bale 64, 83)	**3**
LIVERPOOL (Mane 55)	**1**

HT: 0-0. Att: 61,561. Ref: Mazis (Ser)

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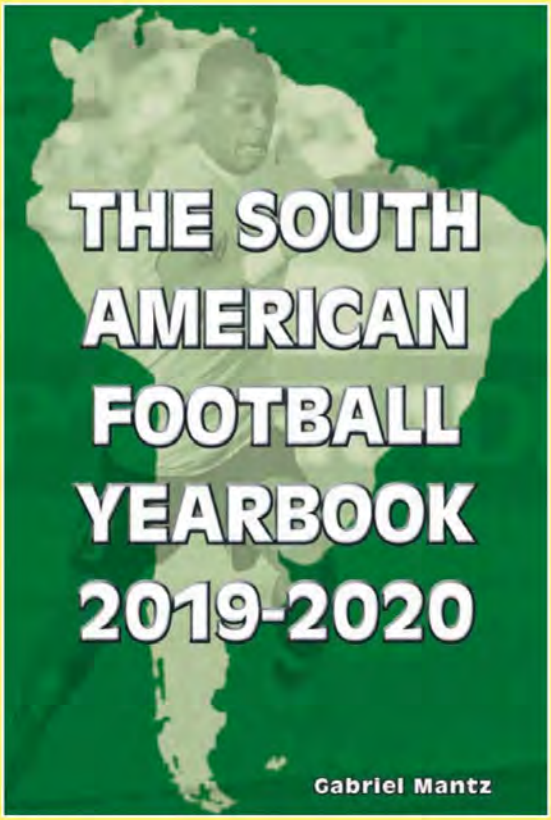

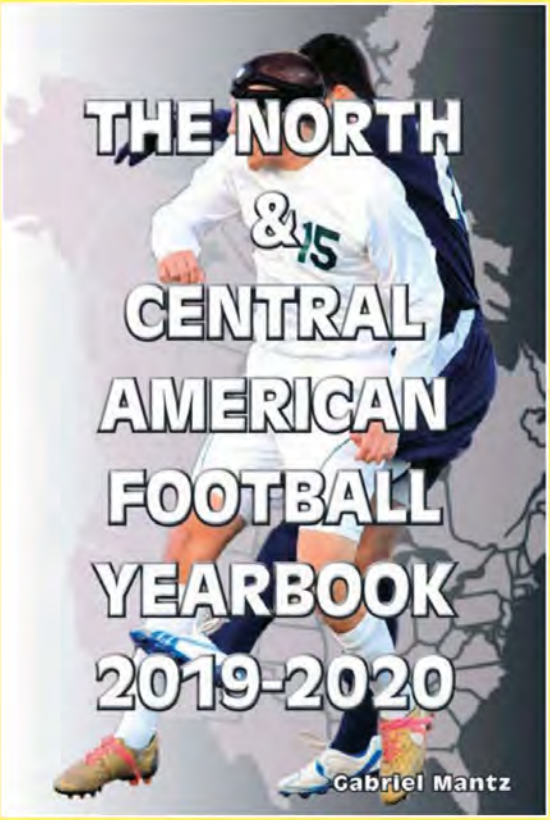

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